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THE
BEST STORIES
OF 1923

And the
Yearbook of the American
Short Story

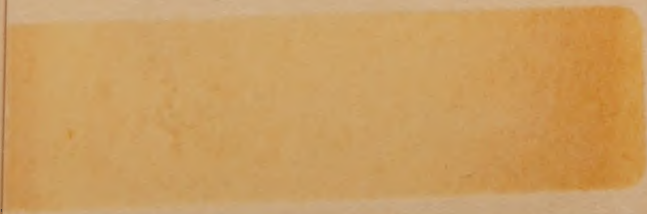
Edited by
Edward J. O'Brien

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1923

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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THE ADVANCE OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY.
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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1923

AND THE
YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN
SHORT STORY

EDITED BY
EDWARD J. O'BRIEN



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TO
ERNEST HEMENWAY

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I shall be grateful to my readers for corrections, and particularly for suggestions leading to the wider usefulness of these annual volumes. In particular, I shall welcome the receipt, from authors, editors, and publishers, of stories printed during the period between October, 1923, and September, 1924, inclusive, which have qualities of distinction and yet are not printed in periodicals falling under my regular notice. Such communications may be addressed to me *Care of Andrew H. Dakers, Esq., 4, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W. C. 2, England.*

E. J. O.

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INTRODUCTION

When I published "The Advance of the American Short Story" last year, I sought to point out as clearly as I saw it the radical defect in the American short story, and to point out how this defect was the result of a certain grave defect in American life. I pointed out the tragedy of the American artist as the history of our literature reveals it, and among our story tellers such men as Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, Crane, Bierce, Jack London, and Harris Merton Lyon were used as illustrations of the insufficient fertilization of American soil and the cramping nature of the restrictions imposed by America upon the artist. Since publishing this book I have had many letters from American story tellers of repute bearing witness to the exactitude of my analysis, and reinforcing my position by much unpublished literary history.

D. H. Lawrence, in a noteworthy book entitled "Studies in Classic American Literature," has come to very similar conclusions. "Americans have always been at a certain tension. Their liberty is a thing of sheer will, sheer tension: a liberty of Thou Shalt Not," he says, and he goes on to point out that "mastery, kingship, fatherhood had their power destroyed at the time of the Renaissance, and it was precisely at this moment that the great drift over the Atlantic started." He finds us "a vast republic of escaped slaves, and a minority of earnest, self-tortured people."

Now I hold no general brief for Mr. Lawrence, but I must confess that I find his conclusions about us difficult to escape. I long for a little less earnestness and tension in our short stories, and a little more ease. I would give a great deal for a more relaxed humanism. I am tired of our sense of strain, and I doubt its value. It seems to me to be chiefly machinery for machinery's sake, a card catalogue of the human mind after the mental vultures have picked it. Why can we not cultivate the loafabilities a bit

more, to use Joe Gould's excellent phrase, and stop striking noble attitudes? The American short story writer is so self-conscious about structure, and so stiff in his mental attitude toward his gospel, that his reader can seldom relax. The bad writers drug us: the others tire us. Meanwhile, I dare say, Chekhov and Maupassant are selling shoestrings on Broadway.

If the short story is to be standardized, I suggest that New York business men might well erect an assembling plant upon University Heights or any suitable location which they may choose, and offer prizes for the inventor of the cheapest and most durable model. If cheapness is what is most desired, let us put a greater premium upon it. If durability is merely a matter of structure, let us offer a great reward to our short story engineers. Once the model is whittled into shape, endless reproduction without toil will then ensue.

But if the short story is to be a work of art, we shall proceed in a very different manner.

To repeat what I have said in these pages in previous years, for the benefit of the reader as yet unacquainted with my standards and principles of selection, I shall point out that I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best American work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which American writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from October, 1922,

to September, 1923, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the stories published in American magazines those which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every act of creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or group of facts in a story only attain substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms them into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form, by skillful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

The short stories which I have examined in this study, as in previous years, have fallen naturally into four groups. The first consists of those stories which fail, in my opinion, to survive either the test of substance or the test of form. These stories are listed in the yearbook without comment or qualifying asterisk. The second group consists of those stories which may fairly claim that they survive either the test of substance or the test of form. Each of these stories may claim to possess either distinction of technique alone, or more frequently, I am glad to say, a persuasive sense of life in them to which a reader responds with some part of his own experience. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by a single asterisk prefixed to the title.

The third group, which is composed of stories of still greater distinction, includes such narratives as may lay convincing claim to a second reading, because each of them has survived both tests, the test of substance and the test of form. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by two asterisks prefixed to the title.

Finally, I have recorded the names of a small group of

stories which possess, I believe, the even finer distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that these stories may fairly claim a position in American literature. If all of these stories by American authors were republished, they would not occupy more space than six or seven novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply the critical belief that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of six or seven volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. These stories are indicated in the yearbook index by three asterisks prefixed to the title, and are listed in the special "Rolls of Honor." In compiling these lists I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice consciously to influence my judgment. The general and particular results of my study will be found explained and carefully detailed in the supplementary part of the volume.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

Forest Hill, Oxon, England,
November 8, 1923.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1923

Note.—The order in which the stories in this volume are printed is not intended as an indication of their comparative excellence; the arrangement is alphabetical by authors.

WAY FOR A SAILOR! ¹

By BILL ADAMS

(From *The Pictorial Review*)

THERE was once a ship. Her name was the *Golden Age*. She flew, leaving them all astern of her. She beat into the wind. She ran down it. She glittered along it, throwing salt sprays to, and far above, the stiff bellied leeches of her great white upper topsails. With the wind before the beam she flung her tall topgallants wet—wet and shining with the white salt of the sea night two hundred feet beneath them. She seemed to laugh as she ran; seeming to sing, to ripple, as she flew, scattering sea beauties about her, gleaming as stars gleam when frosts are white along far inland meadows. *She was a ship.*

She carried a captain, a mate, a second mate, a boatswain, a carpenter, a steward and a cook, and, in her forrard fore-castle, a company of hard driven, face-furrowed sailormen from the bright wide water ports. She carried also, in the little half-deck abaft her mainmast, a sea apprentice, a lad with pink cheeks, the down upon his face.

She left Port Costa wharf before the dawn upon a bitter February morning; chill mists hanging above the river, bluffs, and bay; a chill wind blowing seaward; thin rain falling, dripping from mast and spar and backstay.

"Stand by to take in the tow-boat's line," said the mate.

"Stand by to take in the tow-boat's line, it is, sir," said the hands.

"Stand by with the cork fenders, lest the wharf shall scar her sides," said the mate.

"Stand by with the cork fenders, it is, sir," said the hands.

From ashore, from behind a warped gateway, a woman

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waved a shawl, wondering why these men should leave *her* for the sea, and, seeing her, sailors upon the *Golden Age* smiled, breaking old furrows on their faces wide, their eyes a-glint.

"Stand by to drop the hook," said the mate. "We'll wait a while in the bay before we take her over the bar."

"Already, sir," said Chips, the carpenter.

"Let go," said the mate.

The anchor rattled down.

She lay as a swan awakening, waiting for the tide to take her to sea; the hands from twenty water ports sitting in her forecastle, drinking coffee.

"They say she can sail," said one.

"They say she's a flyer," said another.

"We make fly," said a black man, from Suva.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed an old gray-bearded fellow, his nose in a tin pannikin.

"Where's she bound?" asked one.

"Queenstown for orders," answered another.

"The mate tol' me Liverpool direc'," said another.

"That's good! we'll dance when we get there," said another.

"We ain't there yet," said the old fellow with a gray beard.

"I 'aven't no oilskins. The crimp robbed me," said one.

"Nor 'aven't I no sea boots. The crimp robbed me too," said another.

"I've a couple o' poun's o' black baccy," said another.

"We make fly," said the Suva man.

"Yes! We'll make her fly!" said another.

"She'll fly anyway. She couldn't help it," said another.

"It's cold," said the pink-cheeked sea apprentice, sitting alone in the half-deck, sipping his coffee.

"Stand by to heave in," shouted the mate, adding to himself, "tide's at the flood."

"Stand by to heave in it is, sir," cried the hands, leaving pannikins strewn about an old wood table, hook-pots hooked to the table edge, rags in dark bunks.

A sailor was singing, twenty men bent over the windlass bars, a song of the sea echoing over the swirled tide; his

voice, the voices of the twenty, mingled with the "clank, clank, clank," of the windlass pawls, "clank, clank, clank."

*"Oh, Santa Ana won the day,
away, Santa Ana,
Santa Ana won the day,
all along the plains of Mexico."*

*Oh, Santa Ana fought for fame,
away, Santa Ana,
Santa Ana fought for fame,
all along the plains of Mexico."*

"Walk her down, sons,—*walk her down!*" cried the mate, looking over the fo'csle rail at the gurgle-black tide below her.

"Walk 'er down, the mate says. Come on, sons," cried the chantey-man.

*"Oh, Santa Ana gained his name,
away, Santa Ana,
Santa Ana gained his name,
all along the plains of Mexico."*

"Walk her down, walk her down," cried the mate.

"We make fly," said the black man from Suva.

"She'll fly anyway—she couldn't 'elp it," murmured another.

"All along the plains of Mexico."

"Let her have it. The wind's off-shore," cried the mate.

"Let 'er 'ave it, the mate says," shouted a sailor. "Wispy, giv' us *Rovin'.*"

"I'm wid you," said old Wispy Cavendish, "'ere you are."

*"One night I crept from my abode,
Mark well what I do say,—
One night I crept from my abode
To meet this maiden down the road,*

*We'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid!
A-roving, a-roving,
Oh, roving's been my ruin!
We'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid!"*

"Admiral, gi' us a chantey," cried one.

"Aye, that's it! Gi' us a chantey, admiral," cried another.

"Sing, admiral, sing!" said Wispy Cavendish.

"Walk her up, sons," cried the mate, "the wind's off-shore."

The sea-apprentice, pink-cheeked, the down upon his face, looking out to sea, bright eyed, mist in his hair, sang,

*"Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cables are all clear:
For to-day we'll weigh the anchor,
And for distant shores we'll steer,
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,"*

They gathered it up, shouting it, roaring it, men of the water ports, taking the *Golden Age* across the bar.

*"Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea."*

"Loose the main topsail," shouted the mate. "Run that anchor to the hawse pipe, now—run her up!"

They ran, stamping round and round the windlass.

"Look alive aloft there! shake that tops'l loose," shouted the mate.

"Sheet home main tops'l," bellowed a sailor from aloft.

"Get up there. Loose that upper tops'l," shouted the mate.

The skipper, on his bridge, blew his whistle.

"Get sail on her, sir. Loose all! Crowd her to it," he called to his mate.

"Th' ol' man says to crowd 'er to it," said one.

They stood, waiting at the halyards, the morning break-

ing full across the sea; drizzle falling, dripping from mast and spar and back-stay.

"It's colder'n 'ell," said one.

"I got a couple o' poun's o' black baccy. 'Ere y'are," said another.

"'Ow many knots kin she make?" asked one.

"All clear main upper tops'l," shouted the man from Suva, from the yard above them.

"Hoist away," shouted the mate.

"Hoist away," shouted twenty sailors; taking the wet rope in their hands.

"We make fly," said the Suva man, sliding down the rigging to the deck, seizing the halyards.

"Some one gi' us *Boney!*" cried one.

"Aye! gi' us *Boney!*" cried another.

"Come on," said Wispy Cavendish, "'ere you are,"

"Oh, Boney was a warrior,
to me way, hay, yoh!

*Oh, Boney was a warrior,
an' a long time ago.*

*An' Boneyparte met Wellington,
to 'me way, hay, yok!*

An' Boneyparte met Wellington,
an' a long time ago."

"I 'ope 'ee drives 'er," said one.

"She'll fly anyway. She couldn't 'elp it," said another.

"Hoist that main topgallant," shouted the mate.

"Main topgallant, the mate says," cried one.

"Hop along there, hop along," cried another.

"Give us a bit of them halyards," cried another.

"Me too! Gimme a bit o' that there rope," cried another.

"Sing!" cried one.

"Aye, that's it! Sing!" cried another.

"Wispy, giv' us a chanter," cried another.

" 'Ere you are, sons," said Wispy Cavendish.

*"Oh, I say ol' man your horse will die,
and I say so, and I hope so,*

*Oh, I say ol' man your horse will die,
 you po-o-o-ore old man!
 Oh, if he dies I will jump upon his grave,
 and I say so, and I hope so,
 Oh, if he dies I will jump upon his grave,
 you po-o-o-ore old man!"*

"Belay those halyards! what y' tryin' to do? Carry 'em away?" cried the mate.

"'Ee says to belay them halyards, ha, ha, ha," laughed an old fellow with a gray beard.

"We make fly," said the Suva man.

"Look out, sons,—she's goin' to ship it green. Duck y'r 'eads," cried one.

"Let 'er rip!" cried another.

"Don't she lift to 'em nice?" said one.

"She's a *sea boat*," said another.

"'Ere she comes again—watch out!" cried another.

"Hoist that mizen topgallant—never mind a drop of water," cried the mate.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed twenty men, "the mate says to never mind a drop o' water."

"All clear mizen 'gallant," bellowed a man from aloft, "*hoist away!*"

"Giv' us a bit o' them 'alyards. Me feet is cold. I ain't got no sea boots," said Wispy.

"I got two poun' o' black baccy," said another.

"Hoist away there," shouted the mate.

"Come on, sing!" cried a sailor.

"'Ere you are, lads," said Wispy Cavendish,

*"W'en I was young an' in my prime,
 oh, roll the cotton down!
 W'en I was young an' in my prime,
 oh, roll the cotton down!
 On the 'Golden Age' I served my time,
 oh, roll the cotton down!
 On the 'Golden Age' I served my time,
 oh, roll the cotton down!"*

"'Ark at Wispy—'ee's a-makin' of it as 'ee goes," said one.

"Belay those halyards! What y' tryin' to do with her?" cried the mate.

"We wants to make her fly," said one.

"She'll fly anyway. She couldn't help it," said the mate.

"Walk those royals to the mast heads! Walk 'em up! Let's get her out and going," cried the mate, the shore line fading as the day broke wide.

"W'ere's that there admiral?" cried a sailor.

"Ayel where's th' admiral?" cried another. "Admiral, sing for us, son!"

"Sing, admiral," cried another.

"Let 'er 'ave it, admiral, my little hearty," said old Wispy Cavendish.

"We make fly," murmured the Suva man, looking at the pink-cheeked sea apprentice, with the down upon his face.

*John Brown's wife drinks whiskey in her tea,
John Brown's wife drinks whiskey in her tea,
John Brown's wife drinks whiskey in her tea,
As we go rolling home,*

*Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
as we go rolling home!"*

sang the sea apprentice, twenty sailors lifting it, stamping forty feet along her dancing teak wood decks.

"Belay them halyards! What y' tryin' to do with her?" yelled the mate.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed a sailor, "th' admiral's tryin' to make 'er fly."

"She'll fly anyway. She's got to—*she can't help it*," said the skipper, on his bridge, overhearing them.

"Get all sail set on her. Set those staysails," shouted the skipper from his bridge, adding, to himself, "Crowd her along. She wants to go."

The *Golden Age* buried her bow to the smother, lifting her

bright foot high to the sea ridges, laughing along with a drench of sea upon her long white decks.

"Admiral, it's eight bells. It's your wheel, my little hearty," said Wispy Cavendish.

"I'll make her fly," murmured the apprentice.

"South," said the man at the wheel, turning the wheel over to him; adding, "South—to the Horn, son."

"South it is," said the apprentice, staring into the compass, giving her half a spoke of weather helm, the wind coming up from east by south.

"She's going to fly," said he.

"What's the course?" asked Wispy Cavendish, thirty days later, taking the wheel over from the Suva man, the clipper running down her easting for old cape Stiff.

"Sou' east by east," said the Suva man, "make fly."

The wind cried out of the westerly, the sea racing along her slender quarters, broken ridges angry all about her.

"It's blowing, sir," said the mate, looking at the skysail on the mizen.

"Let it blow," said the skipper.

"She'll fly anyway," muttered an old sailor, on the quarterdeck beneath them.

At dusk the second mate, taking the bridge, stared along the swamped decks, deep in green water from forecastle to poop, the ports lashed wide open, the sky dark.

"It's blowing, sir," said he, looking at the skysail on the mizen.

"Let it blow," said the mate.

The skipper looked out of the chart house; watching the canvas on the bending topgallantmasts.

"Take nothing off her, sir," said he.

"Very good, sir," said the second mate, adding, as the skipper went below.

"If he can drive her, so can I! She's going to fly."

Night fell; the sky black above the *Golden Age*, flying, with everything set, down the easting to old cape Stiff, the wash of an invisible sea noisy about her.

In the fo'csle the watch below sat at their supper.

"Pass that there skilly pot. Is it hot?" said one.

"It's cold. It got cold coming forrard from the galley," said another.

"Ain't there no hot skilly? Me feet is cold—I ain't got no sea boots," said Wispy Cavendish.

"I'm nigh froze; soaked to the bone," said another.

"Give us a bit o' hard tack out o' the bread barge; let's have something to bite on," said another.

"'As anybody got a dollop o' margarine left?" asked another.

"There ain't nuthin' left, and there won't be no more o' nuthin' served out till Monday night, what well you knows. What good's growlin'?" said one.

"Who's growlin'? I ain't growled! What ye talkin' about?" asked the other.

"These 'ere Mac Tosh ships is a 'ard lot," said one.

"They was, you mean. She's the last on 'em," said another.

"It's the owner's fault. 'Tain't the skipper," said another.

"It's comin' cold," said another.

"'Arris," said Wispy Cavendish. "Get out that concertina, and give us a bit o' music."

"Aye! Go fetch that little admiral, too. Get 'im to sing for us—'ee's a little brass bound singin' admiral, 'ee is," said another.

"That's what he is. Them apprentices is queer little ducks, isn't they?" said another.

In the half-deck sat the apprentice, eating a piece of hard tack, drinking cold coffee, without sugar or milk.

"She's taking water—hark at that!" he muttered.

The door banged upon from without, a man entered, peering from under a wet yellow sou'wester at the apprentice.

"Admiral, we wants you to come an' sing fer us."

The apprentice rose, grinning.

"Cold as hell, isn't it?" said he, putting soul and body lashings on his wrists and ankles and holding his wrists out to the sailor.

"Lash them for me. My fingers are frozen. My coffee's cold," said he.

They banged the door behind them, battling along the swamped deck.

"D'y'e reckon the old man's going to carry those sky-sails all night?" asked the sailor. "She'll lose her sticks, won't she?"

"Let her lose 'em. We've got a carpenter and we've got extra sticks," said the admiral.

"There's three full suits of extra sail in the sail locker, ain't there?" shouted the sailor, waist deep in the sea.

"Three full suits—let her fly!" shouted the apprentice.

"Hello, admiral! 'ow's she comin'? Come on an' sing for us," said a sailor.

They made him welcome, peering up at him through rings of tobacco smoke, from eyes half shut; the sea roaring without; the ship a-tremble throughout her length; the night black.

The skipper, coming to the chart house, looked at the barometer and standing beside the wheel watched the compass; the helmsman fighting the clipper, holding her true.

"Call all hands on deck. Shorten sail," said the skipper to the mate. "She'll lose a stick. We'll have to ease her."

"All hands on deck!" bellowed the mate.

"All hands on deck!" bellowed the watch.

"All hands, sons," roared a man through a fo'csle port, stopping the song.

They piled out, onto the back night-ridden decks, seas washing over the railings, sheets of water on the crying air.

"Clue the skysails up!" shouted the mate.

"Clue up the royals!" shouted the second mate.

"Down royal and topgallant staysails!" bellowed the mate.

"Down jib topsail, and jigger topmast staysail!" roared the bosun.

Men ran from rope to rope, their voices mingled with the wind wail, the crash of canvas in the night above as the flap of great bird wings.

"Aloft an' furl them—step lively!" shouted the mate.

"Lay aloft—get 'em furled!" shouted the second.

"Aloft,—aloft,—come on, sons!" bellowed the bosun. Silent they swarmed aloft, sprays striking them in the lower rigging, hurrying to rocking spars high in the night.

"The wind's freshening," said the skipper on the bridge.

"She's a free-foot ship," said the mate.

"She'd fly if you tied her down," said the second, "she couldn't help it."

Aloft in the darkness the watches gathered up the sky-sails, the royals and the fore and afters, rolling them tight, neater than window blinds in rich lady's houses, snugging them down.

"Stow 'em snug!" cried the bosun.

"'Ello, me little admiral! is that you?—Stow 'em snug. They'll blow out o' the gaskets if you don't," said a sailor on the mizen.

"Can't see nuthin'. Black as crows, ain't it?" said one, passing a gasket.

"Black as Tess O'Leary's hair," said another.

"Black as the old devil what shovels hell's coals," said another.

"She fly," said the Suva man, aloft on the fore.

"She's a rip-snorter," said old Wispy Cavendish, at the end of the flying boom, snugging down the jib tops'l.

They came from aloft, leaping from the rigging to water swept decks, feeling their accustomed way with sure feet, and, eight bells striking, mustered upon the quarterdeck for the relieving of the wheel and lookout.

"All aft, sir!" cried Wispy Cavendish, knee-deep in the sea, growling as old dogs growl when gypsies go prowling.

"Relieve the wheel and look-out. Keep handy the watch," said the mate.

They went forrard, to the fo'csle, making short dashes, escaping the sprays under the shelter of the weather railing.

"Wind's freshenin'," said one.

"Let 'er freshen," said another.

"There's a Horn gale comin'," said another.

"She's bound east. She'll fly to it," said another.

"Chips," said Wispy Cavendish at the carpenter's door, "'ave you a bit o' burlap? I ain't got no sea boots. The crimp robbed me."

"'Ere you are. Roll 'em tight an' keep out the cold, Limbertoes," said Chips.

"Thankee. I'll do the like for you another day," said Wispy going forrard to the fo'csle, to make his Prince Alberts—winding the burlap tight about his old legs and bare feet, to keep out the Horn cold—his next turn at the wheel.

"Look at Wispy! 'Ee's all dressed up in Prince Alberts," said one, "the crimp robbed 'im."

The clipper raced beneath her topgallantsails, dipping deep as the wind arose and the sea ran higher.

The watch below rolled into their bunks, onto "donkey-breakfast" straw mattresses to dream of lights by many water fronts; of songs in strange places; of children who stared at them from door steps.

The watch on deck, smoking time-blackened pipes, sat in the fo'csle; hearing the wind's uproar, the sea's song without.

"It's coming cold, sir," said the mate to the skipper, on the bridge.

"There's ice about," said the skipper.

The mate said nothing.

"I'd hate to take a topgallant off," said the skipper. "She wants to fly."

The mate said nothing.

"I'd like to drive her," said the skipper, going below and staying a moment in the chart house door.

"If he can drive her," said the mate, "*so can I.*"

She flew, wind-staggered, down the night—*with ice about*. Four bells went.

"W'ot's the course?" asked Wispy Cavendish, taking the wheel over.

"Sou' eas' by eas'," said the helmsman.

"Sou' eas' by eas', it is," said Wispy.

"'Ow's your feet? Ain't they colder'n hell wi'out sea boots?" asked the helmsman.

"I'm all dressed up in Prince Alberts," said Wispy.

"Sou' eas' by eas', sir," said the helmsman, reporting to the mate upon the bridge.

"South east by east," said the mate adding, "Tell the watch to keep handy."

"Keep handy the watch," said the helmsman, entering the murky fo'csle.

"We're all 'andy," said one.

"An' colder'n hell," said another.

"What y' growlin' about?" said another.

"Who's growlin'?" growled the other.

"Was you ever in a Fernie ship?" asked one.

"I was in th' ol' *Silberhorn*," answered another.

"*Gawd!* was you?" cried another.

"Th' ol' *Silberhorn*," repeated another reminiscently, "one o' De Wolfe's."

"Gone ain't she?" asked one.

"Wi' all 'ands," said the other.

"She could fly," said another.

"Ol' Wispy's all dressed up in Prince Alberts," said another.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed an old gray-bearded man, "ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed all of them, staring at one another through the smoke.

"*All hands on deck—shorten sail!*" bellowed the mate, his head at the fo'csle door, "call the watch."

"Rouse her out there! rise and shine, you sleepers!" yelled a man at the door of the starboard fo'csle, waking the second mate's watch.

"Who's that a' singin' on them ropes?" muttered a man of the second mate's watch, wriggling into cold oilskins.

"That's th' admiral," said one.

"Let 'im sing! I likes to 'ear 'im," said another.

"Step lively, sons! get her shortened down—there's ice about," said the second mate.

"Ice about," mumbled one, biting a chew of black baccy.

"Ice,—bergs—*hell!*" said another, reminiscently.

"Sing, admiral, sing," shouted another, stepping to the deck.

"It's six bells. Sing admiral! It'll soon be eight bells an' we won't 'ave to go below again till four o' the mornin'," cried another.

"We've 'ad two whole hours' sleep—that's enough for any sailor," cried another.

"Aye—enough for any dog," cried another.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed some one, in the darkness.

"Sing, admiral, sing," cried some one, in the darkness.

"Hi-leeee-yo-ho-ho,—hi—leeee-yo-ho-ho, haul awa-ay-ay-ay—oh," sang the singing apprentice, waist deep in the sea.

"Hi-leeee-yo-ho-ho,—hi—leeee-yo-ho-ho, haul awa-aya-ay—oh."

"Aloft an' make 'em fast," shouted the mate, "hop along!"

Save for the wash of the sea, and the wind wail, the night was silent.

"How's she heading?" asked the skipper, of Wispy, at the wheel.

"Sou' eas' by eas', sir."

"Bring her to east south east," said the skipper.

"Eas' sou' eas', it is, sir."

"There's ice about," said the skipper to himself. "I must keep her up a bit."

"Haul in the weather braces, sir, as soon as those 'gallants are furled," said the skipper to the mate upon the bridge.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate, descending to the deck.

"Starboard cross-jack brace," shouted the mate.

"Starboard cross-jack brace," shouted twenty sailors, in the hidden deeps of night.

"I want to drive her. I hate to take those 'gallants off," said the skipper to himself, looking at the Horn chart, outstretched upon the chart house table.

"Here's a hell of a squall," cried a sailor.

"Stand by all hands," bellowed the mate.

"Take that cross-jack off her," shouted the skipper.

"Hi-leeee-yo—ho—ho,—hi—leeee-yo—ho—ho," sang the apprentice.

They went aloft to furl the cross-jack, and descending furled the main-sail—the great storm main-sail; a hundred and two feet across the head, forty-seven and a half feet deep in the leech,—storm canvas, soaked with sea water, and frozen stiff.

Their voices echoed in the limitless night, singing a chantey on the main yard.

"And that's the way we'll pay Daddy Doyle for his boots," they sang, roaring it, screaming it, bellowing it; their bare hands cold and raw.

"I ain't got no boots. I wish I did 'ave," said Wispy at the wheel.

"*She's got a crew,*" said the skipper, to the mate upon the bridge.

The mate said nothing.

"Reef the fore-sail," said the skipper, "the wind's freshening."

They reefed the fore-sail, the clipper driving through the black smother: trembling throughout her length.

"Six topsails, and a reefed fore-sail. I *hate* to take another rag off her. I want her to fly," said the skipper, looking at the Horn chart.

"Cold, ain't it?" said the second to the mate, upon the bridge.

"Ice about. Feel it?" said the mate.

"Aye—colder'n Satan's lost ice box," said the second, beating his arms.

Eight bells went, clanging faintly along the deck, the hands mustering aft in the dark, shouting to one another; somebody singing:

"Now all young sailors take my tip!"

"All aft, sir!" shouted a sailor, from the mizen shrouds.

"I'll go see what the skipper says," said the mate. "The wind's blowing up."

"A Horn gale coming," said the second, banging his bare hands upon his sides.

The mate looked in through the chart house door. a squall striking her, lifting her high, rushing her forward with a sudden jerk.

The skipper looked up.

"Freshening?"

The mate nodded.

The skipper stepped to the bridge.

"All aft, sir," shouted a sailor, waiting to go below.

"Me feet is cold," said Wispy, at the wheel. "I 'opes we get below. Mebbe me bunk'll be warm."

"Take that fore-sail off her," said the skipper.

"Haul the fore-sail up," shouted the mate.

"*Gawd!*" said a sailor, on the quarterdeck.

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed another.

"Who wouldn't sell a farm an' go to sea?" said another.

"Haul her up, sons, haul her up!" shouted the bosun.

"Hi—lee—yo—ho—ho,—hi—lee—yo—ho—ho."

"'Ark to th' admiral! ain't 'ee the little singer?" said the bosun, easing away the fore sheet.

"Come on, sons,—aloft and make her fast," shouted the second.

"Come on, sons,—sailors to windward! farmers to leeward!" shouted the bosun.

"That's the way we'll pay Daddy Doyle for his *boots*," sang twenty sailors on the jumping fore yard, in the middle of the night.

"It's going to blow," said the skipper to himself.

"It's going to blow," said the mate to himself.

"It's going to blow the headlights off of hell's front door," said a sailor in the fore rigging.

"We make fly," yelled the black man from Suva, standing on the fore yard, staring into nothingness, spray striking on him.

"She'd fly anyway. She couldn't help it," said the apprentice to himself.

"Hi—lee—yo—ho,—hi—lee—yo—ho—ho," he sang, all about nothing, on his way down from aloft.

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed an old gray-bearded man.

"I wonder will we go below *now*," said one.

"I'll bet we take that fore upper tops'l off her," said another.

They did.

They *reefed* three upper tops'ls, one after the other; and coming once again to deck, to go below, they went aloft; and, one after the other, they *furled* three upper tops'ls.

Snorting through the hidden smother of the black Horn she flew, unseen bergs about her, ice freezing upon shroud

and backstay, snow, in driven flurries, circling her high mast heads.

At five o'clock, two bells, they went below; the second mate's watch to roll, as they were, into their bunks; the mate's watch, on deck now throughout the night, to sip their coffee.

"It's going to blow," said one.

"She's boun' for Liverpool direc'—I wish she was there," said another.

"Liverpool direct. We'll dance w'en we gets there," said another.

"We ain't there yet," said the old gray-bearded man.

"We make fly," said the Suva man.

"You'd oughter been a bleedin' albatross: you wants to be flyin' so," said another.

"A crow black albatross! wouldn't that look queer, now?" asked one.

"I seen a cape pigeon wi' a w'ite 'ead once," said another.

"I seen a w'ite Mother Carey's chicken once, off Flat-tery," said another.

"Mother Carey's chickens—that's wot *we* be," said another.

"Gi' us a pipe full o' baccy," said another.

"Aye! let's 'ave a bit o' cheer," said another.

"W'oo's w'eel is it?" asked another. "W're's ol' Wispy Cavendish? It ain't 'is w'eel *now*. It was 'is *last* w'eel."

"My Gawd!" shouted another, springing up, throwing his pipe into a bunk, "it's *my* wheel! I forgot. *I was so bleedin' cold.*"

"Ol' Wispy's been at the wheel since,—*Gawd!—since four bells o' the first watch.* That's—that's—" said one.

"We make fly," said the Suva man, grinning.

"*Fly?—Hell!—*Wispy's bin a' makin' 'er fly since four bells o' the first watch. That's—that's—" said another.

"That's seven hours an' over," said another. "Good Gawd!"

"'Ee is a bleedin' albatross—that's what Wispy is," said one.

"'Eee is all dressed up in Prince Alberts," said another.

A man arose from his sea chest, his pipe in one hand,

his other hand outstretched toward them, his eyes starry beneath his yellow sou-wester brim.

"*Wispy Cavendish is a sailor*," said he.

"*That's what Wispy is*," said another.

The door opened, slowly, a man entering, stumbling over the high sill; his face drawn, his teeth tight set, his lips apart, his eyes half closed, his body swaying a little.

They stared at him.

He closed the door behind him.

"Some one gi' us a pipe full o' baccy," said he, "me feet is cold."

Day broke cold above the racing clipper; tossed seas about her, green water mountains rolling up astern, her length lost, her height lost; her strength, her swiftness, blown fragments on the storm; the sky low-hung above her slender skysailmasts, threatening and black, tormented and tormenting; the horizon close hurled upon her, in tortured swells white crested and ominous.

"A berg to starboard, a berg to port. She has passed bergs in the night—many of them," said the skipper, on the bridge.

"We're abeam of the Diego Ramirez," said he, looking at the chart upon the chart house table; a squall striking her; hail, crashing upon masts, and spars, and hatches, beating the sea to thunderous gloom.

Upon either beam bergs rolled and rumbled, broken ice astream of them crashing at their feet.

"The wind's going to come out of the easterly. It'll meet the current and the bergs. It'll be awful," said the skipper, looking out of the chart house door, shaking his head.

"If I head her northerly I must cross their path. If I stay astream of them it will prolong the peril," thought the skipper, watching lashed waters break high upon the towered bergs; listening to the thunder of the crashing fragments at their ponderous feet.

The skipper blew his whistle, calling the mate to the chart house.

"I'm going to head her northerly. One fast day's sailing

will take her out of the ice region. The wind is beginning to haul south, and will come easterly, I think. Check in the starboard braces, sir."

"Starboard cross-jack brace," shouted the mate, the watch crowding from the fo'csle to the drenched decks.

Steadily the wind shifted from sou-westerly to south, and, through south to easterly; the gale driving against the opposing current, the sea becoming each hour more savage, more madly tormented.

Eight bells was struck; all hands, gathered about the slopped fore-deck, gazing at a berg close down on the lee bow; the mate's watch starting to go below, to rest at length, after a full night's duty.

"Clue up the fore lower topsail," said the skipper. "It's going to blow."

"Fore lower tops'l up," shouted the mate.

Again all hands stood at the frozen gear, buntlines and leechlines in their cold fingers.

"Watch yourselves," roared the mate, clinging to a life-line as the sea swept her. "Watch your chance—now!"

Leaping through the water smother of the fore deck he battled to the topsail sheets, to ease them away; the second and the bosun with him.

"Hi—lee—yo—ho—ho, haul—awa—a—a—ay—ay—oh, hi—lee—oh," sang the singing apprentice, forehand at the weather clue line.

"Aloft and make her fast," bellowed the mate, the second and the bosun, all together; the bosun fighting into the shrouds to lead the way.

Above, the storm tops'l crashed and bellied at the buntlines; below, the quivering clipper staggered blindly, strained to the limit of her brave endurance; her main and mizen tops'ls tighter than the heads of war drums; the sea shouting around her, threatening disaster, savagely wrathful.

"Aloft!" roared the mate, his voice lost in the tumultuous morning.

"Aloft!" roared the second, his face to the gale, his voice beaten back, his clenched jaws scowling to the weather.

"Aloft—get that sail stowed!" roared the mate, staring

up at the sky-pointing skysailmast, trembling above the battered tops'l.

"We make fly," said the Suva man, his head beaten upon by great hail stones, his bare hands no blacker than the weather.

"*Look!*" yelled a sailor, his hand outstretched, his finger pointing where, ahead of the bosun, ragged burlap about his feet, Wispy Cavendish fought up the reeling ratlines toward the tops'l yard.

"A sailor—by God!" said one, swarming to the shrouds, wind baffled.

"*Way for a sailor!*" shouted a young voice amidst grown warriors, the apprentice springing to the shrouds, aloft, higher and higher, defying wind and sea and hail, following where an old man led; passing the bosun.

"An' that's the way we'll pay Daddy Doyle for his *boots*," sang Wispy Cavendish, in the beating bunt of the topsail, his knuckles broken to bleeding, his arms waving, his burlapped feet upon the frozen foot ropes.

"And that's the way we'll pay Daddy Doyle for his boots," sang the row of sailors on the fore lower topsail yard, their voices drowned, the voice of each man sensed by the man beside him; snow driving over the sea; the ship invisible from aloft; hatches, fife-rails, houses, lost in driven foam; only her four high masts rising from the fury, coated with ice, lying over at a dreadful slope; the helmsman, vague in the turmoil about him, as a haunted creature of the sea.

"A day, and she'll be safely through the ice," said the skipper, staring at the Horn chart upon the table, his finger following the line of the Antarctic ice drift.

The topsail furled, the mate's watch went below, rolling into their bunks "all standing"—oilskins and sea boots, soul and body lashings, upon their tired forms.

The second mate's watch, huddled beneath the fo'c'sle head, awaited what should be.

The morning watch passed, Wispy and his fellows slumbering, motionless as stones, rolling as the ship rolled, unaware that they rolled.

Throughout the hours from half past eight, when they

came down from the fore topsail yard, until they were again awakened at a quarter to twelve, they rested tired limbs; the clipper speeding beneath black skies, under two topsails, the sea whipped to fury, the weather bitter.

"A few hours and she'll be out of the ice," said the skipper.

"Nor' eas'," said the man at the wheel, turning it over to the apprentice, at the change of the watch.

"Nor' eas'," said the apprentice, "let 'er rip!"

"Liverpool direc'," said the other, grinning back at him.

"Nor' eas', sir," said he, reporting to the mate upon the bridge.

"Nor' east," said the mate, "all right."

"Skipper's holding her to the norrard, ain't he?" said the second to the mate.

"Aye. He's getting her out of the ice," said the mate, "seen many bergs in the morning?"

"A few," said the second, going below.

The mate's watch, huddled under the fo'csle head, awaited what should be.

The watch passed, the trembling clipper driving.

The dog-watch coming, the hands gathered in the port fo'csle; the mate's watch in oilskins; the others in oilskin trousers only, their upper bodies freed, for a time, from that heavy clothing.

"Harris, where's that concertina?" asked one.

"Aye! get that concertina out an' give us some music," said another.

"We're bound for Liverpool direct," said another.

"Aye—an' we'll dance w'en we get there," said another.

"We ain't there yet," said an old gray-bearded man.

"Play that concertina, 'Arris," said another.

Harris played the concertina, its happy wheezes crying high above the weather's cry without; making music to roll and laugh above the sound of the sea, above the lash of the spray.

They sat smoking, twenty of them, seated at the little table, leaning against the bulk-heads; sitting dangle-legged in bunks; beating their feet, nodding their heads, to a concertina's merry tune.

Wispy, seated upon his old sea chest, rewrapped the Prince Alberts on his feet and legs.

"Wispy, y'er all dressed up, ain't ye, old son?" said one, between tunes.

"Make that concertina play. I likes to 'ear it," said Wispy, looking up.

"Aye—make that concertina play," said another.

"How's this then?" said Harris, smiling happily, his hands going out and in; his fingers pressing and releasing on the stops.

*"Oh, who's that a-knocking at my door?
says the fair young ladde,*

*Oh, who's that a-knocking at my door?
says the fair young ladde,*

*Oh, this is me, and no one else,
says Abel Brown, the sailor,*

*Oh, this is me, and no one else,
says Abel Brown the sailor."*

They stamped their feet, heads nodding, eyes shining, pipes puffing white smoke, one of them lifting the song—all of them coming in on the chorus, drowning the roar of the Horn sea, the drive of the spray, the wind thunder.

"Make that concertina play. I likes to 'ear it," said Wispy.

"I likes to 'ear it, too. It's Liverpool direc'," said another.

"Liverpool direc'," said another reminiscently.

"We'll dance w'en we get there, ol' son," said another.

"That's what we will," said another.

"We ain't there yet," said the old man with a gray beard.

Eight bells was struck upon the iron bell forward of the fo'csle; all hands crowding out to the night and the cold darkness.

"Wind's fallin', ain't it?" cried one.

"Aye! let it fall—let's get some sail on her. It's Liverpool direc'," laughed another. "*Look out there!*"

"*Look out there!*" cried another, feeling her tremble to the onrush of a boarding sea.

The sea roaring around them, they grasped life-lines, hand-rails, shrouds and backstays, in the darkness.

The mate's whistle sounded, shrilling, half heard, faint, along the uproarious deck.

"I'll bet he's going to make sail," cried one.

"She's out of the ice by now, sir," said the skipper, on the bridge, "we've seen none since six bells of the afternoon watch. Set that fore lower, and main upper, topsail. I want to drive her."

"Loose fore lower tops'l—loose main upper tops'l," shouted the mate.

Men raced to the rigging, shouting one to another, unseen; their voices swept away.

Faintly, indistinguishable, a voice called from aloft, upon the fore.

"Sheet home—the man says 'sheet home'!" they shouted.

"It's that there black albatross—'ee wants 'er to fly," said one.

"He'd ought'er been a bird," said another.

"She'd fly anyway. She couldn't 'elp it," said another.

"Sing there, admiral! Where's th' admiral?" cried another.

"He's aloft on the main,—sing some one," cried another.

They set sail, crowding it upon the willing ship, giving her wing after wing; every one shouting, every one glad—for she was bound for Liverpool direct, and they would dance when they got there. They strung out in a long water-washed row upon the tops'l halyards, singing chantey after chantey, sending canvas, with the ice frozen stiff upon it, to the reeling mastheads,—

"Oh, Johnny's gone, what shall I do?

Shiloh, Shiloh Brown.

Oh, Johnny's gone, what shall I do?

Johnny's gone to Rio.

Where Johnny goes, I must go too,

Shiloh, Shiloh Brown.

Where Johnny goes, I must go too,

Johnny's gone to Rio."

Their voices rang, above the wail of the Horn wind, the tumbled thunder of the boarding seas.

*"Said he, 'my son you'll rue the day,
to me way hay yoh yah!'
Said he, 'My son you'll rue the day,
and a long time ago.
When off to sea you go away,
to me way hay yoh yah,
When off to sea you go away,
and a long time ago.'
And often since have I thought of his word,
to me way hay yoh yah,
And often since have I thought of his word,
and a long time ago."*

The clipper leaped, gathering her free feet to great plunges, as a beautiful colt to the whip.

"Sheet home the fore-sail," cried the mate.

"Sheet home the fore-sail," bellowed twenty sailors.

"Loose the main-sail," shouted the skipper, from the bridge.

"I'll drive her," said he, to himself.

"Gawd!" cried the bosun, to the second, "ain't she a flyer?"

"She knows she's going to Liverpool direct," laughed the second.

"We make fly," said the man from Suva.

"Bird—a bleedin' bird," yelled another.

"I'm a-goin' to dance at Mother Mitchell's when I gets to Liverpool," said one.

"You ain't there yet," said another. "Put y'r weight on them 'alyards."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the old gray-bearded man.

"We'll see the moon when the clouds break. She'll be rising soon," said the bosun, to the second.

"Sing, admiral, sing,—sing us a chantey," shouted one.

"Aye, sing, admiral,—sing!" shouted another.

"Sing,—sing, little admiral. Let the boys 'ear a *sailor* singing," said old Wispy Cavendish, beside the admiral, at the mizen topgallant halyards.

*"Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
But the son of a New York tailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.
And he shipped on board of a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
And he shipped on board of a whaler,
Poor old Reuben Ranzo."*

"Belay!" yelled the mate, "what y' tryin' to do? Carry 'em away?"

"The mate says '*Belay*,'" yelled twenty sailors, on the mizen topgallant halyards.

"Hoist the fore," shouted the mate.

*"Old Storm-along is dead and gone,
to me wa-ay, Storm-along,
Old Storm-along is dead and gone,
way, aye, aye, old Storm-along."*

"*Belay—belay!* What in hell y' tryin' to do with her?" shouted the mate.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed twenty sailors. "The mate says, 'what y' tryin' to do wi' her?'"

"Liverpool direc', sir," shouted one.

"We're goin' to dance at Mother Mitchell's," shouted another.

"Loose the royals,—*walk 'em up*—lively does it," shouted the mate.

"She's got a crew," said the skipper, to himself, upon the bridge.

"Sing, admiral, sing," cried a sailor.

"Walk her up, sons," shouted the apprentice, "*this way,*

*"John Brown's knapsack's number ninety-three,
John Brown's knapsack's number ninety-three,
John Brown's knapsack's number ninety-three,
as we go rolling home.
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah,
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah,
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah,
as we go rolling home."*

Twenty sailors lifted it, stamping forty feet along her dancing teak wood decks.

"Belay—belay all!" yelled the mate.

"Belay all,—come up behind!" yelled the sailor at the pin.

"Liverpool direct!" yelled another.

"Mother Mitchell an' her gals," cried another.

"She's driving," said the skipper on the bridge.

"We make fly," said the Suva man.

"She'd fly anyway—she couldn't help it," said another.

"Check in the weather braces," shouted the skipper, from the bridge.

"Weather braces!" shouted the mate. "Starboard watch to the main, port watch to the cross-jack."

"Haul away, sons! Round 'em in. She wants to fly," shouted the second.

"Sing,—some one sing, so's we can pull together," shouted one.

"Sing! for Liverpool direct, and a dance ashore," shouted another.

At the main braces Wispy Cavendish was singing, at the cross-jack the singing apprentice, keeping time together; all hands hauling to the long song of it, water to their knees.

"Hi—leeee—yo—ho! haul—away—ay—oh! Hi—leeee—yo—ho! Hi-lee-OH!"

The clouds broke, above a ragged horizon; torn edges, frayed, and tumbled o'er the sea; masses of disaster heaped upon the sky rim; a cold moon shining through, silvering the water—gleaming a molten pathway down the stormy night.

"*My God!*" cried the skipper, on his bridge.

"*My God!*" cried the mate, at the lee main braces.

At the wheel the man from Suva stood, his great eyes bulged, his white teeth shining through far parted lips.

"Sing, admiral, sing," cried Wispy Cavendish, and turning *saw beyond the racing clipper's bow.*

"Sing, admiral, sing!" he yelled, "*sing wi' me, son!*"

"Hi—leeee—yo—ho—ho, hi—leee—yo—ho—ho, haul—awa—ay—ay—ay-OH!"

The *Golden Age*, her wide wings flying to the wild Horn

wind, the grim sea fury-lashed about her, a dim moon drear
upon disastrous waters, swept upon her way.

"Hi—leeee—oh, hi—leeee—"

Head on, high lifted, leaping all a-quiver, trembling
throughout her lovely length, bound for bright dance floors
of home, she struck upon the dismal parapet of an awaiting
berg; the loose cakes grinding, roaring, tinkling, falling
about her dying beauty; the storm clouds driving down
across the moon's dimmed face, shading the sea,

Way—for—a—Sailor!

An excellent description of the author
of a square-rigger through a strait.
— But the ship — sail, dismasted
and sunk, in plot-film.

THE MAN'S STORY¹

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

(From *The Dial*)

DURING his trial for murder and later, after he had been cleared through the confession of that queer little bald chap with the nervous hands, I watched him, fascinated by his continued effort to make something understood.

He was persistently interested in something having nothing to do with the charge that he had murdered the woman. The matter of whether or not and by due process of law he was to be convicted of murder and hanged by the neck until he was dead didn't seem to interest him. The law was something outside his life. He simply declined to have anything to do with the killing as one might decline a cigarette. "I thank you, I am not smoking at present. I made a bet with a fellow that I could go along without cigarettes for a month."

That is the sort of thing I mean. It was puzzling. Really had he been guilty and trying to save his neck he couldn't have taken a better line. You see, at first, everyone thought that he had done the killing; we were all convinced of it, and then, just because of that magnificent air of indifference, everyone began wanting to save him. When news came of the confession of the crazy little stage-hand everyone broke out into cheers.

He was clear of the law after that, but his manner in no way changed. There was, somewhere, a man or a woman who would understand just what he understood, and it was important to find that person and talk things over. There was a time, during the trial and immediately afterwards, when I saw a good deal of him; and I had this sharp sense

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of him feeling about in the darkness trying to find something like a needle or pin lost on the floor. Well, he was like an old man who cannot find his glasses. He feels in all his pockets and looks helplessly about.

There was a question in my own mind too, in everyone's mind—"Can a man be wholly casual and brutal in every outward way, at a moment when the one nearest and dearest to him is dying, and at the same time and with quite another part of himself be altogether tender and sensitive?"

Anyway it's a story, and once in a while even a newspaper man likes to tell a story straight out, without putting in any newspaper jargon about beautiful heiresses, cold-blooded murderers, and all that sort of tommyrot.

As I picked the story up the sense of it was something like this—

The man's name was Wilson, Edgar Wilson—and he had come to Chicago from some place to the westward, perhaps from the mountains. He might once have been a sheep herder or something of the sort as he had the peculiar abstract air acquired only by being a good deal alone. About himself and his past he told a good many conflicting stories, and so after being with him for a time one instinctively discarded the past.

"The devil—it doesn't matter—the man can't tell the truth in that direction. Let it go," one said to oneself. What was known was that he had come to Chicago from a town in Kansas and that he had run away from the Kansas town with another man's wife.

As to her story, I knew little enough of it. She had been at one time I imagine a rather handsome thing, in a big strong upstanding kind of way, but her life, until she met Wilson, had been rather messy. In those dead flat Kansas towns, lives have a way of getting ugly and messy without anything very definite having happened to make them so. One can't imagine the reasons. Let it go. It just is so and one can't at all believe the Kansas writers about the life out there.

To be a little more definite about this particular woman—in her young girlhood her father had got into trouble. He had been some sort of small official, a travelling agent or

something of the sort for an express company, and got arrested in connexion with the disappearance of some money. And then, when he was in jail and before his trial, he shot and killed himself. The girl's mother was already dead.

Within a year or two she married a man, an honest enough fellow, but from all accounts rather uninteresting. He was a drug clerk and a frugal man, and after a short time managed to buy a drug store of his own.

The woman had, as I have said, been strong and well built, but now grew thin and nervous. Still she carried herself well, with a sort of air as it were, and there was something about her that appealed strongly to men. Several men of the seedy little town were smitten by her and wrote her letters, trying to get her to creep out with them at night. You know how such things are done. The letters were unsigned. "You go to such and such a place on Friday evening. If you are willing to talk things over with me carry a book in your hand."

Then the woman made a mistake and told her husband about the receipt of one of the letters, and he grew angry and tramped off to the trysting place at night with a shotgun in his hand. When no one appeared he came home and fussed about. He said little mean tentative things. "You must have looked in a certain way at the man when you passed him on the street. A man don't grow so bold with a married woman unless an opening has been given him."

The man talked and talked after that and life in the house must not have been gay. She grew habitually silent and when she was silent the house was silent. They had no children.

Then the man Edgar Wilson came along going eastward and stopped over in the town for two or three days. He had at that time a little money and stayed at a small workingmen's boarding-house near the railroad station. One day he saw the woman walking in the street and followed her to her home and the neighbours saw them standing and talking together for an hour by the front gate. On the next day he came again.

That time they talked for two hours and then she went

into the house, got a few belongings, and walked to the railroad station with him. They took a train for Chicago and lived here together apparently very happy, until she died—in a way I am about to try to tell you about. They of course could not be married, and during the three years they lived here he did nothing toward earning their common living. As he had a very small amount of money when they came, barely enough to get them here from the Kansas town, they were miserably poor.

They lived, when I knew about them, over on the North Side, in that section of old three and four story brick residences that were once the homes of what we call our nice people, but that had afterwards gone to the bad. The section is having a kind of rebirth now, but for a good many years it rather went to seed. There were these old residences, made into boarding-houses, and with unbelievably dirty lace curtains at the windows, and now and then an utterly disreputable old tumble-down frame house, in one of which Wilson lived with his woman.

The place is a sight. Someone owns it I suppose who is shrewd enough to know that in a big city like Chicago no section gets neglected always. Such a fellow must have said to himself, "Well, I'll let the place go. The ground on which the house stands will some day be very valuable, but the house is worth nothing. I'll let it go at a low rental and do nothing to fix it up. Perhaps I will get enough out of it to pay my taxes until prices come up."

And so the house had stood there unpainted for years and the windows were out of line and the shingles nearly all off the roof. The second floor was reached by an outside stairway with a hand-rail that had become just the peculiar greasy black that wood can become in a soft coal burning city like Chicago and Pittsburgh. One's hand became black when the railing was touched and the rooms above were altogether cold and cheerless.

At the front there was a large room with a fireplace from which many bricks had fallen, and back of that were two small sleeping rooms.

Wilson and his woman lived in the place at the time when

the thing happened I am to tell you about, and as they had taken it in May I presume they did not too much mind the cold barrenness of the large front room in which they lived. There was a sagging wooden bed with a leg broken off the woman had tried to repair with sticks from a packing box, a kitchen table that was also used by Wilson as a writing desk, and two or three cheap kitchen chairs.

The woman had managed to get a place as wardrobe woman in a theatre in Randolph Street and they lived on her earnings. It was said she had got the job because some man connected with the theatre or a company playing there had a passion for her, but one can always pick up stories of that sort about any woman who works about the theatre—from the scrub-woman to the star.

Anyway she worked there and had a reputation in the theatre of being quiet and efficient.

As for Wilson, he wrote poetry of a sort I've never seen before, although, like most newspaper men, I've taken a turn at verse-making myself now and then, both of the rhymed kind and the new-fangled *vers libre* sort. I rather go in for the classical stuff myself.

About Wilson's verse—it was Greek to me. Well now, to get right down to hardpan in this matter, it was and it wasn't. The stuff made me feel just a little bit woozy when I took a whole sheaf of it and sat alone in my room reading it at night. It was all about walls and deep wells and great bowls with young trees standing erect in them and trying to find their way to the light and air over the rim of the bowl.

Queer crazy stuff, every line of it, but fascinating too in a way. One got into a new world with new values, which after all is I suppose what poetry is all about. There was the world of fact we all know or think we know, the world of flat buildings and Middle-Western farms with wire fences about the fields and Fordson tractors running up and down, and towns with high schools and advertising billboards and everything that makes up life, or that we think makes up life.

There was this world we all walk about in and then there was another world that I have come to think of as Wilson's world: a dim world, to me at least, of far-away near

places—things taking new and strange shapes, the insides of people coming out, the eyes seeing new things, the fingers feeling new and strange things.

It was a world of walls mainly. I got hold of the whole lot of Wilson's verse by a piece of luck. It happened that I was the first newspaper man who got into the place on the night when the woman's body was found; and there was all the stuff, carefully written out in a sort of child's copy-book, and two or three stupid policemen standing about. I just shoved the book under my coat, when they weren't looking, and later, during Wilson's trial, we published some of the more intelligible ones in the paper. It made pretty good newspaper stuff—the poet who killed his mistress, and all that.

To get back to the poetry itself for a moment. I just wanted to explain that all through the book there ran this notion that men had erected walls about themselves and that all men were perhaps destined to stand for ever behind the walls, on which they constantly beat with their fists, or with whatever tools they could get hold of. One couldn't quite make out whether there was just one great wall or many little individual walls. Sometimes Wilson put it one way, sometimes another. Men had themselves built the walls and now stood behind them, knowing dimly that beyond the walls there was warmth, light, air, beauty, life in fact—while at the same time, and because of a kind of madness in themselves, the walls were constantly being built higher and stronger.

The notion gives you the willies a little, doesn't it? Anyway it does me.

And then there was that notion about deep wells, men everywhere constantly digging and digging themselves down deeper and deeper into deep wells. They not wanting to do it, you understand, and none wanting them to do it, but all the time the thing going on just the same, that is to say the wells getting constantly deeper and deeper and the voices growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance—and again the light and the warmth of life going away and going away, because of a kind of blind refusal of people to try to understand each other, I suppose.

It was all very strange to me—Wilson's poetry, I mean—when I came to it. Here is one of his things. It is not directly concerned with the walls, the bowl, or the deep well theme, as you will see; but it is one we ran in the paper during the trial and a lot of folks rather liked it as I'll admit I do myself. Maybe putting it in here will give a kind of point to my story by giving you some sense of the strangeness of the man who is the story's hero. In the book it was called merely number ninety-seven and it went as follows:

"The firm grip of my fingers on the thin paper of this cigarette is a sign that I am very quiet now. Sometimes it is not so. When I am unquiet I am weak, but when I am quiet, as I am now, I am very strong.

"Just now I went along one of the streets of my city and in at a door and came up here, where I am now, lying on a bed and looking out at a window. Very suddenly and completely the knowledge has come to me that I could grip the sides of tall buildings as freely and as easily as I now grip this cigarette. I could hold the building between my fingers, put it to my lips, and blow smoke through it. I could blow confusion away. I could blow a thousand people out through the roof of one tall building into the sky, into the unknown. Building after building I could consume as I consume the cigarettes in this box. I could throw the burning ends of cities over my shoulder and out through a window.

"It is not often I get in the state I am now in—so quiet and sure of myself. When the feeling comes over me there is a directness and simplicity in me that make me love myself. To myself at such times I say strong sweet words.

"I am on a couch by this window and I could ask a woman to come here to lie with me, or a man either for that matter.

"I could take a row of houses standing on a street, tip them over, empty the people out of them, squeeze and compress all the people into one person, and love that person.

"Do you see this hand? Suppose it held a knife that could cut down through all the falseness in you. Suppose

it could cut down through the sides of buildings and houses where thousands of people now lie asleep.

"It would be something worth thinking about if the fingers of this hand gripped a knife that could cut and rip through all the ugly husks in which millions of lives are enclosed."

Well, there is the idea you see, a kind of power that could be gentle too. I will quote you just one more of his things, a more gentle one. It is called in the book number eighty-three.

"I am a tree that grows beside the wall. I have been thrusting up and up. My body is covered with scars. My body is old, but still I thrust upward, creeping toward the top of the wall.

"It is my desire to drop blossoms and fruit over the wall.

"I would moisten dry lips.

"I would drop blossoms on the heads of children, over the top of the wall.

"I would caress with falling blossoms the bodies of those who live on the further side of the wall.

"My branches are creeping upward and new sap comes into me out of the dark ground under the wall.

"My fruit shall not be my fruit until it drops from my arms into the arms of the others over the top of the wall."

And now as to the life led by the man and woman in the large upper room in that old frame house. By a stroke of luck I have recently got rather a line on that by a discovery I have made.

After they had moved into the house—it was only last spring—the theatre in which the woman was employed was dark for a long time and they were more than usually hard up; so the woman tried to pick up a little extra money—to help pay the rent I suppose—by sub-letting the two little back rooms of that place of theirs.

Various people lived in the dark tiny holes, just how I can't make out, as there was no furniture. Still there are places in Chicago called "flops" where one may sleep on the

floor for five or ten cents, and they are more patronized than respectable people know anything about.

What I did discover was a little woman—she wasn't so young, but she was hunchbacked and small and it is hard not to think of her as a girl—who once lived in one of the rooms for several weeks. She had a job as an ironer in a small hand laundry in the neighbourhood, and someone had given her a cheap folding cot. She was a curiously sentimental creature with the kind of hurt eyes deformed people often have, and I have a fancy she had herself a romantic attachment of a sort for the man Wilson. Anyway I managed to find out a lot from her.

After the other woman's death and after Wilson had been cleared on the murder charge by the confession of the stage-hand, I used to go over to the house where he had lived sometimes in the late afternoon after our paper had been put to bed for the day. Ours is an afternoon paper and after two o'clock most of us are free.

I found the hunchback girl standing in front of the house one day and began talking with her. She was a gold mine.

There was that look in her eyes I've told you of, the hurt sensitive look. I just spoke to her and we began talking of Wilson. She had lived in one of the rooms at the back. She told me of that at once.

On some days she had found herself unable to work at the laundry because her strength suddenly gave out, and so on such days she stayed in the room lying on the cot. Blinding headaches came that lasted for hours, during which she was almost entirely unconscious of everything going on about her. Then afterwards she was quite conscious, but for a long time very weak. She wasn't one who is destined to live very long I suppose, and I presume she didn't much care.

Anyway, there she was in the room in that weak state after the times of illness; and she grew curious about the two people in the front room, so she used to get off her couch and go softly in her stockinged feet to the door between the rooms and peek through the keyhole. She had to kneel on the dusty floor to do it.

The life in the room fascinated her from the beginning.

Sometimes the man was in there alone, sitting at the kitchen table and writing the stuff he afterwards put into the book I collared and from which I have quoted; sometimes the woman was with him, and again sometimes he was in there alone, but wasn't writing. Then he was always walking and walking up and down.

When both people were in the room and when the man was writing the woman seldom moved, but sat in a chair by one of the windows with her hands crossed. He would write a few lines and then walk up and down talking to himself or to her. When he spoke she did not answer except with her eyes, the crippled girl said.

What I gathered of all this from her talk with me and what is the product of my own imaginings I confess I do not quite know.

Anyway what I got and what I am trying in my own way to transmit to you is a sense of a kind of strangeness in the relationship of the two. It wasn't just a domestic household, a little down on its luck, by any means. He was trying to do something very difficult—with his poetry I presume, and she in her own way was trying to help him.

And of course, as I have no doubt you have gathered from what I have quoted of Wilson's verse, the matter had something to do with the relationships between people—not necessarily between the particular man and woman who happened to be there in that room, but between all people.

The fellow had some half-mystic conception of all such things, and before he found his own woman, had been going aimlessly about the world looking for a mate. Then he had found the woman in the Kansas town and, he at least thought, things had cleared, for him.

Well, he had the notion that no one in the world could think or feel anything alone and that people only got into trouble and walled themselves in by trying it, or something of the sort. There was a discord. Things were jangled. Someone it seems had to strike a pitch that all voices could take up before the real song of life could begin. Mind you I'm not putting forth any notions of my own. What I am trying to do is to give you a sense of something I got from having read Wilson's stuff, from having known him a

little, and from having seen something of the effect of his personality on others.

He felt quite definitely that no one in the world could feel or even think alone. And then there was the notion that if one tried to think with the mind without taking the body into account one got all balled up. True conscious life built itself up like a pyramid. First the body and mind of a beloved one must come into one's thinking and feeling and then, in some mystic way, the bodies and minds of all the other people in the world must come in, must come sweeping in like a great wind or something of that sort.

Is all this a little tangled up to you who read my story? It may not be. It may be that your minds are more clear than my own and that what I take to be so difficult will be very simple to you.

However, I have to bring up to you just what I can find after diving down into this sea of motives and impulses I admit I don't rightly understand.

The hunchback girl felt—or is it my own fancy colouring what she said? . . . it doesn't really matter. The thing to get at is what the man Edgar Wilson felt.

He felt, I fancy, that in the field of poetry he had something to express that could never be expressed until he had found a woman who could, in a peculiar and absolute way, give herself in the world of the flesh, and that then there was to be a marriage out of which beauty would come for all people. He had to find the woman who had that power, and the power had to be untainted by self-interest, I fancy. A profound egotist, you see, and he thought he had found what he needed in the wife of the Kansas druggist.

He had found her and had done something to her. What it was I can't quite make out, except that she was absolutely and wholly happy with him in a strangely inexpressive sort of way.

Trying to speak of him and his influence on others is rather like trying to walk on a tight rope stretched between two tall buildings above a crowded street. A cry from below, a laugh, the honk of an automobile horn, and down one goes into nothingness. One simply becomes ridiculous.

He wanted, it seems, to condense the flesh and the spirit of himself and his woman into his poems. You will remember that in one of the things of his I have quoted he speaks of condensing, of squeezing, all the people of a city into one person and of loving that person.

One might think of him as a powerful person, almost hideously powerful. You will see, as you read, how he has got me in his power and is making me serve his purpose.

He had caught and was holding the woman in his grip. Perhaps too she was in her own way greedy also and he was making actual love to her always day and night, when they were together and when they were apart.

I'll admit I am confused about the whole matter myself. I am trying to express something I have felt, not in myself nor in the words that came to me from the lips of the hunchback girl whom, you will remember, I left kneeling on the floor in that back room and peeking through a keyhole.

There she was, you see, the hunchback, and in the room before her was the man and woman; and the hunchback also had fallen under the power of the man Wilson. She also was in love with him—there can be no doubt of that. The room in which she knelt was dark and dusty. There must have been a thick accumulation of dust on the floor.

What she said—or if she did not say the words, what she made me feel—was that the man Wilson worked in the room or walked up and down in there before his woman, and that while he did that his woman sat in the chair, and that there was on her face, in her eyes, a look—

He was all the time making love to her and his making love to her in just that abstract way was a kind of love-making with all people, and that was possible because the woman was as purely physical as he was something else. If all this is meaningless to you at least it wasn't to the hunchback girl who certainly was uneducated and never would have set herself up as having any special powers of understanding. She knelt in the dust, listening and looking at the keyhole, and in the end she came to feel that the man, in whose presence she had never been and whose person had never in any way touched her person, that he had made love to her also.

She had felt that and it had gratified her entire nature. One might say it had satisfied her. She was what she was and it had made life worth living for her.

Minor things happened in the room and one may speak of them.

For example there was a day in June, a dark warm rainy day. The hunchback girl was in her room, kneeling on the floor, and Wilson and his woman were in their room.

Wilson's woman had been doing a family washing, and as it could not be dried outdoors she had stretched ropes across the room and had hung the clothes inside.

When the clothes were all hung Wilson came from walking outside in the rain, and going to the desk sat down and began to write.

He wrote for a few minutes and then got up and went about the room, and in walking a wet garment brushed against his face.

He kept right on walking and talking to the woman, but as he walked and talked he gathered all the clothes in his arms and going to the little landing at the head of the stairs outside threw them down into the muddy yard below.

He did that and the woman sat without moving or saying anything until he had gone back to his desk, then she went down the stairs, got the clothes and washed them again; and it was only after she had done that and when she was again hanging them in the room above that he appeared to know what he had done.

While the clothes were being rewashed he went for another walk and when she heard his footsteps on the stairs the hunchback girl ran to the keyhole. As she knelt there and as he came into the room she could look directly into his face. "He was like a puzzled child for a moment and then, although he said nothing, the tears began to run down his cheeks," she said. "That happened and then the woman, who was at the moment rehung the clothes, turned and saw him. She had her arm filled with clothes, but dropped them on the floor and ran to him. She half knelt, the hunchback girl said, and putting her arms about his body and looking up into his face pleaded with him.

"Don't. Don't be hurt. Believe me I know everything. Please don't be hurt," was what she said.

And now as to the story of the woman's death. It happened in the fall of that year.

In the place where she was sometimes employed, that is to say in the theatre, there was this other man, the little half-crazed stage-hand who shot her.

He had fallen in love with her and, like the men in the Kansas town from which she came, had written her several silly notes of which she said nothing to Wilson. The letters weren't very nice and some of them, the most unpleasant ones, were by some twist of the fellow's mind signed with Wilson's name. Two of them were afterwards found on her person and were brought in as evidence against Wilson during his trial.

And so the woman worked in the theatre, and the summer had passed; and on an evening in the fall there was to be a dress rehearsal at the theatre and the woman went there, taking Wilson with her. It was a fall day such as we sometimes have in Chicago, cold and wet and with a heavy fog lying over the city.

The dress rehearsal did not come off. The star was ill, or something of the sort happened; and Wilson and his woman sat about in the cold empty theatre for an hour or two and then the woman was told she could go for the night.

She and Wilson walked across the city, stopping to get something to eat at a small restaurant. He was in one of the abstract silent moods common to him. No doubt he was thinking of the things he wanted to express in the poetry I have tried to tell you about. He went along, not seeing the woman beside him, not seeing the people drifting up to them and passing them in the streets. He went along in that way and she—

She was no doubt then as she always was in his presence—silent and satisfied with the fact that she was with him. There was nothing he could think or feel that did not take her into account. The very blood flowing up through his body was her blood too. He had made her feel that and

she was silent and satisfied as he went along, his body walking beside her, but his fancy groping its way through the land of high walls and deep wells.

They had walked from the restaurant, in the Loop district, over a bridge to the North Side, and still no words passed between them.

When they had almost reached their own place the stage-hand, the small man with the nervous hands who had written the notes, appeared out of the fog, as though out of nowhere, and shot the woman.

That was all there was to it. It was as simple as that.

They were walking, as I have described them, when a head flashed up before the woman in the midst of the fog, a hand shot out, there was the quick abrupt sound of a pistol shot, and then the absurd little stage-hand, he with the wrinkled impotent little old woman's face, then he turned and ran away.

All that happened, just as I have written it and it made no impression at all on the mind of Wilson. He walked along as though nothing had happened; and the woman, after half falling, gathered herself together and managed to continue walking beside him, still saying nothing.

They went thus for perhaps two blocks, and had reached the foot of the outer stairs that led up to their place when a policeman came running, and the woman told him a lie. She told him some story about a struggle between two drunken men and after a moment of talk the policeman went away, sent away by the woman in a direction opposite to the one taken by the fleeing stage-hand.

They were in the darkness and the fog now, and the woman took her man's arm while they climbed the stairs. He was as yet, as far as I will ever be able to explain logically, unaware of the shot and of the fact that she was dying although he had seen and heard everything. What the doctors said, who were put on the case afterwards, was that a cord or muscle or something of the sort that controls the action of the heart, that it had been practically severed by the shot.

She was dead and alive at the same time, I suppose.

Anyway the two people marched up the stairs and into

the room above and then a really dramatic and lovely thing happened. One wishes that the scene with just all its connotations could be played out on a stage instead of having to be put down in words.

The two came into the room, the one dead, but not ready to acknowledge death without a flash of something individual and lovely, that is to say the one dead while still alive and the other alive, but at the moment dead to what was going on.

The room into which they went was dark, but with the sure instinct of an animal the woman walked across the room to the fireplace while the man stopped and stood some ten feet from the door, thinking and thinking in his peculiarly abstract way. The fireplace was filled with an accumulation of waste matter, cigarette ends—the man was a hard smoker—bits of paper on which he had scribbled—the rubbishy accumulation that gathers about all such fellows as Wilson. There was all of this quickly combustible material stuffed into the fireplace on this first cool evening of the fall.

And so the woman went to it and found a match somewhere in the darkness and touched the pile off.

There is a picture that will remain with me always. Just that—the barren room and the blind unseeing man standing there, and the woman kneeling and making a little flare of beauty at the last. Little flames leaped up. Lights crept and danced over the walls. Below, on the floor of the room, there was a deep well of darkness in which the man, blind with his own purpose, was standing.

The pile of burning papers must have made for a moment quite a glare of light in the room, and the woman stood for a moment, beside the fireplace, just outside the glare of light.

And then, pale and wavering, she walked across it as across a lighted stage, going softly and silently toward him. Had she also something to say? No one will ever know. What happened was that she said nothing.

She walked across to him, and at the moment she reached him fell down on the floor and died at his feet, and at the same moment the little fire of papers died. If she strug-

gled before she died, there on the floor, she struggled in silence. There was no sound. She had fallen and lay between him and the door that led out to the stairway and to the street.

It was then Wilson became altogether inhuman—too much so for my understanding.

The fire had died and the woman he had loved had died.

And there he stood looking into nothingness, thinking, God knows, perhaps of nothingness.

He stood a minute, five minutes, perhaps ten. He was a man who, before he found the woman, had been sunk far down into a deep sea of doubt and questioning. Before he found the woman no expression had ever come from him. He had perhaps just wandered from place to place, looking at people's faces, wondering about people, wanting to come close to others, and not knowing how. The woman had been able to lift him up to the surface of the sea of life for a time, and with her he had floated on the surface of the sea, under the sky, in the sunlight. The woman's warm body, given to him in love, had been as a boat in which he had floated on the surface of the sea, and now the boat had wrecked and he was sinking again, back into the sea.

All of this had happened and he did not know—that is to say he did not know and at the same time he did know.

He was a poet I presume and perhaps at that moment a new poem was forming itself in his mind.

At any rate he stood for a time, as I have said, and then he must have had a feeling that he should make some move, that he should if possible save himself from some disaster about to overtake him.

He had an impulse to go to the door and by way of the stairway to go down stairs and into the street, but the body of the woman was between him and the door.

What he did and what, when he later told of it, sounded so terribly cruel to others was to treat the woman's dead body as one might treat a fallen tree in the darkness in a forest. First he tried to push the body aside with his foot and then, as that seemed impossible, he stepped awkwardly over it.

He stepped directly on the woman's arm. The discolored mark where his heel landed was afterwards found on the body.

He almost fell and then his body righted itself and he went walking, marched down the rickety stairs and went walking in the streets.

By chance the night had cleared. It had grown colder and a cold wind had driven the fog away. He walked along very nonchalantly for several blocks. He walked along as calmly as you, the reader, might walk after having had lunch with a friend.

As a matter of fact he even stopped to make a purchase at a store. I remember that the place was called The Whip. He went in, bought himself a package of cigarettes, lighted one, and stood a moment apparently listening to a conversation going on among several idlers in the place.

And then he strolled again, going along smoking the cigarette and thinking of his poem no doubt. Then he came to a moving-picture theatre.

That perhaps touched him off. He also was an old fireplace, stuffed with old thoughts, scraps of unwritten poems, God knows what rubbish. Often he had gone at night to the theatre, where the woman was employed, to walk home with her; and now the people were coming out of a small moving-picture house. They had been in there seeing a play called The Light of the World.

Wilson walked into the midst of the crowd, lost himself in the crowd, smoking his cigarette, and then he took off his hat, looked anxiously about for a moment, and suddenly began shouting in a loud voice.

He stood there, shouting and trying to tell the story of what had happened in a loud voice and with the uncertain air of one trying to remember a dream. He did that for a moment and then after running a little way along the pavement stopped and began his story again. It was only after he had gone thus, in short rushes, back along the street to the house and up the rickety stairway to where the woman was lying—the crowd following curiously at his heels—that a policeman came up and arrested him.

He seemed excited at first, but was quiet afterwards;

and he laughed at the notion of insanity when the lawyer who had been retained for him tried to set up the plea in court.

As I have said, his action during his trial was confusing to us all, as he seemed wholly uninterested in the murder and in his own fate. After the confession of the man who had fired the shot he seemed to feel no resentment toward him either. There was something he wanted, having nothing to do with what had happened.

There he had been, you see, before he found the woman, wandering about in the world, digging himself deeper and deeper into the deep wells he talked about in his poetry, building the wall between himself and all us others constantly higher and higher.

He knew what he was doing, but he could not stop. That's what he kept talking about, pleading with people about. The man had come up out of the sea of doubt, had grasped for a time the hand of the woman, and with her hand in his had floated for a time upon the surface of life, but now he felt himself again sinking down into the sea.

His talking and talking, stopping people in the street and talking, going into people's houses and talking, was I presume but an effort he was always afterwards making not to sink back forever into the sea; it was the struggle of a drowning man I dare say.

At any rate I have told you the man's story, have been compelled to try to tell you his story. There was a kind of power in him, and the power has been exerted over me as it was exerted over the woman from Kansas and the unknown hunchback girl kneeling on the floor in the dust and peering through a keyhole.

Ever since the woman died we have all been trying and trying to drag the man Wilson back up out of the sea of doubt and dumbness into which we feel him sinking deeper and deeper, and to no avail.

And I have only told you his story in the hopes that among you, the readers, there may be one who, like the woman from Kansas, will know what we others do not

know; that is to say that you will know how to put an arm down into the sea and that you will have the strength to drag the man Wilson back to the surface again.

On summer at home, 'Babe' is it
just a bit too conscious to
be satisfactory? So little real pleasure
that it falls into the tale or conversation
close.

MR. CARDEEZER¹

By EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

MR. CARDEEZER was the last one to arrive. Winter or summer, the motley crew that preceded him did its collecting silently, halting only occasionally for vituperation over old bottles or rusty iron.

It was a scarecrow group against scarecrow background. Mounds of ashes, rusty springs, defunct saucepans, fluttering papers.

As the shambling heavy figure loomed against car tracks and telegraph poles, Ma Hoskins croaked:

"There's Cardeezer! Say! It's a wonder he ain't ben out afore this—ef he had a wife, he'd have the foot to his back come six o'clock."

Madame Hoskins threw an empty tonic bottle in the direction of Miss Tilly Durgins. It just missed the bowed bony hips.

"Grab that there bottle afore somebody else cops it," advised Rosenbaum, the peddler, adding, "Ain't so many bottles you can afford to play fast and loose with 'em."

Meanwhile a group collecting coal raised critical protest. "Quit peggin' them bottles, you might hit some one, for all your eyes looks three ways of a Sunday." A vindictive piece of coal shot by.

Somebody must catch it for this here peggin' of coal! Ma Hoskins seized upon her small son, working near by, and belabored with fury his most defenseless softness. The accustomed little body took it stoically, only in the five-year-old eyes did the everlasting photograph of brutality remain.

The newcomer was received with varying salutations.

"How goes it, Cardeezer? I see where they've dumped

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a carload of apples on'y half rotted. Why don't you get them cinders afore they're froze?"

Mr. Cardeezer, however, knew that these suggestions were to entice him from fresh ash dumps where the picking was fast and furious. He smiled, winking, at the silver-bearded peddler, who turned a biblical head set on a humped back. The peddler held up a mass of ash-clogged brass wheels.

"Clock works entire! Just now I turn it over into the silt. When Cardeezer comes the luck comes."

A train ran along the marshy tracks of the flats. Mr. Cardeezer, deliberately hanging a burlap bag to his waistband, took his pipe from his mouth and surveyed the long line of coaches, each window with its pale glimmering face that ran into another pale face.

"So there they go," he remarked, "going somewheres! That's all they care. They don't know," he suggested mystically, "what *makes* 'em go."

"Ah, it's the stores," snarled Ma Hoskins. "Spend! That's all they do—buy what they don't want because somebody else has got one, then throw it on the Dump! Look at all the plush rockers has come out here. Here, you"—Ma Hoskins gestured violently to her small urchin—"do you want to get it again?"

The menacing attitude of the woman, the slumbering sadism in her eyes impressed Mr. Cardeezer. Slowly draping the burlap bag on his fore bulk, the philosopher surveyed her, remarking in soothing tones:

"Joshofit! So that'll do for him, won't it? He knows what he's got to expect ef he's cranky? Yes, yes. Ain't you the woman though? Ought to have fourteen to wallop. I wonder," said Mr. Cardeezer as he ran a piece of string through the top of his bag, "I wonder that yer husband ever left yer."

But as he said these flattering things Mr. Cardeezer drew from a slack pocket in a sun-greened coat an attenuated lollypop of which the original sucker had grown disillusioned and which, tossed into a waste-paper basket, had found its way to the Dump. Tenderly, he poked this into the mouth of the victim until consoling sweet obliterated

woeful salt. "Now shut up," conjured Mr. Cardeezer soothingly. "Now shut up." With a great furtive hand he patted the belabored little parts.

A sense of serenity was communicated from group to group across the blasted and waste-riddled fields of the Dump. Here on this great Rejection the word was passed. Cardeezer had come! The sky was blue this morning, the slow sun warmed out the frost from mountains of cinders; from the edges of the flats the factories sent up swirls of yellow and white and sickly blue. The wind did not blow. It was not now so cold as in the aching early hours. Even the strong smell of fertilizer from the bone factory nearby was less irritating. This fertilizer smell was a conversation-maker. The scattered Russians and Poles ignored it, but the Irish with spicy innuendo recapitulated what went into its repellent vigors.

"If I was a dead hoss," said young Sham Brady, "I dunno wouldn't I rather be dead at the bottom of New York harbor than spread out on them there truck farms."

"No. You'd rather be draped out on the truck gardens, my young boy," reproved Mr. Cardeezer, "a helpin' the growin' things. For ain't it peculiar, a hoss dies and then he goes into glue and hair brushes and this here stinkin' fertilizer, and what grows by that feeds other hosses and men, and then *they* dies and back *they* goes to the ground where more keeps a dyin' and a growin' out, like Somebody down Inside was blowin' bubbles of Life! The earth don't say nothing about it (that is, if she does explain, we ain't yet growed ears to understand), but it all keeps a dyin' and a comin' to life like a kind of joke."

Since Cardeezer's coming young Meg Mallet had grown talkative. Usually this girl worked silently, casting coal after coal out of blackened fingers into an empty baby buggy. Now she remarked to the shrunken spinster, Tilly Durgins,

"I see that hat again in Herdsein's winder last night. It's down to three seventy-five now. Ain't you goin' to git it—you got them three sacks of coal and the red lampshade; you could sell that shade for five, maybe."

Tilly tightened her sagging mouth. "I don't want it no

more. I'm like that. I want first off and then sudden I quit wanting. What would I get a new hat for?"

"Well, it's comin' winter," said Meg, then timidly, "there's some of 'em dresses up on Sundays over to the new flats."

But Tilly was mumbling to herself, "I don't want no hat. When I sell that there coal and that lampshade and the papers I got yesterday I can get somethin' a lot better . . . somethin' that can make me see pictures like: green fields and me walking through them all dressed up, with people, high-toned people, that I never see before, talkin' lovely to me.

"Talkin' splendid to me, talkin' lovely," Tilly's blank eyes seemed to turn inward to some exquisite veiled rapture, some curious assertions of thwarted womanhood.

"That there will git you some day," Meg remarked somberly. "The jails is full of 'em. Cocaine! Oh!" said the girl fearfully, "I ask the Virgin every mass to keep me from that."

"And soon you'll be askin' her to keep ye from the men yer new hat will bring yer," answered the other. In her voice was the coarse knowledge of awfulness.

In their direction came Mr. Cardeezer.

He held in his hand a poker-shaped prod with which he rummaged this and that dump reserve and proved things for what they were, vegetable, animal or mineral. All finds he examined without partiality and with an air of pleased and scientific interest. To the women he now exhibited a child's rattle, faded pink ribbons and two smashed bells. Mr. Cardeezer facetiously jingled the bells.

"Want it?" he asked doubtfully, then awkwardly, "a thing like that will sometimes ease the heart of a woman. A little shoe, or a bib—I've often kept 'em when I've found 'em. . . . Once you stick this here rattle in the stove damper or behind the Virgin's picter, it'll be part of yer . . . so that if ye ain't got the trouble of bornin' the pesky kids, well . . . you've kind of got 'em in yer heart, puttin' their little hands on any place that's sore. . . . What I mean," explained Mr. Cardeezer, "everyone's kind of kid-crazy below decks."

So the morning went. The groups roamed over the sordid fields with a sodden sociability hard to analyze. Perhaps Cardeezer's own words best interpreted this sociability which was the communal sense of the Unexpected.

"Of course, we ain't rilly lookin' for diamonds and pearls," Cardeezer remarked to the old peddler. "We'm all collectin' something different, you bottles, me papers, some of 'em out for coal particular, others that has got knowin' ways takin' stock of the garbage, and yet, whatever w'm out for, somethin' else turns up, somethin' different *too* and that's the Joke . . . it's like livin' ain't it? Now me, I'm on'y out for them newspapers you can sell by the pound, but I've struck a libry of books, now and again. And when I find a swell vol—ume like this here, I'm like—what's the name of that geezer that's so pestered with his money?"

"Rockyfeller?" hazarded the peddler.

"I'm like Rockyfeller, I'm bothered with ownin' too much readin' matter, me readin' kind of slow, not because of the looks of words for I'm purty slick with words, but it's the ideas that comes from the words slammin' me in the eyes . . . It's to keep them ideas standin' straight and holdin' hands, that's my sharp lookout," said Mr. Cardeezer. "Too much money is like none at all, I take it, but too many ideas, there you'm sockdolaged."

With his mind working on these problems, Mr. Cardeezer referred himself to the tattered little book in his hand. "Lay there," he threw down the tempting reading matter, "lay there, and when it comes dinner time I'll tend to you."

At luncheon time it was generally understood that Cardeezer, being the only one that had scholarship, would read from his troves. It was his habit to peruse and expound, and although the thing was indifferently received, no one ever made demurral. Mrs. Hoskins settled herself with a tin pail of some beverage not revealed. Her son devoured half a banana found on the Dump. Tilly Durgins ate three pickles of huge girth and startling acidity. The red-haired girl chewed gum while staring at the long range of factories that skirted the Dump.

Mr. Cardeezer scientifically peeled an apple found in an

unlikely larder, he carefully cut out the bad, tossing the peelings far from him, and regarding them meditatively where they lay.

"Now ain't that funny?" he remarked. "That there apple's skin has took a lot of time and thought to grow, the apple wanted it for somethin' and we don't want it. What the apple wanted it for we don't rightly know. We just think," said this dump philosopher, "that them apples and oranges and all grows for Christmas trees and Turn Verein. But that ain't all there is to it."

There being clearly no answer to these Socratic observations, the haphazard talk meantime went on. A kind of stupor seemed to come on the groups in the chill noon sunshine; only Meg stayed alert, her eyes staring at the clouds of green-and-copper-colored factory smoke.

Mr. Cardeezer observed this. "Them there factories is like Assy-fidgeta to fishes for you," he teased. "You'm like this here feller writin' this book. It's poetry or piece-speakin' like. A lot of it's tore off, so I don't know how he come out, but the wordin' is set out nice so you get what he's jawin' about."

"What say?" asked Mrs. Hoskins.

"It's about a ship sailin' out to sea where nobody ain't never went before (so this feller says)."

Mrs. Hoskins drew down her mouth. "Ah, Sea!" she objected, "that's on'y water, you can see water enough into the gutters and cellars; there's too much water in this world where it ain't wanted," affirmed Mrs. Hoskins.

But Mr. Cardeezer was now poring over the tattered little volume. At times he alluded wonderingly to his literary taste. Where he got it, he said he couldn't tell except that he had read many a ship chandler's catalogue when at sea and had always been one for "spelling out the billboards across the medders." Now as he sat there, his crumpled hat far back on his head, his old coat green and moldy, there was in his eyes a curious reverence for this mystery of literature. It was the look of reverence for some edge of human experience that his life barely touched, but touching, felt electric thrill of high communication.

"It runs like this," said Cardeezer. "I mistrust the feller

is seafaring from the way he thinks about the ocean. One of them young gobs maybe; they say they can all read and write."

"Yeh?" from Madame Hoskins—"well, what's his complaint?"

Mr. Cardeezer cleared his throat and began reading:

"There are new shores whose beaches clean and white
Play magnet to the sail I hoist anew.

(Like his sail was a nail or somethin')"

explained Mr. Cardeezer.

New fertile vales my exploring dreams invite,
New succulent grapes and glass of fairy brew.

(Now I take it, them fertile vales means like the Kerry Company's Truck Garden, everythin' growin' green in rows.)

Hence my long holding of the unseen range.

The faith that steers, the eye that probes the mists
To that Unknown—that stranger still than strange
That every pore and blood beat swear exists.

"Nice, ain't it?" asked Mr. Cardeezer.

The assemblage eyed him curiously. But somehow they did not resent the voice that in singsong fashion droned out the unaccustomed words.

Ma Hoskins was as usual spokeswoman. "It's comical the way you call it off," she admitted graciously. "Now read that piece into Tilly's paper and see if there's any more about that girl poisoned her father and mother and took the money out her aunt's sewin' machine and went off with the feller that was crazy where the cop wanted the other man she had the child by, but they said the butcher's cousin was his father sold it to the druggist had the grandmother's will."

The group looked up less languidly, for this outline had fine racy flavor. But Mr. Cardeezer, though at all times

ready to oblige, was still poring over the half-torn pages of the little book.

"There's more of this here," he exulted, "there's more of it—Look what he *says* now—

"Let me cast off, give me the hellum again
The sea and sky are mine, the adventure new;
Why do ye stay my impee-ri-ous sail, ye men
To whom nor dream nor hope are longer true?"

Then said Mr. Cardeezer disappointedly, "It's tore off again, but look what a question?" He stared around at his bored associates. "What was the feller holdin' on with his im-pee-ri-ous sail for . . . what ranges was he gettin', like that?"

"Say!" The old man, a very strange light in his eyes, now appealed to Meg, whose gaze was still fixed on the looming chimneys of the factory. Meg was youth, Meg was color and verve and strength and rebellion, Meg might know about these things. But the seven pipes of the factories seen through blowing veils of chemical gasses and steam might have been a vast *Syrinx* playing the girl's ambition into the great sad fabric of exploitation. With a kind of fatality, Meg saw only these. She cared for nothing else.

"Huh?" the girl's face was sullen inquiry.

"Why do ye stay my im-pee-ri-ous sail, ye men?" chanted Mr. Cardeezer a little nervously. He was afraid Meg did not understand.

"They was holdin' the feller back, don't ye see? As if Ma Hoskins and them clawed onto you and kept ye from gettin' that three-dollar hat."

"Is that so?" Meg asked it for the moment respectfully, then the unlikelihood of the thing occurred to her, her young face darkened.

"Aw, shut up yer guff, nobody ain't goin' to hold me from that there hat."

"What's im-pee-ri-ous?" asked Tilly, she had taken up the baby's rattle and was absently shaking it.

"Imperious?" questioned Mr. Cardeezer slowly and gently. "Proud, kind-y, and stand-up-straightlike. . . ."

He looked from the torn sheets in his hand to that other destroyed book, the woman's dead skin and muscle-sick face. "That's a thing you ain't got, my woman," said old Cardeezer gently, "that's somethin' *you* won't never have to worry with."

"Spitel!" snapped Tilly; "spite! I don't want none of it, whatever it is. I want, I want . . ." What she wanted she did not say, but they all knew. All Tilly wanted was a drug that still could take her with childish happy feet over such flower-starred fields as she could not picture, into such verdure as she could not describe, where "high-toned" beings made her comrade and "talked lovely" to her.

One by one, they left Mr. Cardeezer meditating. "Joshofit," he said to himself. He held the tattered book reverently in his great paw. He read and reread the bit of verse, apostrophizing those who placed obstacles in the path of this Voyager who spoke so adventurously. What he had himself known of delayed sailings oppressed the venerable reader. "Say, leave him go, can't yer," Mr. Cardeezer muttered violently to those obstructionists. "He's got to lee-bow the tide I expect—and a fair wind don't never hold on for long. Is it because you hain't never seen them countries he talks about that ye act so cranky? You'm afraid he'll be wrecked? Well, you don't know nothin' about that kind. It's neck or nothin' to them, it's Hell bent with the New Idea. He's one of these, *See it and go get it fellers*." Suddenly Mr. Cardeezer put both hands deep down inside his belt and growled out menacingly, "Leave him go, I say! Ain't ye got no gumption, you white-livered sons of guns; what ye holdin' him back for? Leave him go, I say!"

The afternoon waxed late, it grew colder and here and there leaped small Dump fires at which scarecrow figures warmed ash-hardened hands. These strange tongues of fire might well have come from a wind of Pentecost from their linking of the various tongues spoken on the Dump. It was a heterogeneous association of traditions where nothing but the great bond of Poverty truly bound. But it was dream fire to Mr. Cardeezer, fire of wonder and revelation. Standing in the early winter air, his wretched old trousers flap-

ping, his squalid hat perched sideways on his head, he was still possessed with the poem. Struck with a kind of vision by the Dump fires, he saw white sails winging over a dull torpid world, men of new emprise, young men, strong, hard-muscled, sailing close-hauled on clean ships of adventure away from rotten hulks of inertia and custom and tradition.

"So that's poetry," said Mr. Cardeezzer, "so that's poetry, hey? Well, sir, it sits like fire on my chest. I'd like to know the feller that wrote it."

The room was of the sort that women think out nowadays, anæmic admissions of the bolder creation they deny or are denied. Pale gray walls, windows curtained with faint lemon, the tentative taper of blue candles; blue hooked rugs. Even the nurse who sat by the window was "done" like the room, she also was in pale lemon color with pale blue apron, only by little rubber soles did she remind one of sterner disciplines.

It was all posed, precious, sterile; yet the man's face on the pillow did not seem to register revolt against it; there was rather cynical acceptance of this daintiness. Looking at Tarry Blake under his azure-tinted coverlid, one could see a surface sensuousness that might find idle pleasure in being "designed," in having one's utimate privacy thought out in attitudes of chintz.

He tossed a smudgy epistle to the nurse. "Read it if you're not afraid of germs."

The girl smiled tolerantly, lightly receiving the communication. Her face had a calmness somehow irritating, her healthy teeth gleamed only in automatic sympathies.

Dear Sir.

I don't know as I got any rite to be ritin' to you except you are a gob and wouldn't think any more of it than the chaff any two bums would pass when drinkin' or swimmin' on a hot day when such jokes as I've heard given an taken ain't fit for ladies. But it was on the Dump where I found yer book you rote and then Tilly Durgins had a newspaper that told something how you was sick and your paw in some furn place, and I found the address in the phone book at

the happy hour social club and bein' a sailor myself, though the less said about that the better on account the fore-castles ain't big enough to let the men act like Christians, and I've see some ugly work in my time; though may be it ain't correct that you are a gob for Si Rosebaum the peddler told how its swell where this letter is agoin. . . . What I mean, and if you are a gob it ain't no harm, is the rest of your book full of all like that? for Ma Hoskins who don't take no interest into nothin' unless its namel sauce-pans findin' 'em and resodderin'; well, she says Anyone can tell that much can tell more and Meg wants to know if you got there, her bein' nervous bout gettin' a job at the factories and Tilly got interested into it, though Tilly don't care for nothin' very long. An while I think of it there is a young feller named Sham curses somethin' awful was listenin' and he guyin' me and sayin' there want no such place as you was where you went. So now I make bold to ask where it was where you went and was it all like that and did you get there and are you agoin' to other places you don't know?

Hoping you'll rite soon to yours truly.

DANIEL CARDEEZER.

Blake's attendant, her face slowly stiffening into amused disapproval, coupled and uncoupled the sentences. Gingerly, she started to tear up the objectionable missive. But before she could destroy the squalid little sheet the youth's hand arrested her. There was weary authority in Tarry's voice, a curious look she had not seen before, conflicted with his usual indifference.

"Here, let's have it; what's the name? *Daniel Cardeezzer.*" There was slight unaccustomed lift in the voice. The lift was different from anything she had heard for weeks. As Blake took the sheet Miss Parton watched him closely.

"Sc?" the girl was subtly alert, "brought about by a messy thing like that, when all these letters—" Her eyes went with provincial reverence to the pile of dashing looking missives in unimpeachable stationery that had come by the afternoon mail; only half of these, however, were opened.

For a few seconds she sat there, waiting. The window was open, occasional dry squawks came from the avenue automobiles. Tarry Blake with a listless look of scrutiny to the concluding words of the letter . . . "So now I make bold to ask where you went on your ship . . . was it all like that? . . . Ma Hoskins says that anyone that can tell that can tell more. Meg wants to know . . ."

It grew dusk, the girl finally turned on the light behind its little pearl-tinted rice-paper sconce. Blake did not open his eyes.

"Was there any address on the envelope?"

The nurse turned on another light at the table at his bedside; she bent to read the penciled direction,

"Return to Mr. D. Cardeezer,
No. 1110 Royalty Street,
Mr. Si Rosenbaums flat."

After another stretch of silence, the patient indicated a pile of slender gray volumes in an alcove at the other end of the room.

"Tie up one of the rotten things, will you?" With a restless sigh, "Perhaps he'd like a clean copy. Found my book on the Dump." The lad lying there snickered in an empty mirth rather horrible to hear. "I'll—er, write something in it if you want to give me the pen."

As he scrawled Mr. Cardeezer's name with "The grateful appreciation of The Author," Tarry Blake murmured, "Royalty Street."

"He seems curious about this Dump man," this Miss Parton reported to Tarry's specialist that night. "He wants to write to him and invite him over for a talk." The cold eyes behind the horn rims tried to burrow into the specialist's reservations.

Dr. John Meserole sat immovable, hearing her attentively. He wondered what increasing "efficiency" and nothing else was capable of making of a human woman.

"Curious? Good! If you can keep him *curious*. . . . Do you know how much in this queer world is the result of curiosity, Miss Parton?"

The doctor asked it quizzically, but the nurse resented

people being quizzical, she did not regard humor as "efficient."

"You have no further orders," she inquired snippily.

"No."

With thoughtful eyes the specialist followed the trig figure walking out. "Nurse-snobbery," he commented. "Snobbery gets them as it gets us all. I wish I could graft her science, clean, precise, inevitable, on to a woman's heart and a lady's self-control. I wish I could give her exact 'efficiency' to some great, tender, understanding woman who would know when to lift Tarry Blake up in her arms and talk to him like a mother . . . and when—not to. . . . This little machine can't make him *face himself*, and that's the only way he can be cured."

Whistling a few bars, the specialist reached for some blanks and wrote some strange signs that meant that on a certain date Tarry Blake had recovered from the poisons in his system sufficiently to evidence "curiosity."

So it was curiosity about a man who lived in Royalty Street and curiosity about a man who was trimming his sails for unknown coasts that brought Mr. Cardeezer and Tarry Blake together.

Cardeezer, anticipating the event, was somewhat anxious about his appearance. Most of the contents of Tarry's dictated letter he had confided to Mr. Rosenbaum as the two sat at strange meals of herrings and bread, swigging exceedingly gray-looking coffee.

"Up to where he lives," instructed Mr. Rosenbaum, "it's swell. But only in one part. I got friends in them back avenues. Si Goldget and Abe Ferfinger. All back of that block is gold-bug residences. Your friend is likely a gold bug."

Mr. Cardeezer listened rather absently, sitting in newly assembled calling clothes. He wore a coat which belonged to the Greek fruit merchant, Spiridion Donastes, a Prince Albert taken from an ash barrel with a G. A. R. button still affixed. Mr. Cardeezer's tie was of a rakish green set off with a pin of Meg's treasuring, a fine sporty spider pouncing upon a sleek blue-glass fly. His shirt Ma Hoskins had

contributed from some source best known to herself. As he had felt that it added to his dignity to carry a cane, he now clutched with some difficulty the huge Irish blackthorn that Sham with a rosary of oaths had pressed upon him.

Perhaps the keynote of this sartorial symphony had come from his friend, Mr. Sniper, the undertaker. This brushed and pressed personality had waved his hand toward a damp-looking wardrobe filled with silk hats. "Take your pick, take your pick," the splendid Sniper had commanded, adding, "seeing that, next to yer funeral, this is the one time you want to look tony. Where that address is," said Mr. Sniper in awed tones, "is very near to the finest funeral parlors in the country—yes, sir, the *finest funeral parlors in the country.*"

Somehow his grandeur and its enterprise associated itself in Mr. Cardeezer's mind with feelings of adventure and risk and with the lines of "Emprise," the introductory poem in the book of which he was now proud possessor; he conjured up a picture of the man he was to meet.

"It's a young gob I've got acquainted with," he explained. " 'Why do ye stay my im-pee-ri-ous sail, ye men?' he says into the book, so you can see he's a devil boy full of guts, ain't goin' to set quiet by the fire for no one. Well, how he talks in this here book is how I've often felt there out there on the Dump, come winter afternoons with the wind blowing red and blue clouds and the fires of excelsior and champagne wrappers burnin' and them trains full of God knows who racin' by."

It has often been suggested that the persons whose lives are lived somewhat independently of the precision and order of ultra-conservation do not always bring with them an esteemed personal atmosphere. It has also been noted that borrowed garments themselves borrow from any surrounding reek such as stale cabbage, pipe smoke or fried sausage. Such scents and inferences were largely with Mr. Cardeezer as he entered Tarry Blake's bedroom.

"Well, sir, you'm sick, so it seems," said Mr. Cardeezer. A deep rumble of sympathy came from him. Leaning the blackthorn against the bed, he lifted the tails of the coat

with what he privately felt to be an elegant gesture and sat down in an upholstered willow chair. This chair seemed to entertain him by its creaking. It broke the ice. Every now and then Mr. Cardeezer would stroke the arm of it tenderly inquiring, "*Now, now*, what ails you?" He soothed it as gently as he might have soothed a peevish female.

He swept a glance around the pretty room and turned to the pale face on the pillows. "So it's laid up you are," wonderingly, "and me thinkin' of you as a lively young gob lashin' round." The great voice rustled with sympathy, the broad anxious face with its cavern cheeks and hairy eyebrows had a benevolence that belied the gruff sally.

"Now I'll bet you'm worryin' about that ship of yourn," declared Mr. Cardeezer, "fer that was me all over when I owned *The Dashin' Wave*. She was a three-master, a coast runner, we carried molasses and candles. Until, well my luck run out; I stove three ribs fallin' from aloft in a sea-way and didn't get good treatment on account we was beatin' against a ninety-mile-an-hour gale and things was unsteady . . . some. . . I ain't never been fit since. So now I sail the Dump." This was Mr. Cardeezer's joke. "Now I sail the Dump. But," returning to the main consideration, "I bet you'm worried about your ship, in dock, the torriders gettin' in into her bottom and she may be full of bilge and stinkin'."

The nurse fussed about, opening a window, polishing an impeccable spoon, sterilizing a thermometer. She seemed suddenly alien to all conversational possibilities, the invalid conscious of this drawled suggestingly,

"Isn't this your chance, Miss Parton, didn't you say you wanted a whiff of the spring afternoon? This gentleman," indicating Mr. Cardeezer, "will look after me."

It was said with perfunctory consideration for one's attendant. But Cardeezer felt some hitch in the situation and the girl's cool, "Oh, no," her slight patronage as of a jailer aroused the old visitor's interest. He subtly eyed his host.

"So here is where the poor gob is got a captain he ain't rightly signed under," was Mr. Cardeezer's conviction. "He's takin' orders from a Somebody that don't know much

but swabbin' decks and can't entry the log correct." He looked mildly with his strange old man's air of forbearance on the two, suggesting to the girl,

"Ye hain't see the Block party they'm havin' two streets below. Well, it's awful nice. Mary-go-rounds and the balloons and the donkeys with the lady leaders. And I see a Wop with a Hop. Well, it's amusin'," admitted Mr. Cardeezer, "if I hadn't a came here I would have went there."

What moved the superior young nurse she could not herself have told. Was it a big Something in this old man, a something that seemed to know human hungers, the hunger of youth for gayety and color and speed? Was it that wind just then blowing in a soft waft of sun-warmed green, or . . . was it that the persistent indifference of the listless patient annoyed her? For a moment, in her indecision, Miss Parton lost her deadly "efficiency," and became for a second that very nice thing, a young girl conscious of spring. She was for the second just a bit of life in a pallid sick room . . . with . . . well, a chance to go out. . . . Her look of indecision made her almost human.

"Would you mind?" she was perfunctory in her professional solicitude. She was met with an eagerness quite unmistakable; this very eagerness seemed to make her hesitate the more.

"Oh," argued Blake half irritably, "Cardeezer can do all you do; he'll like your job, I can see he's quite a boss himself!" Something very slight of humor was enlivening the wan face. The girl scanned him gravely. It was not the secretive eagerness, the furtive plotting look that she had for so long been on guard against; *that* look, the young nurse now admitted to herself had not been there for weeks.

With the air of being only half convinced, Miss Parton took up her trim sport hat and scarf. Then thoughtfully she adjusted them, looking over her shoulder at the pair as she faced the oval mirror. Tarry Blake and this old man! . . . Yet it was the old man who had brought that new look of eagerness, *curiosity*.

"At last. I've got to have help with that lower hall door," announced Miss Parton; "it sticks. The servants are out, I

think. Mr. Cardeezer; perhaps you can show me about that catch."

But it was not so much instruction about "that catch" (which Miss Parton seemed to manage very well) as the necessity of saying something very low, very distinctly, and very authoritatively.

"We have had to keep strict watch on him. . . . He has consented to the cure, has even coöperated . . . yet we cannot be *sure*. His will, Dr. Meserole says, is wrecked, though his body has been healed. Do you understand?" The young horn-rimmed eyes looked with cold authority into the simple old shrewd ones. "He may have it secreted," whispered the girl. "There is always that danger." She was a little dramatic.

Mr. Cardeezer solemnly bowed his head. His face had taken on anxious understanding. "Sure," he assented, "sure!"—then with scientific interest, "just a week more you say? That's the tough time hain't it? . . . (Tilly's complaint)" muttered the old man to himself. . . . "There's a woman comes onto the Dump. . . . Well! So you want I should keep a stiff eye on him?"

As the house door finally closed, with the crisp and exact presence removed, both host and visitor felt suddenly let down into the genial ease, the mellow understanding and comfort of their man's world.

Blake with a half-smile watched this friend move the complaining wicker chair nearer to the bed. There was something elemental and solid in the old man's method—he might have been Father to the Unfortunate, so thought the youth whose mind, filled with certain awful questions of modernity, sought all the ways of escape from these awful questions. Tarry was not at all surprised when the old fellow dragged from his pocket a dark wedge of something wrapped in tin foil, and with the side twist of his mouth took a tearing bite.

"Chewin' and smokin' ain't what they was in my day," complained Mr. Cardeezer, his jaws settling into a rhythmic movement. "Now that the first ladies in the land does such things both public and private, tobacker has kinder lost its tickle. Well . . ." the caller sighed provisionally,

he spread out his red handkerchief on his knee and raised one leg over the other. "The ladies," Mr. Cardeezer explained, "is goin' on somethin' very different from what we intended. No matter what the advertisements say, they ain't so interested into gas ranges and new kinds of floor mops as you might think; they's more into it than meets the eye. They'm kind of *advancy*," said Mr. Cardeezer, "*advancy*," looking earnestly into his host's face.

The dark eyes had very little assent. The invalid's countenance, while it moved in ordinary contortions like frowning or smiling, carried no lantern in its sheathed tower. Blake's affirmative was languid, at the same time he remarked politely,

"You're an observer, Mr. Cardeezer."

Mr. Cardeezer deprecated this. "Not so much that," he said, "as one that takes ginral notice and then falls a think-in'. There's lots of ways of lookin' at things. Now, *spittin'*," delicately the visitor paved the way for future contingency. "There's a many won't spit, lookin' out for this one and that one's carpet, and then again, there's some that spits out impulsive. I'm the sensitive kind myself," suggested Mr. Cardeezer.

Tarry Blake gave a little chuckle. "There's a jardinière over there," he indicated a brass flowerpot holder. "I'm afraid it's the best substitute I have."

Mr. Cardeezer gravely rose. He fetched the receptacle, inspecting it on every side. "So that's a jardineer," he said marveling, "so that's a jardineer. I's always hankered to see one. Many's the time I've read about them in the catalogues onto the Dump."

The eye of the youth, flitting now and again emptily upon him, saw Mr. Cardeezer very tranquil and friendly. He was in truth taking stock of the situation the nurse conveyed to him. The pathos of the thing quickly galvanized him into his Dump rôle of Entertainer. Mr. Cardeezer sought for something that should beguile the attention of this listless boy. "Here," said Cardeezer to himself, "was a young gold bug, one that couldn't know very much about a Dump. The life there might divert him. And this here gold bug was suffering from Tilly's complaint!" He looked pitifully

upon the young face which bore preoccupations not only of the results of drugs, but was modern youth crucified on the lies and insincerities of an entrenched modern conservatism, a face molded by materialism, too much money, too much leisure, and a deep and cynical unbelief. "Where's the young feller's folks?" Mr. Cardeezer inquired of himself. "Where's that there father that had ought to have stuck by and fit it out with him. Tilly's Complaint!"

It was because of his sense of the enormous pity of it that the old man strove so hard to render the life of the Dump vivid. He wanted to show it in the filth and hunger and aching cold and squalor, for this he thought might be a lesson to the gold bug, but for the life of him, Mr. Cardeezer could not keep back a certain sense of pride and romance.

"Well, you'll hear 'em try to second-rate the Dump," he said. "They'm critical. There's this one and that one will have it that the Dump ain't healthy and so on. But look what you can see on a Dump! They ain't nothin'," said Mr. Cardeezer with pardonable pride, "that I don't know by Box, Bottle or Can! And take readin' matter, the Sunday Supplements and all and the calendars, why 't was on the Dump," said Mr. Cardeezer, with a final burst of enthusiasm, "that I found that there book you wrote!"

The invalid smiled. His slight sneer was not directed at his visitor. "Exactly; on the Dump!" There was a note of young scorn. "Keep on looking, Mr. Cardeezer, and you may find the author there." Blake laughed the cracked laugh of an old man.

But the visitor's enthusiasms were not to be thus stayed by the contemptuous curl of a boy's lip. "And all them other kinds of learnin' that I've got off the Dumps," he serenely resumed.

"Yes?" The young patient lifted his hands, looking absently at the finger nails, he surveyed them one after another as if reading their empty lines and smooth softness while cynically speculative about what one might learn on a Dump.

A Dump, Mr. Cardeezer resumed, was a real good place to see how folks treated life. You couldn't, of course, hold the Dump all in one hand like you could a book, but you

could read it, someways, like a book. "That's funny, ain't it," inquired Mr. Cardeezer mildly. "How you *can* hold a war or an ocean or two or three murders in one hand in a book. Now I take it that *you*," said the visitor rather subtly, "could put the whole Dump into a book so a body could read it, and then them folks passin' so haughty in the railroad trains would think different from Dumps from what they do."

At the suggestion the boy had closed his eyes. A slight tremor ran through him. "Holding life in one hand in a book . . ." he queried dreamily. "Yes, you can hold beauty and love . . . in one hand—in a book, but not in life itself, in life itself all you can hold is despair . . . in both hands . . ." the slightly cracked voice trailed away, the vacant eyes sought the corners of the room like dark hunted things in a trap.

Mr. Cardeezer stole a glance. There was quite a long silence.

"They ain't nothin' he *cares* for," he said suddenly with conviction. "It's only carin' for somethin' that keeps people's muscles settin' up straight." Subtly, the old eyes ran over the young lines of the listless figure.

"I mistrust he ain't never knowed nothin' *real*," thought Mr. Cardeezer, "it's been, 'Oh, ain't this the elegant Idea! and ain't that the elegant Idea!' but he ain't never had to hunt first on the Dump for the very soap to wash his hands with."

After this silence the deep voice took up the one-sided discussion.

"As fur as holding queer things in your hands in a book is concerned, I wouldn't wonder but that was what your book done to Meg and Tilly. You gave 'em that there new voyage to hold—Tilly, well of course"—Mr. Cardeezer was indulgent if contemptuous—"she's all et up with drugs. (This here cocaine.) She's a hundred mouths all hollerin' for it. That's all Tilly is." In his ruthless simplicity he made the picture rather horrible. "But Meg is different, she's young, she comes to me yesterday with a side of bacon she found on the Dump, twan't so musty as you'd think, neither—and she says to me, 'That you was readin' about—"

that feller that was steerin' for some better place and wasn't scared. I'd like to hear about it again, it's the way I feel sometimes. I'd like to think how nobody couldn't hold that feller from goin' ahead. Sometimes when I look over at the factories I know that nobody ain't goin' to hold *me* back neither from gettin' somewheres. To a better place, sort of.' Curious warn't it?" observed Mr. Cardeezer with bland cheerfulness, "how way out there on the Dump, you, a gold bug (by which I don't mean no disrespect), was speakin' to Meg and Tilly and Me and Sham, just as plain, and Meg wantin' to better herself and get off the Dump and into the factory. . . . Meg, she *understood*."

There was no response. Mr. Cardeezer might have been conversing with the detached plaster relief of what might once have been a faun. Somewhat nervously he smoothed the willow chair. The old man, running over in his mind the strange chance that had brought him to this bedside of this indifferent boy, now suddenly espied in an alcove the two tall piles of *Emprise*, Tarry Blake's unsuccessful book of verse. With the assurance of age, the old visitor got up and creaked over to these piles. He took one book reverently from its place.

"Ain't you got a nice lot left," he inspected the two piles with innocent congratulation. The book opened to its title poem "*Emprise*," the one with which Mr. Cardeezer was more familiar. His delighted eyes took in anew the opening stanza which he now knew almost by heart. Coming back to the creaking chair, he let himself down in an ecstasy of reminiscence. With all the pride of one who now knew his way in a mysterious and fascinating forest of words he slowly read aloud.

"Still the long holding of the unseen range,

The faith that steers, the will that probes the mists
For that Unknown—that stranger still than strange

That every pore and blood beat swear exists.

Why do ye stay my imperious sail, ye men?"

The old voice declaimed it booming.

When Mr. Cardeezer had recapitulated all his favorite lines, he stopped and appeared to be deep in thought. He spread the red handkerchief more carefully over his knee and laid the little book gently down on it. Blake watched him. "What's on the old bird's mind now?"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Cardeezer, he took the blackthorn stick and laid it carefully on the floor. He bent with an effect of pause to the jardinière. "Ahem," with increasing gravity. "Well, sir, I don't see but what you and I had better get down to it. I can see you'm been sick and I can see you'm bedeviled. Now that ain't right," said Mr. Cardeezer seriously—"that ain't right . . ." he hesitated, then with pontifical gravity continued. "You ain't poor, *that* ain't the trouble, you ain't got no bones broke that I can see . . . but somethin' ails ye. . . . You'm *bedeviled*. Now," said Mr. Cardeezer in his most practical Dump manner, "the fust question is, what's the matter with yer folks . . . seems that there ain't nobody to care for yer except that young High Stepper I seen in here. What's the trouble?" Cardeezer demanded.

In the light casual opportunist circles that knew Tarry Blake, where the chief gravities were reserved for the hanging of piquant chintzes, the arrangement of "tones" or the broader painting of some obscene incoherency; among other friends where his carefully groomed, lackadaisical presence was frequent, there would have been shrieks of derision, or long wails of repudiation for this unbelievable "curtain raiser" of this modern world-wanton, faced with these sobrieties of solicitous old age. Yet here, alone of a late spring evening, with worms of ennui and despair eating at his heart, the lad gradually turned as human beings in spite of themselves often turn to anyone who cares and is patient, and understands and . . . listens; instinctively he let himself be natural. Tarry Blake let himself talk!

And it was with that very strange spiritual thing, the searching questioning of an old man, this casual uncritical human method of the Dump, that wily Mr. Cardeezer obtained the information he sought. He dwelt marveling within him on the strange contradictory threads of a gold bug's history! How Tarry's father, the older gold bug,

had gotten caught up in the comet path of a beautiful and restless young woman whom he had married. How he had helplessly foresworn a companionship very precious to his son. How Tarry's "girl," because of fundamental differences in their purposes toward life, had thrown him over and married another man; how his newly published volume had appeared and been hardly noticed, in fact, made fun of. How there was no business to do. Nothing but to spend money and slip along on currents that had taken him where the rapids were strong . . . and whence he had been cast out, like this! Thrown back alone on that most unsatisfactory of comrades, himself.

Swiftly with a sort of bitter luxury in avowal, followed the story of one who with iron defiance is bound to hurl the sneer of life back on life. After all, it was fun tossing over an entire ship's cargo of inherited tradition. Why hang on any longer to narrow precious heirlooms of decency and sobriety? Tarry Blake was still meticulously intent upon going to the devil. His only grievance was that so far the trip had been so lonely and so dull.

Mr. Cardeezer seemed not to be very much surprised at the recital. He sat there quite at ease, paternal in the creaking chair. As solemnly as ever he had listened to Dump grievances, so he now listened to these self-disgustful revelations. Tarry Blake, as a young man will, strove to enlighten his elder as to the more modern forms of depravity. "That, you see," Blake's tone had weary patronage, "is the way they do it now." . . . "That," he added with weak fierceness, "*is real life*, that grows under the sham we call 'life.' . . . The sham"—vindictively—"that I believed when I wrote that stuff"—with a vicious gesture toward the piles of little gray books.

The old man, sitting soberly by, did not at first answer. He seemed to turn many things over in his mind. Mr. Cardeezer told himself that he wished to get it all correct. He shook his head dubiously, then after a silence said meaningfully, "that ain't all, is it?"

Blake's eyebrows went up a little. He stared at the visitor sitting there, his expression like one who searches for some lost piece to a puzzle. There was something a

little obstinate in Mr. Cardeezer's manner. The young fellow did not answer.

Mr. Cardeezer resumed. "No," the old fellow shook his head objectingly, "you can't lay everything to yer paw's goin' off and the girl givin' you the mitt and—them other women like you told me. . . ." Cardeezer waited quite a long time with his eyes fixed on distance, he appeared still to wait for that lost puzzle piece. If he was considering the entire drama of a rake's progress, there was something curiously inexorable in his knowing old voice as he summed up:

"No, sir, I take it that it was after *that* you done the thing that was the only reel harm. . . ." Cardeezer cleared his throat. He was a bit of an adventurer himself, now he sailed uncharted seas, but his hand was steady on the tiller. "Why, it was then," declared Mr. Cardeezer recklessly, "that you went like a foolish young feller and began—well, say, what was it you begun? Hey?"

There was no answer. As calm as Moses, his inexorable face fixed upon the lad's, his question still poised straight over that secretive young face on the bed, Mr. Cardeezer was invincible. "It's as well he takes it first as last," he reasoned. "Ain't nobody had the nerve to do this to him." The doughty old mentor stiffened with parental firmness. "It's as well he takes it first as last."

Now and then the old visitor bent reverently to the jardinière. He could be silent, he told himself, as long as the next one. But too long a silence did not seem to him judicious.

"Ye ain't mad?"—at last he asked it. . . . "Ye ain't mad?"

As there was no answer to this either, he resumed a tranquil chewing, remarking after a few moments, "Well, my lad, ye needn't mind me. I was a gin soaker myself once, and I never see an advertisement of one of these here happy homes with the range and pinola and a nice woman workin' a carpet sweeper that I don't reelize what I lost. . . . But I've got over it, the gin soakin', chiefly because there ain't much gin nowadays, but more chiefly because there's things I've got to care for more. . . . Ye needn't

to mind me. What I mean," said Mr. Cardeezer sturdily, "I know all about it." He hesitated, then dropping his voice confidentially, "Many's the time I've found Tilly lying acrost a doorstep or in the gutter crazy with *It*. Ye see," said Mr. Cardeezer genially, "ye see bime by it'll turn ye all into one body made out of a thousand mouths all cryin' for one thing. . . . Hey? What say?"

In the silence a man's slow indignant hand pointed to the door. Outraged eyes, haughty, not lackluster now, turned implacably on the visitor. Many a one in Mr. Cardeezer's place might have risen hastily and with awkward embarrassment taken the hint. Not so the doughty old Philosopher of the Dump. When Blake, with nerveless shaking hand, reached for the electric bell hanging from its wire over the pale blue-painted bed, the old visitor put out his own hand. He laid it masterfully on the young torso; something of austere authority seemed to control the quivering body.

"No, boy. No, boy," forbade Mr. Cardeezer reproachfully, then with a gleam. "Ye can pound out my liver when ye get well, if ye like. But *I'm goin' to have my say now*. . . ." After a few moments the strangely vital voice went on. "It was only that I thought . . . mebbe if I'm the one speaks out about it, then it will be out, then the worst is over . . . an' things that's out clear and straight between folks ain't got no poison into 'em, it's what's hidden and silent that rots the soul. And some way," added this uncouth Merlin slyly, "some way I think that's what ye've reely needed."

The silence was very awkward now.

"No doctor couldn't do to ye, ye'm too swell, he'd lose his job. Ye've wanted to tell somebody and you'd be damned if you *would* tell anybody. You've laid here for many a day keepin' a secret that you and everybody else knowed and it's pizened ye. . . . Nobody else, not even that Miss High Stepper nor the doctor has dared to say right out, '*Ye got to stop thinkin' about this here dope.*' Ain't that so? Ain't that so?" asked Mr. Cardeezer.

Then with curious coaxing, "Ye ain't mad, shipmate, that I told ye what we both knowed?" Mr. Cardeezer was

arch now, he laughed a short rumbling laugh. He was a little disrespectful.

There were signs of the block party's breaking up. The clatter of children's footsteps, then whoops and gay calls that go with the bobbing and veering of toy balloons. Silver ring of trundled hoops, fling of tops and jackstones, the short skirmishes of marbles . . . and then very faint and far, like a pagan heart beating in the forest of the city, the thumping of the "Wop" on the "Hop."

In the dimness of the delicate room, Mr. Cardeezer looked mildly about him. He pondered over these unmasculine surroundings of one whom he had thought to be a "gob," whom in his imagination he had pictured as a weather-beaten devil-may-care explorer. What he then said was rather thought aloud than said. His sentences came with their usual large sense of forbearing speculation.

"That there stuff don't make nothin' better," the old man formulated dryly. "It hain't never brought no cargo into port. Take Tilly now," the boy under the counterpane shivered helplessly, but the inexorable old voice went on, "Tilly, see her by an large, ain't as useful as one of them blue namel coffee pots that lays by the hundreds on the Dump. You can resodder them coffee pots, ye can renamel them and sell 'em, but you can't renamel Tilly. Her mind leaks, her morals is shot full of holes and they ain't a notion she can hold onto. She's doped, that's all," remarked Mr. Cardeezer blandly, "she's doped."

There was chilling silence. It afflicted the old visitor. Mr. Cardeezer worried over that deathly mask of a boy's face on the pillow. He frowned upon its greenish white. "If the young High Stepper was here now," he worriedly thought, "like as not she'd stick her glass tube in his mouth like she done before.

"But that wouldn't do him no good," Mr. Cardeezer obstinately held his position. He plunged into obscure ruminations. What could do good to this youth pallid and will-less in these effeminate surroundings? Clearly the rough and raw of life had never touched him, though the reek and mold and seepage of life had. The watchful eyes sobered on the long lines under the counterpane. "The poor feller's

went too deep," sighed Mr. Cardeezer mercifully. "He's knowed the best of a good woman, that's one kind of dope; and the worst of bad women, that's another kind. He's tore up inside, it ain't no wonder that he took to the only kind of dope there was left!

"I'd best go," at last said Mr. Cardeezer. He felt very awkward and unwanted now. He stuffed the red handkerchief ruefully into the tails of the Prince Albert coat. "Now where do I set the jardineer?" he asked with perfunctory briskness.

There being no answer, the old visitor sat the jardinière where he thought good. Then he came back to stand by the bed quite a long time, hesitating and abashed. He had the idea of farewell in him and some dim sense of asking forgiveness—yet—without giving further offense—how might he say what he ought to say?

"What I mean," begged Mr. Cardeezer humbly, "what I mean." He leaned over the bed almost groaning. Impulsively his great hand caught up the slim hand of the youth, he looked at it a moment in his own seamed member, then rather grimly laid it down.

"What I mean . . ." Mr. Cardeezer felt very unsure of himself now—"that stuff don't help none.

"On the Dump I've learned that. I've seen in cold weather and hard times, this one and that one turn to it. Goin' off in secret, crawlin' in and out like rats where it's sold. Hidin' it, always scared and jumpy and ugly because of it. Ah, Boy," with a kind of agony Mr. Cardeezer almost cried it out, "that ain't like *You*. . . . Don't ye remember . . ." he implored.

"Let me cast off, give me the helm again,

The sky and sea are mine, the adventure new;

Why do ye stay my impee-ri-ous sail, ye men,

To whom nor dream nor hope are longer true?

"It ain't like *you* going contrary to *that*. If you go contrary . . ." Cardeezer hesitated, standing bowed over the bed. Then a strange idea seemed to come over him. He lifted his head and looked about him, muttering in a curi-

ous defeated way, "Why then I suppose we all got to . . . I suppose there ain't no use for any of us—well . . ."

The hand lay where he had dropped it. It was as inert as the large slightly sensuous lips, as the face empty as a dead faun's. Mr. Cardeezer stood taking silent farewell of this puzzling, this inexplicable thing, a poet dead beside his own fires! a sailor blind to the plunging of his own ship! Suddenly he shoved the willow chair aside, he strode a few shaky paces to the door, he looked back; there was something very like disgust in the old voice, something like contempt.

"So this!" . . . the old man spoke scornfully, he had the dramatic air of one discovering a cheat . . . "this is what I find. Hey? I start out to make me acquainted with a healthy seafarin' man with a will into him. The feller that wrote 'give me the hellum again' . . . that feller that didn't care how many damned interferin' men was tryin' to stop him, but knowed he was goin' sailin' on, captin of his own ship, didn't care what he banged inter as long as he himself knowed the latitude and longitude and was headed for somethin' big and new and chancy . . . and now," said Mr. Cardeezer, with redoubled, if somewhat historic scorn, "what do I find? A Somebody that is about et up with dope (or anyway the dope idea had got into his head like a moth layin' eggs in an old shirt). This is what I got to tell 'em all when they ask about you on the Dump. That you're a Man-Tilly. Yes, sir, a Man-Tilly, ain't it awful?" brooded Mr. Cardeezer, "a feller hain't all new copper paint like we thought, startin' for a new voyage, but is barnacled up and slumpin' by the head, and lurchin' in anchor chains and eat up with terridors. A fine thing," said Mr. Cardeezer with dramatic scorn, "well, sir, I wouldn't have believed it . . . a Man-Tilly!"

Suddenly there was a slight commotion under the bed-clothes, the face of Tarry Blake still maintained its indifference, but his youth's body suddenly contracted in the beginnings of a laugh. For this lofty contempt of the old man in this strange apostleship of the Dump, the spider-and-fly tie pin, and G. A. R. button, the red handkerchief and the blackthorn stick suddenly resolved themselves into

symbols of that whimsical figure, the figure of the eternal Moralist! Blake got it, he got it sharply and ludicrously, but even as he registered the ridiculous effect, he felt strangely and nervously, his first strong emotion of laughter gave way to another emotion, a very acute emotion. The eternal pathos of it!

The pity of this old man, this beggar and wastrel of life, with his knowledge of tragedy, his sense of beauty and the vague wish to save and succor and befriend. . . . Well, it was funny . . . but it was something else . . . not so damned funny either.

It was characteristic that Tarry Blake, artist more than anything else, should go on fire with the thing; he felt suddenly swept by it. Oh, this was so absurd, so ridiculous, so wistfully, horribly *sad*! Blake turned half away to hide that poignant twinge by which the writer knows that something will be born; by which he shudders once more into his old yearning passion to catch and portray honestly the great Comic Tragedy, the awful sorrow and laughter of universal life.

Suddenly with a curious loveliness, with a wistful errant charm, the youth on the bed there stretched out his hand. "Shake," he said abruptly. "Shake." Tarry bit his full lips, his dark eyes gleaming with a strange kind of mirth as he tried to utter various platitudes; but he only succeeded in mumbling, "Don't—er worry, you see, Mr.—er—Cardeezer, you see I've chucked the stuff."

Then with a wild peal of laughter, he gave way. "Oh, you're all right," he groaned . . . "A Man-Tilly? I say. What on earth? Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" It was a strange hysteria composed of many things. "You're all right," sobbed Blake. "It's all right." For he saw the old man aghast. He did not know that tears ran down his face while his peals on peals of pent-up laughter broke from him. "You're all right, you're all right," he gasped.

Mr. Cardeezer was a little taken back, but he had no idea of retreat.

"Well, sir, now you know," he said it a little stiffly. He maintained a rather lofty front, and the youth, lying there

stuffing the bedclothes in his mouth, rolled from side to side laughing the more.

"What was that you called me? A polite, courteous term, Mr. Cardeezer, a very parlous term. A *Man-Tilly*," the boy, eyes wet and mischievous, was teasing now. Something bold and saucy had returned to this young faun. "A *Man-Tilly*," choked Tarry Blake. "Huh? a *Man-Tilly*? So nice of you!"

Mr. Cardeezer was puzzled how to retort. He, himself, began to laugh helplessly. For here was youth at its own game, facing an old fellow down, making him feel his age. He thought hastily of the "gob." Gobs always acted that way, he acknowledged.

"Well," he remarked, slightly confused. "I may have called you some such name." Mr. Cardeezer hesitated, then with a flash of fun in his own old eyes, "I will say," he remarked, "that it's the only one you've answered to"—and between their jovial appreciations, the two registered certain mute recognitions.

As he tried to tear himself away, Cardeezer's gaze went a little timidly around the room he was about to leave, to the tall trinity of *fleur de lis*, the delicate walls and curtains.

"I'd like to tell 'em on the Dump," he said wistfully, "how that for all you've been sick, you was easy seed, a fine, upstanding feller, full of guts, with as much fight in ye as the next one . . . and that ye was . . ." he hesitated, "that ye was settin' sail very soon for . . . better places. . . . Hey?" He was very wistful now, this old man. "Maybe it ain't much to you," he said simply, "but it's a lot to them all on account of what you wrote in that there book. Mebbe," said Mr. Cardeezer, "mebbe you think I'm fresh, but I—"

For the succeeding moments it was very still indeed, until it seemed to Tarry Blake that they two spoke to each other without words some very deep promise. It had no words, this promise, but it was a man's vow made to a man and it had pith. The two struck hands. Then—the door closed. A boy lay staring into twilight, an old man's step went solemnly away.

Society greeted Tarry Blake's new novel with wonder. *On the Dump* was handled with strange fire, with bitter truculence of revelation that made comfortable people squirm while they marveled. The pageantry and pathos of human woe were acidly done, but the etching was dug in with a curious vitality and color.

"How could he *know*?" everybody asked. How could Tarry Blake know about the drug addict that carried in her starved bosom the baby's rattle and talked ceaselessly of green fields where she walked happy paths with people she didn't know that "talked lovely" to her?

How could he know about Meg, the winged victory of a girl who sprang like a young goddess from a background of ashes and cans and garbage? And the strange character of the old Merlin, whose mysticism and grasp of life dominated wastrel and vagabond and fish-wife? . . . How could Tarry Blake know?

A very strong story showing
wonderful characterization - the
plot is subtly developed and set
in a strong climax. The story
should have ended at better
page 79

SEED¹

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

I HAD arrived at the little village of Isman Cesme, in the north of the Dobrudja, after unspeakable hardships on the road. Halfway through the forest of Babadag my little mare, after sniffing the air, took the bit in her teeth and galloped wildly until she fell over a tree stump and broke a hind leg. I had to put her out of misery and continued my journey on foot, twenty miles of forest through a blinding rain. Covered with mud, ragged, my bleeding feet bare, I knocked at the door of Ishmael Al Talaal's hut at sunrise of a September day. The black-bearded Tcherkesz peasant, fully costumed, in large yellow pantaloons and velvet burnoose, a heavy green turban covering the top of the cone of his red fez, appeared in the dark opening and caught my unsteady body in his powerful arms.

When I awoke, many hours later, for I had slept the whole day and far into the night, the hut was loud with the voices of men, women, and children. They were all seated on the floor round a very low white-pine table on which were steaming dishes of hot pilaf, broiled quarters of young lamb, and bowls of honey, still in the comb, oozing a liquid as golden as freshly pressed oil. The odor of the food brought tears to my eyes. I was hungry.

"Place for the stranger," called out Ishmael when he had seen me. They all rose to their feet.

"*Hosh geldi*," everyone welcomed me, bowing low.

"*Hosh boordum*," I answered and sat down near my host. He threw his coat over my bare shoulders, bade me wash my hands, and would not touch food until I had partaken of the honey he offered in a large wooden spoon.

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"It is the custom of my people to offer honey as the first food to strangers, that there be no bitterness between us."

"That there be no bitterness," the others repeated after him.

After I had stilled my first hunger my host told me it was the feast of the Ramadan, the ninth month of the year, during which Mohammedans the world over fast from sunrise to sundown and eat at night. That was the last night of the Ramadan. There were songs, and even dances; but I was too tired to partake of their joys after I had stilled my hunger. Closing my eyes, I leaned against the thickly tapestried mud wall and fell asleep again while rhythms were being beaten on the hide-covered drum, and bronzed bayaderes swayed their marvelously muscled torsos.

In the morning, after oiling my body and dressing my wounds, Ishmael Al Talaal excused the mediocre food he offered by telling me the story of the singer his grandfather had fed some forty years before.

"One morning, a weary, ragged, homeless singer, coming from the Black Sea, reached our village. We opened our doors and fed him lamb meat and honey at our own tables.

"Because the spring floods and rains had washed away bridges and roads, he remained with us, telling tales and singing the songs of the many villages and peoples he had met. To help him while away his loneliness, our men taught him to sing our songs, our bayaderes danced, our youngsters raced the young colts, and our women showed him the silks in the dye vats and the weaves of our looms. For we were proud of our horses—the best Arab blood flowed in them—and proud, also, of the craft of our women at the loom.

"One day, after the river had withdrawn to its bed and the marshes had dried and the roads had hardened again, the singer prepared to leave us. What our book tells us to do we did. We filled the stranger's bag with dried meat and bread and honey, so that the meat and the bread and the honey in our houses should be blessed every time he stilled his hunger on the road. And the gray-bearded

wanderer's face was tear-stained when he took leave of us. 'Never have brothers been more brotherly. To the people living on the roads that lead from sea to sea I shall sing of your village; of the sweetness of your meat and the flavor of your honey; of the swiftness of your horses and the softness of the wool of your lambs; of your strong men and beautiful women. And above all, I shall sing of your doors as wide open to strangers as your hearts are. And may Allah always be with you.'

"The coming of that singer to our village happened long ago—when I was young. And the customs of our people were like our seed for the fields, the mother bees of the hives, the rams of the corrals, and the stallions of the stables—young but not new. To-day all we have is new—yet is old, not aged, old, old. . . . Why? Because we have housed and fed that stranger. He sang of the flavor of our honey in the hostelryes and *kanacs* where men assemble, so they came from afar and bought our new swarms to hive in their villages.

"And they exchanged two and three swarms of theirs against our one. We became richer in hives than we ever were. But was our new honey as sweet?

"And they exchanged two and three of their rams and ewes against our one. It made us richer in lambs than we ever were. But was our new wool as soft?

"And of our own stables and fields they took seed.

"And when they had given and we had taken we were really poorer by what we were apparently richer. And too frequent intercourse with strangers made our men richer by barter instead of work. Our old customs left on the backs of our horses and the wings of our bees. What replaced them was new—not young; raw—like new wine before the dregs have settled to the bottom. For even the oldest wine becomes troubled when carried from one place to another.

"The will of Allah is the will of Allah. But have we sinned because we have fed a homeless singer? It is written 'Allah will repay seven times hospitality to a stranger.' We have received of all more than seven times of what we have given. The numbers are there but not the quality. Why? Because the honey of the bee that feeds on honey is

poor and of unpleasant flavor. Our grain multiplied not on our fields but through barter. Our men wrenched on the mart what Allah had promised, instead of waiting until he had fulfilled his promise.

"In the same manner also our horses, lambs, and swarms multiplied. In the market place our granaries overflowed with wealth we had not grown. The untilled fields hardened. Our stables resounded with neighings of horses unaccustomed to our plains, strangers to one another, strangers to our men, unloved by them, bartered, exchanged. Today in one stable object of barter, tomorrow in another.

"And because of the coarse wool of our lambs the children wriggled in their clothing but danced no longer.

"Illness creeps upon the heavy feet of idleness. Today we are the poorest of the poor. . . .

"Because we fed a homeless singer. If another one passes our village we shall feed him and then I shall say to him, 'Go, sing our praises, if thou must, but sing them to other homeless singers, not to *Zapciis*, to merchants, in hostelries and *kanaks*.'

"My name is Ishmael Al Talaal. I descend from the hundred thousand Tcherkeszes driven hither by a cruel Tsar less than a hundred years ago to populate the swamps of the Dobrudja. We have populated them. The bodies of my forefathers are under the paths that lead in and out of the swamps from the shores of the Danube, from Chernavoda to the plains of Silistria. There have been many wars since. We have heard the cannon shots. But we, we have battled with the fevers of the Dobrudja, and we have won; only a handful of us, true, but we have won. We have won the battles with the long black winters to which we were strangers; and, hillmen, we have learned to live on plains of yellow clay. Allah was with us in all our struggles until we heeded the '*Zapciis*' and enriched ourselves with grain we had not grown and cattle we had not raised."

On the fourth day, rested and clothed, I told Ishmael I desired to leave. He would not hear of it.

"You must stay to the end of the feast," he argued, "and then another day until the two weddings of the year are celebrated. It would be insult to leave before."

I had to agree. Besides, he wanted me to see the races that day. He also wanted to show me the wheat growing from seed his grandfather had left.

"It was only a handful when he died. But I have sown it with care and gleaned every stalk by hand, so as not to lose one single grain. The following year I had twenty-eight times as much. Not a grain of this was lost or eaten. It was sowed again. And so every year." Another year and he would have enough seed to distribute to all the inhabitants and thus repair the great loss incurred years ago when all was sold to *Zapciis*. His grandfather had been the only one who had thought of keeping seed of the old before taking the new. Now it was Ishmael's life ambition to give back the old glory to the village. And it was, indeed, good heavy grain that he showed me, heavy and hard; grain grown on thick, short stalks. Grain grown for good bread and not for sale.

An hour before noon, barefooted, red-fezed youngsters, coming from all directions of the village, singing at the top of their nasal shrill voices, were leading well-groomed beribboned horses to a freshly mown field at the bottom of the hill. I had seldom seen such a mixture of breeds in one place. Short-legged Moldavian ponies with hoofs much too large for their slender limbs. Hungry-looking Dobrudjan beasts, the camels of the Dobrudja, all ribs and legs, who thrive and work on a handful of straw and the smell of an oat. Large "Musicals," Russian horses, high, thin-jointed giants with small heads and furtive eyes, and a mongrel mixture of young colts of all bloods struggling to adapt themselves to the rigorous conditions of the country.

And they came from all sides, beribboned, oiled, combed; with tails and manes in twists, and heads held high, sniffing and neighing, prancing, rearing, and kicking impatiently while the lively boys called to one another and the villagers were arriving singly, and in groups, to the racing field.

When all were assembled, a deafening noise rose from the Tartar settlement. Soon afterward, passing through the Bulgarian part of the village, the Tartars, astride, galloped their horses to the racing field. They were received with loud huzzas by the youngsters and low salaams by the older

people; for the Tartars, being Mohammedans, were also celebrating the Bairam. It was the one week of peace between Tartars and Tcherkeszes. Lots were drawn. Each Tartar horse was paired with a horse belonging to a Tcherkesze. When that had been arranged the betting began. The noise was deafening. Odds were offered and refused. Loud laughter . . . quarrels. . . .

I was standing near my host, Ishmael Al Talaal. He was very quiet and thoughtful. His two wives were behind him, silent and thoughtful as he was. But his daughter, Teptath, was impatient for the race to begin. Her face was uncovered. She was fifteen, tall, stout limbed, full throated, coarse haired. Her face was long and oval shaped. Her well-shaped lips were red; her eyes, set deep and black. Ishmael Al Talaal's family seemed to be the only pure-blooded Tcherkesze one. The others, the youngsters especially, were of a mixture of bloods. There were women as blond as the blondest Lipovan with children in their arms as black as Africans. And fathers as black as deep-desert Bedouins with blue-eyed, blond-haired sons.

The bickering for odds and handicaps lasted for hours. For the Tartars, being the guests, were served with strong *boze*, and sour *bragga* made of fermented millet flour and bran. And the drink was rising to their heads.

Finally the first race was started. It was of one lap, of about a mile. The winner of each race was to receive one silver *medjidie* from the hands of Teptath. The Tartars with their bullet-headed squat wives and half-naked children assembled on one side, the Tcherkeszes on the other side of the field. A deafening noise and the soft thud of unshod hoofs began to grow fainter and fainter. The excitement increased after the first half of the lap had been run. The Tartar horse was gaining ground. The Tcherkeszes were shouting encouragement. But it was of no avail. The winners were taunting the losers. The half-naked Tartar boy received his silver *medjidie* from Teptath's hand. The second race was already under way. The Tartars won again. And they won the third race and the fourth. Ishmael Al Talaal's face grew paler and paler as the races

were run. Not one was won by his people. The Tartars mocked and taunted the Tcherkeszes. "What sort of a people are you to make 'Tcherapackahs,' turtles, out of horses?" And there was nothing the Tcherkeszes could answer. For they lost each race. They were shamed, dishonored, humiliated. Echmet Kondir, the chief of the Tartar settlement, came to sit near Ishmael. It was the last race.

"What is the matter with your horses?" he asked, with seeming compassion. The irony was not lost on Ishmael.

"Was the grain so weak this summer? Or are your riders afraid to be unseated should their horses go at full speed?"

Ishmael did not answer.

"If I were you I should buy a few of our horses to improve the blood," Echmet advised.

The last race disposed of, Ishmael rose to his feet. "Best against best, Echmet. I shall race my best horse, one of our own breed, of the breed we raised before we had crowded our stables with mongrels and corrupted our soil with grain from the corners of the earth. I shall race one of mine against the best of yours. And if you care to put five hundred *medjidies* on your horse I am willing."

"Six hundred," offered Echmet, his hand ready on his purse.

People of both sides surrounded the chiefs.

"Six hundred and fifty," called Ishmael. And turning to Teptath, he ordered, "Bring out Pasha."

The Tcherkesze were heartened again. "Huzzah, huzzah!" they yelled.

"Go fetch my Trepoy," Echmet ordered to one of his men. Then, turning to Ishmael again, he said, "Two hundred ducats in gold that my horse beats yours in four laps around this field."

They shook hands on that and immediately began counting the gold pieces, throwing them together on a coat spread before them.

"*Bir*—One" called out Echmet, throwing the first piece.

"*Iki*," called out Ishmael, throwing his piece. The Tar-

tars and Tcherkeszes surrounded the two squatting chiefs and counted aloud with them.

"Itch. Dort. Besh. Alti . . ." The pieces of gold rang, and clinked on the heap of the ducats and were counted aloud, one by one, as the two contestants threw them down from their leathern purses.

"Ishmael Al Talaal shall be four hundred gold ducats the richer in an hour from now," taunted the Tcherkeszes.

"He will be poorer of two hundred ducats!" the Tartars laughed.

"I bet you ten ducats, Pasha, Ishmael's horse, wins," yelled a Tcherkesze.

"The bet is covered," answered a Tartar and threw two gold pieces down.

By the time the two horses were led to the post there were hundreds of bets in gold and silver and copper. For the women and children were also betting. To the eye there was little choice between the two horses. Ishmael's horse was a trifle lighter than the other, and its beautiful black head was a little smaller than that of the chestnut horse belonging to Echmet. They were both Arabs, glossy-coated, nervous, deer-legged, with veins showing like networks on breast and hindquarters.

Ishmael Al Talaal approached his horse, patted, kissed it, and pulled gently at its ears. Pasha scratched the ground with his flexible right fore leg as if he wanted to assure that he understood what was expected of him; to redeem the whole race of Tcherkeszes in the eyes of the world.

Echmet was meanwhile inspecting the saddle belt of his Trepoy. When he passed near Pasha, the Tcherkesze horse became very nervous, rose on its hind legs, and neighed wildly. It made Echmet angry. "What is it you have taught your horse? To hate us?" he queried, turning furiously to Ishmael.

Yet, even as he saddled his own horse, he looked appraisingly at Pasha. Echmet passed his tawny clawlike fingers through his coarse scant black beard and smacked his thick lips.

"A beautiful horse, Effendi Ishmael. It will be a pleasure to win from him."

"Win, if you can," the Tcherkesze chief answered. "Your horse is also a very fine one."

"Abdul yonder, my son, will ride my Trepoy. Come here, Abdul," Echmet ordered.

Abdul, a bow-legged youngster of about sixteen, hopped agilely onto the saddle and smilingly answered to his assembled friends who shouted advice and encouragement. Ishmael called to his daughter, "Teptath . . . Teptath . . . come here. You'll ride Pasha."

The Tcherkeszes wondered whether their chief was not putting himself at a disadvantage. Echmet Kondir was angry again.

"Is it insult or trickery?" he asked, while his hand gripped the dagger at the belt. "Do you intend to insult our men by putting a girl on the saddle of your horse?"

"By Allah," Ishmael answered calmly, "she is my daughter. I have no sons, as you well know. In her alone I have confidence, the horse being a stranger even to my men."

Then the two men sat down one near the other, the coat with the heap of golden ducats between them. Again there was some trouble at the post. Pasha reared, shook, neighed, and sniffed the air as if a disagreeable odor had come to his nostrils when he was veered near the other horse on which sat the Tartar boy. He quieted down only after he had drawn apart a dozen feet from them. Echmet looked furiously at Ishmael, who met his eye squarely, neutralizing it, as a fighter does when he catches the blow of the other on his fists.

"Ready?" shouted an old Chazar who had appointed himself master of ceremonies.

"Ready," answered Teptath and Abdul at the same time.

"*Toptan*—Go!"—shouted the old Chazar, flashing his cowhide whip in the air. The race was on. As if shot by a powerful catapult, the two horses jumped forward. At first Pasha lost some ground by swerving aside when the Tartar rider approached him, but soon he caught up with the other one. Gripped by an older instinct than the one of hate, he ran neck to neck with Trepoy. There was not a nose of difference when they passed by Ishmael and Echmet on the first lap of the race. The two horses running close

together were like one eight-legged two-headed monster that skimmed the ground. An almost religious silence had seized the onlookers. They followed with their eyes the swift moving dark form but made no sound. Pasha and Trepoy passed just as close together on the second lap.

"A marvelous horse you have," Echmet congratulated Ishmael.

"So is yours, Echmet Kondir."

Enmity between the two men had disappeared in their admiration for horse flesh. As a matter of fact, the Tartar's eyes were more on the other horse than on his. Before the third lap was over the Tcherkeszes began to shout. Pasha was drawing ahead slowly, slowly; cleaving himself apart from the other one. A nose at first. Then a full head. The Tartars were shouting advice to Abdul. But Echmet was as engrossed in Pasha's performance as if it were his own horse. Pasha was gaining ground, foot by foot. A deafening noise arose when the last lap was started with Pasha his full length ahead of the other horse.

"A good horse, by Allah! And a brave daughter. One worthy of a dozen sons," Echmet said, and his hand gripped the hand of Ishmael. When Pasha had won four lengths ahead of the other the opposing camps were dumfounded to see their chiefs shaking hands. So they all shook hands. The score was evened. The winning of one race had wiped out the former humiliations.

"There is no shame losing to such a horse, Abdul," Echmet shouted to his son, who dismounted, shamefaced, humiliated.

Ishmael Al Talaal gathered his daughter in his arms, and gave her the coat on which the heap of gold was lying. "To your mother, now!" he ordered.

Then there was more rejoicing. The Tartars left in groups for their camp. The Tcherkeszes, holding their winnings in their fists, approached to kiss Pasha before he was led to his stable. It adjoined Ishmael's hut, separated only by a thin wall.

Echmet remained standing near Ishmael. He followed the horse with his eyes, as a man follows the woman he covets.

"Four hundred ducats for your stallion," he offered laconically to Ishmael.

"Pasha is not for sale," the Tcherkesze answered.

"Five hundred?"

"No."

"Six hundred?"

"He is not for sale. Good-night, friend. I am ready for my evening prayers." And upon this Ishmael turned toward his hut.

"It is horses like Pasha we have given away for ten times as many and one-tenth the real worth," my host explained. "For all our horses were like Pasha and not like the scrubs you have seen today. And you shall eat with us today the first bread from flour of my wheat, that you may taste what will be our daily fare from next year on."

My sleeping quarters were in the hut leaning on the back wall of the stable in which were Ishmael's four horses, including Pasha.

The drink of fermented rice, of which I had partaken with the others rather liberally, was much too much for me. I fell asleep in my clothes. It had just begun to grow blue on the mountains when I was awakened by the restless neighing and kicking of one of the horses. I listened attentively and decided to go and see. But when I reached the door of the stable Ishmael was already there.

"A Tartar is in the neighborhood. That is the cause of Pasha's uneasiness, my friend," he told me as he inspected the adjoining field of corn.

While we were talking Teptath came out in her bare feet to inquire the reason of the commotion. The conversation between us, although carried on in low tones, seemed to animate the mountains and the valley; doors squeaked, roosters crowed, cows bellowed and men and women came out and looked about; after which they began to look after their cattle. A few minutes later the clang of iron was heard in the smithy. Thick black smoke rose in billows from the low stack and the hammer intoned its morning song on the steel of the anvil.

Ishmael looked about once more, sniffing the air, then he entered the hut to perform his ablutions.

Teptath lingered near the stable, eagerly peering in all directions.

"He is a wonderful rider," she suddenly exclaimed, a bit too loudly.

"Who?" I asked, veering around. She was looking away as she answered.

"Abdul . . . Abdul . . . Abdul . . ." she repeated, each time a little louder.

From between the golden corn stalks rose a curly black head. Teptath made believe she had not seen anything.

"How long are you yet going to remain with us?" she asked, leaning familiarly on my shoulder and leading me away to the other end of the hut.

"Four more days," I answered.

"Then this morning you shall have roast corn for breakfast, stranger," she answered, and darted away into the corn field. A half hour later as I bit into the browned tender kernels she had served to her father and me, I looked into the girl's dancing eyes while she served the black coffee from the long-handled copper pot into the small cup.

"It's fine corn. I picked the best ears," she remarked, blushing.

"I shall have to watch Pasha closely," Ishmael mentioned casually after taking a spoonful of honey.

The Bairam feast being still on, only light work was done by the people.

I was helping my host with the stretching of some old nets when we were disturbed by the arrival of Echmet Kondir. He was in his best clothes. His broad leather belt, studded with stones of all shades, was heavy with weapons. The turban over his brown fez was as white as foam.

"*Kte Khabar*—What's new?" he inquired by way of greeting.

"*Khabar jock*—Nothing new," Ishmael answered, and continued his work.

"It is about the horse that I have come," Echmet explained.

"Well, the horse is mine, Effendi. What more is there to know? And he is not for sale."

"Everything has its price," grinned Echmet. "It all depends how much the buyer is willing to pay."

"Also whether the seller is willing to sell," replied Ishmael.

"Everything has its price," argued Echmet stubbornly. "Six hundred golden ducats, eh?"

"No."

"Six hundred and fifty?"

"No."

A long silence followed. Ishmael worked peacefully at the nets. Echmet's eyes, grim, terrible, were on him. An imperceptible movement of Echmet's hand toward his belt straightened Ishmael's shoulders. The two men looked at each other for a few seconds.

"Seven hundred golden ducats?" inquired Echmet politely as if nothing untoward had happened.

"That horse is not for sale," Ishmael answered.

Echmet bowed low and left slowly with Ishmael walking silently by his side.

When the Tartar was gone my host returned to his work patiently. Suddenly he rushed into the stable. I heard him talk to his favorite horse. A moment later he led Pasha out to graze. "I shall have to watch him closely now," Ishmael told me. It seemed to me his voice was unsteady and that he was a trifle paler as he resumed his work. "I shall have to watch him, for I know what Echmet is capable of when aroused." While we were thus occupied Teptath approached Pasha and talked to him in low tones. The horse was uneasy when she first approached him, as if she too carried a disagreeable odor.

"Weren't you proud yesterday of my daughter?" Ishmael questioned me.

"She is a magnificent rider," I answered.

"Oh! she is of the old stock. She is of the old seed. Like my grain and my stallion. And they are not for sale. They belong to the Tcherkeszes of Isman Cesme."

We worked till noon. After the midday meal folks strolled around—visiting, laughing, playing games, and

teasing the youngsters that were to be married a few days later.

I had never seen Teptath so much about as that day. Her winning the race had won for her a special place among the people. She was made much of by everybody. She was full of gayety and sprinted all over the place. Her voice rose above the voices of the others when she spoke and laughed.

Toward the evening they all sat down in front of one of the brides' huts and intoned the bridal song. It was composed of four verses. Each verse was sung first by one of the crowd, then repeated in a lower key by all. Teptath was chosen as soloist. The group moved on to repeat the same performance at the hut of the second, third, and fourth bride; and every time Teptath was the soloist, although there were prettier voices in the crowd.

But, when the men were at prayer, at sundown, she darted away to the corn field.

That night I heard two voices whispering low back of the stable. The neighing of Pasha had awakened me. An instant later a pistol shot echoed through the valley. I put my head out of the window. Ishmael was inspecting the barn and peering through the darkness with the help of a wax candle that burned within a lantern.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked me.

"Only the neighing of the horse."

"I shall have to watch closely," he muttered as he returned to his hut.

It was early morning when I heard Teptath's soft tread on the path as she was returning to the women's quarters.

Toward noon of that day Echmet Kondir appeared again in front of Ishmael's hut.

"*Kte Khabar?*" he inquired.

"*Khabar jock*—nothing new. I am sorry to have disturbed your sleep by discharging my pistol last night," Ishmael apologized, looking his visitor in the eyes.

"I was not disturbed, my neighbor. I slept soundly. But what has occasioned that? Robbers?"

"I thought I heard some one prowling about the stable, Echmet Kondir."

"That would be a calamity!" the Tartar cried out in anguish. "Ishmael, sell me that horse." He brought his two hands together in prayer. "I can neither eat nor sleep. I want to own that horse. My peace, my pride, my life, depend on it. Sell me that horse, Ishmael Al Talaal."

"He is not for sale, Echmet Kondir."

"But if a man comes to you, as I have come, and says to you, as I have, that his happiness, nay, his life, depends on the possession of that horse, and he offers, as I have, all he has; seven hundred, eight hundred—eight hundred—Ishmael Al Talaal, a thousand ducats of gold, what then?" cried Echmet, wringing his hands.

"I shall answer him, he is not for sale. I shall never sell him."

"And if I offered my horse in the bargain? He is as good—almost as good—as your Pasha, what then, Ishmael Al Talaal?"

"Why then do you desire my stallion, yours being almost as good as mine?"

"Because I love him. Must I tell you more? You are a horseman, even as I am, and you understand."

"I also love him. He is mine. Seed for the pride of my people."

"Then," hissed Echmet between his teeth, "it's war between us, Ishmael. And when I possess Pasha I shall wean him of the cursed habit of kicking and neighing when he smells the approach of my blood."

"No one of your blood shall ever ride him," thundered Ishmael after the departing Tartar. "You and the Zapciis have bartered us out of everything of value; of grain and seed, and cattle and women, and given us chaff in exchange."

That day, and the following, Teptath played with Pasha more than usual. And on the last night of the Bairam feast she rode him in the torchlight procession around the seven fires burning near each of the huts of the four brides.

Some young Tartars had come into the Tcherkesz quarters to witness the celebration, and I noted that Pasha shied less and was less nervous at their approach. After some of the fires had been extinguished she returned the horse to the stable.

When I entered my sleeping quarters I heard low whisperings in the stable.

Abdul spoke.

"You see . . . he is getting accustomed to me. In another few days he shall be as friendly as my own horse."

"You must leave the stable, Abdul," insisted Teptath.

"It's raining outside. It's so pleasant in the hay," whined the boy.

"But I must go into the hut! Oh! if my father were to discover us! It would mean death, Abdul, death."

"How you tremble for your life! Teptath! I thought you were braver than that."

"Fool . . . it's for your life that I tremble."

After that I heard low laughter mingled with soft weeping. When the last of the revelers had put out the last fire and wished one another a good night's rest, Abdul disappeared from the stable through the opening on the roof. Teptath followed him through the door.

A little later Ishmael Al Talaal with four other men, evidently taken into his confidence, came to sleep in the stable.

I shall never forget the great wedding night! The silver-studded deep blue curved above our heads. The watchful pale moon, the lone eye of the invisible one, tinted the top of the brown-green trees and the yellow mountains. Heavy black smoke rose in billows, spat out from the hundred and one twig fires burning around an immense circle. The white-clad Hogeas were standing in the center and blessed the newly married couples. The young husbands were garbed in green and red, and their wives were dressed in pale blues and yellows. The men were singing monotonous songs and the women were beating muffled drums. Odors of broiled meats and burning honey permeated the air. And outside the fire circle an incessant procession of beribboned horses on which riders performed with swords and knives and jumped through circles of fire.

In the midst of all the joy a lone bent figure appeared suddenly near Ishmael, who was engaged in conversation with the Hogeia.

It was Echmet Kondir. All voices were silenced. The procession stopped still. The drums ceased beating. The Tartar bowed low before the man of God, then he sat down near Ishmael. He talked earnestly for a few minutes, but, as Ishmael shook his head negatively, he implored with head low and arms raised above his head. The Hogeia interrupted the conversation. Ishmael listened respectfully to the end, still he shook his head negatively and repeated one word to all entreaties, "*Jock, Jock, Jock*—No, no, no!" Teptath, holding Pasha's bridle strap, was standing close by me while the conversation was going on. The three men rose to their feet. Echmet accompanied by Ishmael was leaving the circle. He had aged years in the few days. A great sorrow had gnawed and consumed him. He stopped and looked longingly at the horse. Then his moist eyes turned pleadingly to the eyes of Ishmael who was himself in tears.

For a long time the two men looked at each other without saying a word. Then, Ishmael approached his horse. Fondling it, he covered its eyes with the shawl that hung on his left arm. A flash, a muffled detonation, and Pasha crumbled dead to the ground.

And while the two men wept with their arms wound around the dead horse's neck, Teptath was crying in the arms of Abdul, "Have pity on me, father, for I love him so!"

And there was one more wedding that night.

A very strong story, well told

BEYOND THE CROSS¹

By DANA BURNET

(From *The Pictorial Review*)

I WAS standing on deck near the forward companionway watching my fellow passengers come aboard the ship. It was eleven o'clock at night—the *Rochambeau* was sailing at midnight—and the business of embarkation was going on under a flare of electric bulbs that gave theatric values to the process. The passengers emerged in little groups from the shadows of the pier, came up the gangplank with a light on their faces, and passed once more into shadow. They looked to be a pretty uninteresting lot. A number of frugal French drummers, four pale and determined young women in spectacles, some embarrassed-looking Germans who would claim to be Swiss, a smattering of school-teachers, and the rest tourists going to have a look at the battle-fields before French industry should get the shells plowed up and the trenches filled in.

Then I saw a man I thought I recognized. He came up the gangplank alone, with rather a bewildered air, as if he weren't quite sure whether he meant to go to Europe or not. I bowed, but apparently he hadn't seen me, for he passed by without turning his head and disappeared down the companionway.

I tried to think who he was. I couldn't place him. But the effort in itself was familiar. Finally I remembered that I had seen him at least twice before during the past few months—once at a theater, when his face had haunted me all through the play, and again on Fifth Avenue, in a crowd. He had passed with his bewildered air, tall and remote.

I did not see him again till the *Rochambeau* was three

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days out. Then I caught sight of him, sitting on one of the leather couches in a corner of the smoking-room.

"He's Phil Trainor," I said to myself, aware at the same time of something palpably absurd in the discovery. The next instant I realized that Philip Trainor was dead. He had been killed in France, during the last summer of the Great War, while flying with his squadron north of Reims.

I had known Trainor ten years before when we were both reporters on the *Evening Herald*. He was a quiet, taciturn fellow, rather shy, and a confirmed bachelor. He had enlisted as a private when the United States went into the War, had transferred to the air service, and had won a commission. He held the rank of a lieutenant of aviation when he was killed.

The man in the smoking-room, then, was obviously a stranger. In fact, as I looked at him, his resemblance to Trainor seemed less marked, became merged in his own singular personality.

The next evening—as I remember it—I was sitting in my deck-chair when he—the stranger—appeared unexpectedly in front of me. It was almost dark; I had been dozing, and woke suddenly to find him there.

"Mr. B———?"

"Yes!"

"I saw your name in the passenger-list"—(He had in his hand one of the recently printed lists)—"and thought I'd speak to you. You used to be on the *Evening Herald*?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'm Jim White. I've been on the *Herald* since 1919." He hesitated. "Thought I'd introduce myself."

"Glad you did. Sit down." The deck-chair next to mine happened to be vacant. He seated himself with an air of relief that did not overcome entirely his embarrassment. He was at once reserved and eager. It was apparent that in speaking to me he had yielded to an impulse stronger than that of mere companionableness.

"How did you know I had been on the paper?" I asked.

"I've heard Mr. Sanderson speak of you." Sanderson was the city editor. He had been my friend in the old days.

"You're going to France?" I asked.

"Yes."

"To Paris?"

"Yes, I think so. At least—" He stopped; then said, "Is that where you're bound for?"

I said it was, and explained that I was going to help direct a play of mine that was to be produced in September at the Théâtre du Monde.

"I've read some of your plays," he informed me. "I remember particularly one called 'The Country of the Dead'."

"It's that one I'm going to put on in Paris."

"You're interested in spiritism?" he said eagerly.

"I'm interested in anything that makes for drama. Aside from that I can't say that I'm particularly convinced—"

"But you think it possible that there may be a survival of personality after death?" he put in. "You must believe it possible or you couldn't have written with such sincerity."

"Certainly there is in most of us an impulse to credit immortality of one sort or another," I answered. "I recognize that impulse in myself. And I'm quite willing to admit that without survival of personality immortality would be a hollow sham."

"Yes. I think it would."

He appeared to dream. I had a feeling that in speaking to him I was calling him back from a distance.

"You say you've been on the *Evening Herald*?" I said.

He gave me a quick glance. "Yes."

"That's rather extraordinary. You remind me of a man I used to know. He was on the *Herald* when I was."

"I know. Trainor." He spoke quietly, as though dismissing a casual topic. "Every one in the shop thought I looked like Trainor. At first, that is."

"You joined the staff in 1919? After the War?"

"Yes."

"Were you in the service?"

"I—don't know."

He said this slowly, musingly; then apparently realizing how astonishing his answer must have seemed, he turned and faced me.

"Look here. I can't stand this— I've got to talk to some one." He stared at me; he was positively desperate. "You'll think I'm off my head, but the fact is— Would you mind letting me talk to you?"

"That's why you sat down here, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Yes, it is. I picked you out because—well, for several reasons. You'd been on the *Herald*, you knew Trainor—and I had read your play. You struck me as a person I could talk to."

I invited him to fire away.

He didn't begin at once; he had fallen into one of his odd silences. Then he said, "Well, it's a queer thing and I'm a queer person." Another silence. "Did you ever hear of a man who was an utter stranger to himself?"

"A stranger——?"

"Can you imagine such a thing? Can you imagine a human being absolutely cut off from his past, from any past? A person without a background?"

I had made up my mind not to be disturbed by his confession, whatever it might be. "There have been a good many such cases since the War, haven't there?" I said. "Suspension of memory is one of the usual symptoms of shell-shock, I believe."

"That's it!" he said. "I'm sure that must be it. I was in the War. I must have been—" He paused and put his hand to his forehead, a vague gesture. "Sometimes I think I remember. I have a sense of excitement and of tremendous noise, but it's not real. It's all very dim. My actual memory doesn't go back that far."

"How far back does it go?"

"I'll tell you." He settled down in the deck-chair, arms folded on his breast, his cap pulled low over his eyes. "The first thing I remember—the point where I begin as an individual—is on the stairs going up to the *Herald* office. You know those stairs?"

I nodded. The staircase was of iron built in the form of a spiral, and wound up interminably, it had always seemed to me, to the city room. He went on,

"I can see myself now, climbing those stairs. I wasn't surprised to be there. I wasn't bewildered or frightened. It

was all perfectly natural, even commonplace. But for the life of me I couldn't remember the *beginning* of that climb. I couldn't remember entering the building or starting up the stairs, yet I knew where I was and what I was going to do. I was going to ask for a job as a reporter on the New York *Evening Herald*."

"And what happened when you asked for your job?"

"I talked to Mr. Sanderson. You know nothing ever fazes him; but he looked at me hard. 'What's your name?' he asked, and it came over me then that I didn't know."

"You didn't know your own name?"

"No. But of course I had to say something. It was absurd, standing there and not answering him. I looked out of the window. Across Park Row was a sign—the Snow Paper Company. I said, 'My name's White—James White.' The James was a simple improvisation.

"Mr. Sanderson asked me questions, and I answered them as it seemed best to me. I hadn't the feeling that I was lying; I was simply making some sort of a decent history for myself. Finally he asked me whether I had been in the War. I said, 'Yes. But I don't remember much about it. It's a blank to me.'"

"Apparently you knew there had been a war," I suggested.

"Yes, I did. Subconsciously I seemed to know a good many things. All my answers came out of a kind of mist in my mind. Mr. Sanderson didn't appear to think it strange that I should forget my experiences. His own son, I found out later, had been in the service and had suffered a partial loss of memory from shell-shock. He put it down to that, as you've done."

"Did he take you on?"

"Yes. He said, 'We need reporters. I guess I'll try you.' That night I slept in a park. It was in the Spring of the year and the weather was warm. I didn't mind. It was curious, but I was so obsessed with my problem that the question of physical comfort seemed unimportant to me. I ate very little—the first day I ate nothing at all. I must have looked starved, for Mr. Sanderson asked me whether I had any money. I said no, and he advanced me a week's pay.

"I saved my money. I knew that I would need money if I was ever going to solve my problem."

"What was your problem?" I asked. "How did it shape up in your mind?"

"Well, I felt as though I had some mission to perform, some very delicate mission. I seem to be continually looking for some one—or some thing——"

"It takes the form of a search, then?"

"Yes, it does." He seized upon this eagerly. "I've never realized that before. Yes, it takes the form of a search."

He paused, and I waited. I wanted him to pick up the thread of his story without suggestion from me.

"I got along all right at the office. The work came easy to me."

"Was it familiar work?"

"No. I had to learn. But it came easy. The fellows in the shop were friendly, though at first they seemed to be shy of me. One day I spoke to Sandy about it. He said, 'You look like a man who used to work here. Phil Trainor. He was killed in France. There's his name on the bronze tablet over the door.'

"'You say I look like this chap Trainor?' I said.

"'When you first walked into the office I thought you were his ghost. Now I don't think the resemblance is so strong. But that's what makes the boys blink at you.'

"'Well, I'm glad to know what it is,' I said. After that I took pains to make friends with the staff. One by one, as I got to know them, they told me just what Sanderson had told me. I asked questions about Trainor. From various sources I managed to get a pretty definite portrait of the man. There was a young fellow in the composing-room—one of the stereotypers—who had been a mechanic in his squadron in France. He had a photograph of Trainor's grave which he showed me. A bare heap of earth with a wooden cross at the head of it.

"Trainor seemed in no sense to have been an unusual person; just a likable, quiet, commonplace chap with plenty of nerve when it came to the end— But to me he became the most important figure in my life. I can't analyze the process by which I came to visualize him; it was too subtle

for that. But I talked about him and thought about him so much that I actually felt, after a while, that I had something in common with him. Then I began to meet him."

"To meet him?"

"In my dream. It was always the same thing. Always a fog, with a cross at the entrance to it. Trainor was there—in the fog—beyond the cross—and I was continually going to meet him. Sometimes I couldn't find him; that was disappointing, but not distressing. At other times I got quite close to him, and then he would try to tell me something. But I could never make out what it was."

"You still have this dream?"

"Yes, regularly. Every other week or so. You're thinking that it must prey on my mind. Of course it does to a certain extent. But not unduly. I'm quite sane, you know. In fact, the whole thing has a surprising effect of naturalness, even of beauty. The only hardship is in having no one to talk to——"

"You've never told any one?"

"No. I couldn't. I've not done anything sensible. I've not reported myself to the police nor had my picture printed in the papers."

He laughed quietly; then added, "I have a feeling—it's with me constantly—that I shall find out who I am and what I'm headed for simply by following my own instincts."

"Are they definite enough for that?"

"Yes, at times. Now and then something comes over me— For instance, this trip to Europe. I had been saving my money for two years, and a week or two ago I had a desire to go to Europe, to France. So here I am."

"You don't know what you're going to do when you get there?"

"I'm going to Trainor's grave. After that, I'm not sure." He lapsed into one of his brooding silences. When he spoke again it was abruptly. "That's all. You don't think I'm mad?"

"Decidedly not!"

"I know I'm not. But it's a relief just the same— Because, of course, it is extraordinary. Those sea-gulls don't need any background" he said, pointing into the darkness.

(The sun had gone down. I could see nothing.) "It's enough for them that they're there, between the sky and the sea. They follow their instincts; that's enough background for them. But a man is different. He isn't content to enjoy the mystery of his existence. He must explore it and explain it. I suppose that's what I'm after, in a way. I have moments when I feel I'm close to some tremendous discovery. It's as if I were about to solve the riddle of the universe."

I was moved by a profound eagerness. "If ever you do, promise you'll come and tell me about it!"

He rose from his chair. I had an indistinct impression of him standing tall and wistful against some distant pattern of stars.

"I promise," he said.

On the trip from Havre to Paris James White and I shared the same compartment. He sat during the entire journey near the window, his cheek resting on his hand, staring out at the French countryside, with its straight roads marching between lines of poplar-trees, and its small villages, apparently grown out of the earth, nestling under the bosom of a mother-church. He seemed capable of an inexhaustible immobility. So complete was his self-absorption that I had quite forgotten his presence, as one often forgets a fixed object (to this day I am haunted by the notion that the corner where he sat was *empty* a good part of the time), when suddenly he turned to me.

"Those birds are magpies," he stated with conviction, indicating some black-and-white birds in a field.

"Yes," I said.

He did not speak again till we drew into the station. Then he asked me where I was going to stay in Paris. I told him that I had engaged rooms in an old house in the Rue Daguerre, on the left bank of the Seine. He took down the address and said he would come to see me.

We shook hands on the station platform, and I saw him wander away into the crowd pouring through the gates.

I had been in Paris two weeks or more and was deep in the rehearsals of my play, when next I saw James White. It was a fine August evening. I came out of my rooms in

the Rue Daguerre and found him standing on the narrow sidewalk, looking in at the courtyard upon which my windows faced.

"Well, here I am," he said. "I was just trying to make up my mind whether to go in or not."

"You promised to come and see me," I reminded him.

"Yes, but I've nothing particular to tell you."

"Never mind. I'm glad you've come. How are you?"

He looked at me blankly, then smiled. "Oh, I'm all right. I'm always the same."

"I was going to dine at the Café d'Orléans around the corner here," I said. "Will you join me?"

"Yes, thanks."

The Café d'Orléans was on the boulevard. It consisted of a single, long, narrow room insufficiently lighted by small windows in the daytime and by candles at night. There was a gas-jet over the bar at the rear; it whined a little, and brushed ineffectually at the shadows. But it made no impression on the general gloom. None the less, to my mind, there was a certain charm in this dusky interior. Its dinginess was in no sense premeditated. One felt it to be the result of a natural process; the fine accumulation of all the nights that had sifted through its square-paned windows.

We passed M. Druot sitting in his chair by the door. When the weather was fine, as now, he sat on the sidewalk, with his chair tilted back against the wall. When the weather was impossible he sat just inside the entrance. But Winter and Summer he sat there, close to the door, stroking his glossy-black beard and mentally cataloging his guests as they came in.

We sat down at one of the smaller tables, and I ordered dinner for two. I noticed, as the meal progressed, that James White scarcely tasted food, though he drank a glass of wine. He refused cigarettes with an absent-minded shake of the head.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"I've been to Trainor's grave."

"You have! Well——?"

"He's buried at Soucy-le-Bois, just north of Reims. I

went from here to Reims by train. Saw the Cathedral. What a beautiful shell! I couldn't help thinking what a monument it was to the futility of all religions. It'll be much better when we substitute knowledge for religion."

He came back to his story. "The next day I walked to Soucy-le-Bois. It had been fought over a good many times and was pretty well smashed up. But the villagers had come back and were busy rebuilding it. A jumble of broken walls and wooden huts with corrugated iron roofs.

"The cemetery was outside the village, on a hillside. It wasn't large; I believe the only bodies there were those of aviators. At the entrance was an airplane-propeller set up in the shape of a cross.

"Trainor's was one of three American graves. It was marked, like the others, with a wooden cross on which were printed his name, his rank, and the words '*Mort pour l'Humanité.*'

"I can't tell you all I felt as I stood looking down at that mound of earth. Chiefly I think I felt the impossibility of containing so fine and variable a thing as the human spirit in such a crude trap. I hadn't so much the sense of death as of life. If I could have looked down through the earth—and I'm not sure but I did!—I'd have seen nothing but a shell within a shell. The man himself was not there. He was gone out of his flesh into some other plane.

"That night I met Trainor in the fog. I had rather expected to meet him."

"You mean, of course, in your dream?" I interposed, feeling somehow a necessity to protest his calm tone and his choice of phrase.

"Yes. But it wasn't the same. For the first time I dreamed that I myself was Trainor and that the thing he had to tell me was something in my own mind. It was I who walked in the fog."

"Well—what do you make of that?"

"I've developed a theory. I'll tell you in a moment." He took a sip of wine and continued. "The next day—I had stayed overnight in the village—I went back for a last look at the grave. As I was standing beside it a man came into the cemetery from the road. He had driven up in an

automobile—a big, husky man in a white duster. He was an American, the father of one of the other aviators buried with Trainor. He spoke to me after a bit—we were standing facing each other across the two graves.

“‘Are you a relative?’ he asked.

“‘A friend,’ I said for the sake of brevity.

“He came over and looked at the name on the cross. ‘Philip Trainor. Why, my boy knew him. They were in the same training camp at Balincourt.’

“Then he began to cry and turned his back to me.

“I decided at once that I would go to Balincourt. It’s in the valley of the Meuse, near Domremy, where Joan of Arc was born. I go from here to Chaumont, then strike north. I mean to start in the morning.”

“What do you expect to find there?”

“I don’t know. But I’m going. It’s a queer thing. Whenever I think ‘Balincourt!’ I get excited and—happy.”

I looked at him. His mild blue eyes, usually so vague and distant, were actually glowing. I felt excited on my own account.

“Let’s go back to my rooms where we can talk,” I said.

He nodded. I paid the check and we went out past M. Druot sitting in his chair by the door. The proprietor looked at us with his little bright eyes that saw everything, and, apparently checking us off his mental tables, wished us a pleasant good night.

My apartment consisted of a studio and a bedroom. There was an oil-lamp on the center-table. I lighted this and sat down in a chair beside it. James White sat on the couch, just beyond the radius of the lamp’s glow.

“You say you’ve developed a theory. I’m interested to know what it is.”

For a moment or two I was afraid he was going to beg off or change the subject. But at last he said, “You remember our conversation about spiritism?”

“Yes.”

“You admitted the possibility of a continuation of personality after death?”

“Yes.”

“Well, in that case don’t you think, under given circum-

stances, that a spirit might try to return across the—across the void?”

“I think it likely. In fact, if the evidence is trustworthy, that’s what a good many spirits try to do.”

“They must have a medium to accomplish it.”

“A medium! You think then——”

He interrupted me. “Let’s take Trainor’s case. So far as we know he’s lying on a hillside north of Reims, under a little wooden cross with his name on it. But let’s assume that he has gone on to some finer state of consciousness. Now suppose he had done something, or left something undone, on earth, that meant a great deal to him. Don’t you think he would make an effort to set that thing right, whatever it was?”

“So far as mere credulity goes I’m prepared to believe anything,” I said, with a secret sense of shame at my inability to rise above fundamental doubt.

“Yes, he would make an effort,” mused my visitor, “and he would be ruthless about it. He would take whatever medium offered——”

He was silent, his thin body bent forward, hands clasped between his knees. He was no more than a shadow sitting in my room.

“You?” I blurted out.

He raised his head and gave to the shadow a pale face. “Why not, if I happened to be useful to him? Who am I——?” Again he paused, and his words repeated themselves, mockingly, in the still air of the studio. “*Who am I? Who am I?*”

“Why you rather than a million others?” I asked.

“I can’t answer that. Possibly I knew him—possibly we met here, in France. I’m sure I’ve been here before. I—recognize things.”

“You do?”

“Yes. Bits of landscape—the look of the country—the way the clouds mass up in the sky— Oh, there’s no doubt but I’ve been here before.”

“And you think that Trainor——?” I stopped. My impulse had been to resist so bizarre a supposition. But preposterous as it seemed, I realized that to him it was

serious, perhaps vital. "You think that Trainor's spirit may have possessed you—granting that you are a suitable medium—for purposes of its own?"

"I guess that's it."

"You really believe this?"

"I don't know what to believe," he said, and got up from the couch. "I only know I'm going to Balincourt." He put out his hand. It was evident that he was tired of talking; tired, I think, of the futility of words. "You've been most kind. If ever I find the answer to this riddle I'll come back and let you know."

My play opened the last of September. I had expected to return immediately to New York, but the rehearsals had been pretty strenuous and I stayed on an extra two weeks. My only purpose was to loaf and invite, not my soul, of which I was heartily tired, but my capacity for passive enjoyment of those mellow Autumn days. Nevertheless, at the bottom of my mind, was the hope that before I left Paris James White would come back from Balincourt with news of his search.

I had a strong premonition that I would see him again, and instinctively, without particularly intending to do so, held myself in readiness for his coming. But when he did appear it was unexpectedly.

I was dining alone at the Café d'Orléans. The candles, scattered among the tables, gave a yellowish tinge to the accumulated dusk of years. There were perhaps twenty-five people in the room, mostly inhabitants of the quarter, men and women, artists and their mistresses, a few "pretty ladies," quieter than the others, and a number of respectable couples come to relieve the monotony of their virtuous lives with a taste of Bohemianism.

I looked up and saw walking toward me through a mist of cigarette smoke the tall figure of James White. He was smiling. I noticed that as he gave me his hand.

"You weren't in your rooms, so I came here."

"I've been hoping you'd turn up," I said. "But I hardly expected you so soon. Have you had dinner?"

"Thanks. I'm not hungry." He sat down opposite me, and I was aware of a new serenity in him. His face, on

which I was accustomed to see a haunting bewilderment, was composed and tranquil. It was the calmest face I have ever seen a man wear.

"When did you get in?"

"Just now."

"You've come from Balincourt?"

"Yes."

I wanted to ask him at once how he had made out, what his experiences had been (I knew by the look of him that he had met with some moving experience), but I couldn't find words to ask his confidence. He must have appreciated my difficulty, for he said, simply, "I've come to tell you what happened to me."

"Do! I want to hear."

"I'll have a glass of wine first, if you don't mind."

I poured him the wine and he drank it. He began to talk. I have no recollection of the language in which he expressed himself. But the incidents themselves are vivid in my mind. I have put down his story in substance, if not literally.

"I reached Chaumont late in the afternoon of the day I left here," he commenced. "The next morning I started to walk to Neufchâteau. I got on better than I had expected. There were a good many tourists on the road, and one or two of them gave me a lift.

"From Neufchâteau I struck north, walking up the valley of the Meuse. On the evening of the third day I reached Balincourt.

"It was a typical village of that part of the country, which had been untouched physically by the War. It lay in the valley, with the Vosges Mountains rising on either side of it. On the crest of the ridge, directly overlooking it, was an old château, with turrets and round towers standing out against the sky. On the other side was a high plateau where had been located, in the last eighteen months of the War, an American aviation camp.

"I took a room at the inn. It was kept by a woman known as Mme. Julie, who had lost her husband and two sons in the War. Another son had been blinded, and went groping about, doing odd jobs and carrying hot water for

the tourists. He was quite cheerful about it, but I discovered that his cheerfulness was that of a complete cynicism. 'Anything will do to pass the time till death,' he said.

"His mother, Mme. Julie, told me that he had been a sensitive, romantic boy who had worshipped—entirely at a distance—the daughter of the wealthy family who lived in the château on the mountain. It seemed that the château, which had belonged for centuries to the Counts of Lorraine, had fallen into the market some years before the War, and had been bought by M. Bosanquet, a wealthy manufacturer. Genevieve, the daughter, was a beautiful girl, proud and deeply religious.

"She attended mass in the village church every Sunday. Édouard, the blind boy, used to sit and adore her. Apparently he never had spoken to her; she did not know of his existence. His whole happiness had been merely to look at her, and now that he could no longer do that he waited for death.

"It was Édouard's tragedy that led me to ask questions about Mlle. Bosanquet. I was told that she came no more to mass on Sunday, nor to confession. She had cut herself off from the village and from the church. 'The War has touched her, too,' said Mme. Julie, with a certain grim satisfaction. (Édouard's mother evidently nursed a grudge against the rich girl; it was unreasonable, no doubt, but it existed.) 'Her father was killed at Verdun—he was a colonel of artillery. Her mother died of a broken heart. One hears strange rumors about Mlle. Bosanquet—that she was married and lost her husband in the War; that she had an unfortunate love affair. Certainly she has a child. At least there is a child in the garden up there— One hears that it is hers.'

"I heard Mlle. Bosanquet's name mentioned frequently in the village. But no one seemed to know anything definite about her present circumstances, not even the curé, whom I met one evening when he came to the inn to play backgammon with the Mayor. The Mayor was detained, and while waiting for him to turn up, the curé talked to me. I knew enough French to understand what was said to me and to ask a few questions.

"I mentioned the château on the hill. The curé shook his head. '*Helás*, Monsieur! It's a sad case. Mlle. Bosanquet was a gentle soul and a devout Catholic. She attended mass regularly. She helped nurse the wounded during the War. The château up there was practically a hospital, you know. Then, all at once—it was just before the armistice—she disappeared. When she came back she brought with her a young child—a baby. She was entirely changed. She withdrew from the church and from the world. I went up to call on her. In fact, I went several times. On each occasion she sent word that she had nothing to say to me. A very sad case, yes. One feels it. A lost soul, in short—One would think she'd go and live in Paris.'

"The curé, I understood, was secretly put out that he should have lost a soul within his jurisdiction. The place for lost souls was Paris. But Mlle. Bosanquet obviously preferred her château in the Vosges, possibly because of her child."

James White paused for a moment. I said, "Then she actually had a child?"

"Oh, yes. A darling little boy. I saw him the first time I went up the hill.

"I can't remember having any particular desire or impulse to go to the château, but one bright afternoon, when the whole valley was flooded with sunlight, I found myself climbing the slope. The road wound back and forth, like the stairs in the *Herald* office, and I followed it. As I got near the castle I saw that it was surrounded by a stone wall, higher than my head. I walked along this wall till I came to an iron gate, half of which had rusted off its hinges.

"The gate led into a garden. I stopped and looked in. The flower beds were overrun by weeds, moss covered the stone figures of a silent fountain, and grass grew in the gravel walks.

"I heard little scuffling sounds in the rank growth and saw a child about three years old—a little boy—running about, looking for flowers. He had a wilted bunch of them in his hands. After a while he saw me and began to move toward me, a step at a time, his finger laid against his cheek.

"I spoke to him in my poor French. 'Good day. Is this your garden?'

" 'Yes,' said the child. 'Who are you?'

" 'I'm an American. A traveler. I've come a long way, across the sea, in a ship as big as your castle there.'

"The child was interested. He smiled. He had the sweetest smile imaginable.

" 'Americans are brave soldiers,' he informed me. 'Almost as brave as us.'

" 'Who told you that?'

" 'My *maman*.'

"I had a great curiosity to see the mother of whom he spoke. 'Well,' I said, 'I'm pretty tired, traveling all the way across the sea. Will you let me come into your garden and rest a while?'

"He stood first on one foot, then on the other. He stooped and picked a flower. I thought he was going to run away. But suddenly he looked up at me with his charming smile and said, 'You can come in if you want to.'

"He had decided that I was no one to be afraid of. He took my hand and led me into the garden. Plainly he regarded me as a find of some sort.

"We had gone a few steps along the path when I saw sitting on a bench under a barren rose-bush a woman in a white dress. Her head—it was a dark, graceful head—was bent over some sewing she had in her lap. I knew at once that she was Genevieve Bosanquet— The child was going to exhibit me to her.

"A curious panic came over me. I tried to stop, to hold back. I felt as if I were treading on sacred ground. But the little boy was pulling me forward.

" 'Come along, Monsieur. I want to show you to *maman*.' He called to the woman. '*Maman*, look! I've got an American by the hand.'

"The woman raised her head. We were quite near the bench then. She looked at me. She had great brown eyes set in a face on which seemed to fall continually the shadow of her hair.

"I felt a pain go through my heart. I moved forward,

stammering excuses. 'Madame—! I beg your pardon. Your little boy——'

"She had risen slowly as I spoke. Her face became pale. 'Monsieur!' she said. 'Monsieur—' Then her voice gave out. She sank down on the bench and put her hand to her eyes. I was greatly moved.

"'Madame, forgive me! I've startled you. I had no intention— I assure you I'm nothing but a tourist, a passer-by——'

"'He's an American, *Maman*,' put in the child, running to his mother and stroking her hair with an adorable gesture. She seemed to revive at the child's touch. Her hand fell into her lap. She looked at me again, with an effort. When she spoke it was in a low voice, in English.

"'No one ever comes here, Monsieur. I beg you to go.'

"I tried to think of something to say to her. The feeling of panic had returned to me, but now it was combined with a sense of overwhelming loss. I felt that I had gained some precious foothold which I must not lose. In spite of her request I stood there a moment, helpless and fearful.

"She sat motionless, holding the boy against her knees, her head bowed above his. She seemed unconscious of my presence. I turned and walked out of the garden."

At this point in his story James White stopped to pour himself another glass of wine. The smoke of my cigarette, hanging heavily in the air, made a little cloud between us. I watched him raise the glass to his lips—the gesture of a man in a mist. Then I said, "But you went back? You must have gone back!"

"Yes, I went back. I couldn't help it. Her face haunted me. I couldn't get it out of my mind. This time I presented myself at the door of the château itself. An old man servant answered the bell. 'Tell Madame,' I said, 'that the gentleman who was here yesterday has come again and asks to be allowed to speak with her.'

"He showed me into a great, somber salon with red hangings. I can't seem to remember anything about the room except that it had red hangings and a fireplace.

"The man servant came back and said that I was to go into the garden. I followed him out-of-doors and down the

path. At a distance I could see the white figure seated on the bench under the rose-bush.

"She watched me as I came toward her. Her head was lifted, as if it cost her an effort to support the dark mass of her hair. There was in her manner always a suggestion of slight strain; she had an air of carrying a burden. I stopped in front of her and said, 'I've come, Madame, to apologize for breaking in on you yesterday.'

"She looked at me steadily and calmly, but rather blankly, as though she had expected more of me than that. 'It is nothing, Monsieur.' She spoke in English. 'I, too, ought to apologize. I fear I was abrupt in asking you to go.'

"'You were quite right.'

"'I was startled. It is so long since I've seen any one.'

"There was a silence. I had exhausted in a few words my excuse for coming; I hadn't realized till then how feeble the excuse had been. Yet I had made up my mind to stay and talk to her. I think she understood my intention and unconsciously gave it some measure of sanction.

"But she left it to me to invent the necessary grounds for continuing the conversation. I said, 'I'm not exactly the ordinary sort of tourist who goes poking about on the assumption that all Europe is public property. My poking about is for a special reason. I'm looking for something I've lost.'

"'Something you've lost, Monsieur?'

"'My memory.'

"She gave me a puzzled look; then her face cleared. 'Ah, yes, I see! You were in the War, perhaps?'

"I said 'Yes' to save explanation, and added that I was walking up the valley from Chaumont, where the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force had been, in the hope of refreshing my mind with incidents and landmarks that I had forgotten.

"It was some time before she spoke. She had a habit of falling into little silences, during which she appeared to detach herself completely from her surroundings. Finally she said, with a good deal of forcefulness, 'It is not unusual.

We had many such cases in the hospitals.' Then, 'Won't you sit down, Monsieur?'

"I sat down on the bench beside her. She was looking off across the valley to the plateau on the opposite heights. 'I remember when the Americans came. We used to see them riding by in their brown automobiles, or marching along the roads in their tall, peaked hats—and later in their steel helmets. You are staying in the village, Monsieur?'

"'For the present. But I'll be off again soon.'

"'To the battle-fields, no doubt?'

"'I don't know. Yes, I suppose so.'

"She said with forced lightness, 'Certainly you did not expect to find your memory in my garden, Monsieur?'

"'No. And yet the War wasn't confined wholly to the battle-fields, was it? I dare say it came even to your garden.'

"'You are right,' she said slowly. 'The War came to this garden—and to this house. My father was killed at Fort de Souville, in the defense of Verdun. My mother gave her life in nursing the wounded who filled our château. As for myself—' She broke off as though frightened at what lay in her mind. The next moment the little boy, who evidently had been playing in another part of the garden, ran down the path in pursuit of a yellow butterfly. When he saw me sitting on the bench beside his mother he stopped, put his finger to his cheek, and smiled.

"'Hello, Monsieur American!' he shouted, and came toward me.

"His nurse, an old woman with a short, stout body, appeared puffing behind him and captured him at the bench. 'What a child! Come now. It's time for your nap.'

"The child protested. 'I don't want to go to sleep, Flechy. I want to stay with the American.'

"'Hush. Don't be rude. Don't cry now. Come along.'

"She took him by the hand, grinning toothlessly at me, and they went off up the path toward the house. The little chap turned once and looked back at me, his fist in his eye. It made my heart ache.

"Mme. Bosanquet (under the circumstances one could hardly think of her as Mlle. Bosanquet, though they still

called her that in the village) had watched this scene without saying a word. Now she rose, and I understood that she had had enough of me for the time being.

"'You've been very kind,' I said. 'I should like to come again, if I may.'

"She considered this, standing before me with her head bowed, her hands clasped loosely in front of her.

"'Yes,'" she said at last. 'Come tomorrow—and I will give you a cup of tea.'

"She had tried to qualify her decision by giving it a casual turn. I think she felt the need of bolstering up acquiescence with conventionality.

"That night I had an unusual dream. I dreamed that I was an aviator fighting with an enemy plane. My machine was hit. It caught fire, and to avoid being burned to death I unhooked my belt and jumped. I remember falling. I fell slowly and lightly toward a village. It was Soucy-le-Bois. I could see the wrecked houses and the graveyard beyond, with its even rows of crosses. I could see Trainor's grave, with his name on the arm of the cross.

"I was falling into his grave.

"I lay for some time in the dark earth. I knew that I was dead, and yet death didn't end my consciousness. Then I remembered that I was going to have tea the next day with Mme. Bosanquet. There was something I must say to her. I couldn't think what it was, but there was something. I got up out of the grave.

"In reality I must have got out of bed, for I found myself standing by the window of my room at the inn. There was a moon, and I could see the château outlined dimly against the sky.

"I didn't go back to bed, but sat till morning by the window, wondering what it was I must say to Genevieve Bosanquet.

"Late that afternoon I went up to keep my appointment with her. She was prepared this time, for my coming. She had put on a dress of some light color—heliotrope, I think—and wore about her throat a string of pearls. The change in her was surprising, yet it thoroughly suited her. It was in key. I understood that this lovely creature was Gene-

vieve Bosanquet as she had been before the War. The reincarnation was hauntingly familiar. I had the feeling—it's not uncommon, I believe, in human psychology—of a repetition of events previously experienced.

"We had tea in the garden. She talked charmingly, and was vivacious and gay.

"She asked me questions about America, but they were all generalities. Never a word about herself or about me. She didn't even ask what business or profession I was in. I couldn't make out whether she avoided personalities out of politeness or whether there was some deeper reason. However, she seemed to find a certain pleasure, a certain excitement in talking to me.

"While we were sitting there a thunderstorm came up. Mme. Bosanquet invited me into the château. We went into the great, dingy salon with its red draperies, and the old man servant lighted a fire. The rain began to beat against the windows. It grew dark. There were sharp flashes of lightning and the thunder rumbled against the walls.

"Mme. Bosanquet's mood had changed. She was no longer gay. She sat before the fire in a huge armchair that seemed to swallow her slight figure. Occasionally she held up to me a face pale and troubled, with questioning eyes.

"It was not till her child came running in—with the nurse, as usual, in pursuit—that she recovered her poise. The little fellow had been frightened by the storm and flung himself against his mother's knees.

"'I'm afraid, *Maman*. It makes such a noise.'

"'Come, come!' panted the stout Flechy. 'He's quick as a rabbit.' She took his arm, but the boy only clung tighter to Mme. Bosanquet's skirts.

"'I want to stay here with you and Monsieur the American,' he wailed.

"Madame Bosanquet put her arms around him and kissed him.

"'There's nothing to be afraid of, darling. You must pretend you're a soldier and that the thunder is the sound of the enemy's cannon.'

"‘Come off to bed,’ put in the nurse. ‘I’ll stay by you.’

"The child finally was induced to leave his mother’s arms.

"‘Say good night to Monsieur, Raoul.’

"He came to me and presented his cheek to be kissed. ‘Good night, Monsieur American. I’m going to be a soldier when I grow up.’

"He disappeared through the wide doorway, not without several backward glances, dragging at Flechy’s hand.

"‘His name is Raoul?’ I asked.

"‘Yes. He was named for my father—his grandfather.’

"A question occurred to me that I couldn’t resist. I said, ‘You lost your husband, perhaps, in the War, Madame?’

"She sat quiet for a moment, then rose and walked toward the fireplace, standing with her back toward me. The light gave luminous touches to her hands and her hair. It painted her vividly against the dusk of the room.

"She said without looking around, ‘Who are you? Why have you come?’ When I didn’t answer she repeated, ‘Who are you?’

"‘I am a man who has lost his memory,’ I said.

"She whirled about, and a flicker of lightning showed me her face.

"‘You are he! I know it. I have known it from the first—.’ Her voice became blurred. The sound of the storm overwhelmed it; it was drowned in the rain. Then it came out clear and strong again. ‘Why don’t you speak? Yes, speak now. I’ve suffered such hope these past three days. I’ve been half mad with hope! Yet I was afraid to ask. But I can’t bear it any longer. You must speak!’ She came toward me, holding out her hands in childish appeal. ‘Philip, Philip!’

"I caught her hands. ‘No!’ I said, ‘not that— I’m not Philip Trainor.’ I could feel her tremble. ‘Philip Trainor is dead. I have seen his grave—. He is dead.’

"‘He is dead,’ she repeated mechanically. ‘You say you are not Philip?’ She seemed dazed. But immediately a new hope sprang up in her. ‘You come from him! Oh, why haven’t you come before? I have waited so long!’

"‘I came when I could. I didn’t know—I’ve been searching for you.’

"Searching? Ah, yes, it's that. You have a message for me!"

"If I have a message it's lost in the darkness of my mind," I said. There was a dreadful silence; even the storm suddenly had grown still. I heard clearly her despairing whisper. "No, no! You must remember."

"Dear Mme. Bosanquet, there's a great mystery here. Let's sit down and talk it over quietly."

"I led her to a couch and drew her down beside me. 'I'll tell you all I know about myself,' I said. I told her everything: how I had found myself two years before on the stairs of the newspaper office, how Trainor's friends had noticed my resemblance to him, how I had become interested in him, obsessed by him. I told her of my thoughts, of my dreams—those dreams where I met Trainor in the fog—and of my groping desire to do his will. I told her of my visit to his grave, and how I had come to Balincourt. She listened without saying a word. When I had finished I turned to her. 'That's all. Now tell me what you know of Philip Trainor.'

"She pressed her hands to her face, then let them fall into her lap. 'I loved him. I have borne his child——'

"Her head was bowed. She was not looking at me, nor I think considering me. When she spoke again it was as if to some presence beyond and distinct from us both.

"'I loved him from the beginning. It is almost impossible now to recall the feeling of those days. The world was coming to its end in Picardy. Everything was strange and exaggerated. One snatched at moments— One lived a lifetime in an hour.

"'I loved him— I gave myself to him as gladly as any wife ever gave herself to any husband. But I wasn't his wife. There was no time for that. A great battle was going on in the north. He was to leave at once—in a day.

"'I had one letter from him—one short letter, written in pencil. It told me nothing. I waited all summer—four months. Then I went to Paris. I inquired of the authorities. After another month they told me that he had been killed in combat with the enemy.

"'My baby was born in December. I was very ill. When

I recovered my strength I came back to Balincourt. I thought I should never want to see this place again, but my heart was buried here and I came back.

"If I could only live here with my grief! That would be happiness enough. But I can't. I am haunted by a terrible doubt. I am not sure whether I have the right to tell my son that he is the child of love——"

"Her small, white hands were twisting together in her lap. I thought I heard her say 'Philip!' but I wasn't sure. She went on, 'He never told me that he loved me! He was silent and shy always. He did not speak. At the time I hardly noticed it. I didn't care. When one has the reality of love one doesn't stop to think of phrases. But afterward, when they told me that he was dead, it came to me—a thing more cruel than death—that he had never spoken. I thought, I searched my memory, but I could remember nothing.'

"I ventured to interrupt her here. 'Surely you don't doubt that he loved you?'

"He loved me, yes. But was it the great love of his life? Was it the love that lasts beyond life, beyond death itself? Oh, it isn't vanity that makes me ask that question! I have no vanity. I have no pride. But I must know, or my soul will die as flowers die when the weeds choke them.'

"I glanced at her. The tears were streaming down her face, but she continued passionately,

"I can bear anything but that. According to my religion I have sinned. I can bear my sin. I can bear the loss of my position and the gossip of my neighbors—even the reproach of my mother, who died without forgiving me.

"I don't ask for forgiveness. I have lost faith in everything but the love that was my life and that must be my immortality if immortality exists for me. I do not believe in heaven or hell, but only in love and in the want of love.

"The great fear of my soul is that he did not love me as I loved him. To me it was more than passion, more than the touching of bodies. Was it more than that to him?"

"Her voice had grown sharp with emotion. 'Shall I ever find him again? Shall I find him and know him? Does he

wait for me? Does he hear my prayers? Or am I to go through eternity as I go through this house—alone and doubting?”

“I turned to her, and suddenly I knew what it was I had to say to Mme. Bosanquet. It lay in my consciousness as clear as sunlight. I hadn’t even to think the words that came to my lips.

“‘He hears—and waits,’ I said. ‘He loves you, as you loved him, with all the strength of his soul. He will be at your side when you fall asleep at the last. You will see him, waking. You will go with him through the fog on the other side of the cross.’

“She gave a cry and seized my hand.

“‘You say—? How do you know this?’

“‘It is there, in my mind. It’s the message I had for you. I can’t tell you how I know, but I swear it’s true. You mustn’t doubt——’

“‘No, I believe you!’ she said with a laugh that was like a sob. ‘I believe, I believe. It is his own voice speaking through yours. I can see his eyes in yours, and his smile—his dear smile! He is speaking to me——’

“Mme. Bosanquet put her face into her hands. I got up from the couch and walked to the window. The rain had stopped, but a mist was rising from the valley and night was coming on. I knew that it was time for me to go.

“I could hear her crying softly behind me and understood that in the strange way of human hearts she was at last finding comfort in her grief. I wanted to go to her, to say goodbye, for I felt that I would never see her again. But something—the realization, perhaps, that there was nothing more to be said, that it was all quite perfect as it stood—prevented me.

“I don’t remember leaving the house. I remember very little about what happened afterward. I have a dim recollection of going down the hill in the mist. I was supremely happy. I have never had such a feeling before. I saw the whole universe laid out before me, not as a stage set for endless tragedy, but as a highway leading into a country of beauty and of hope.

“I must have spent the night at the inn, as usual, but

that, too, is vague. The next day I started back to Chaumont. I took the first train for Paris. I wanted to find you and tell you my story."

He stopped and smiled at me across the restaurant table. "Well, I've told you. Now you know."

"But you?" I said, bewildered by the abruptness of his conclusion. "How does it explain you? How does it answer your problem?"

"I?"

He stared at me, and I realized, more bewildered than ever, that he had utterly forgotten himself in his recital. My question apparently reminded him, brought him up sharply against the enigma of his own identity.

He raised his head and looked suddenly about the café. Its long, narrow room was crowded now with diners. The tobacco smoke hung in level strata above the light of the candles, and through this veil, as through a gauze curtain, showed human faces red with eating and drinking, laughing, and slightly distorted.

The man who called himself James White gave an exclamation. "What am I doing here? My God, it's stifling. This room is like a coffin."

He got up before I could move or speak, and walked toward the door. I called the waiter and put a bank-note in his hand. Then I hurried after my companion.

James White had disappeared by the time I reached the sidewalk. I looked up and down the street; he was not in sight. I spoke to M. Druot, sitting in his chair against the wall.

"Which way did my friend go?" I asked.

"Your friend, Monsieur?"

"Yes. The man who just went out."

"No one has gone out, Monsieur."

"What? Nonsense! You must have seen him!"

"I tell you I have not seen him—nor any one else. A great many have gone in, but you are the first to come out."

"I tell you I saw him walk to the door!" I cried, with such force that for a moment M. Druot was startled. Then he shrugged his fat shoulders.

"Monsieur is mistaken. There was no one."

*... usually find story of the ...
... it was ... in its ...*

IGNITION¹

By VALMA CLARK

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

A STRANGE look of triumph was on Mrs. Prunner's face as she drew up at our gate to stare across at "that foreign woman." Rhona Cabrals sat listlessly on her doorstep and smoked a cigarette; and though the cigarette was her one remaining vice, it alone was sufficient to brand her in Stonyville.

Then Mrs. Prunner came on, bearing down upon me with a ponderous dignity that augured some tremendous piece of news. "Where's your mother, Razzles?"

Politely I stopped the lawn-mower to inform her that she would find my mother by following the very audible clattering of the supper dishes to the kitchen. Mrs. Prunner was to our family special intelligencer and exponent of public opinion. Through all the twenty years of my life she had been bearing down upon us in this way, with choice bits of scandal. Now as she swept by, ignoring me, I felt the old prickle of resentment against her and the old stirring of curiosity. Mrs. Prunner persisted in treating me like a small boy, and I persisted in responding to the treatment.

Beneath the pantry window, where the noise of dishes had suddenly stopped, I discovered that the mower needed oiling. "Look at her—the brazen piece!" came Mrs. Prunner's voice. Clearly she was pointing out Rhona Cabrals, who drooped motionless, all dark, from the rusty black of her cotton dress and the olive dusk of her profile to the intense gypsy blackness of her amazing hair; a still-figure study in darkness, she sat there waiting—waiting as she had been ever since that night nearly eight years before, when

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the flame in her had been quenched as abruptly as a fire-brand thrust into water.

"Well, Mary, murder will out! They've found his body at last, down in the old Shipman quarry."

"*Pedro Cabrals's* body?" breathed mother. "After all these years——"

"They've been pumping out the water, you know, this last week and today they came upon the body sticking head down in the bottom of a hundred-and-fifty-foot shaft. I have it straight from Tim Murphy, who's superintending the job. Oh, it's very bad—just bones mostly. But Coroner Bliss says it's been there all of eight years; and they identified a scrap of a red bandanna. There's no shadow of a doubt. . . ."

"Wonder if *she* knows," shuddered mother.

"She'll know soon enough," declared Mrs. Prunner grimly. "She must have drug him there—a good half-mile. A devil, if there ever was one—and strong as a man. I'm stepping on to Miss Tucker's, Mary; you drop your dishes and come along."

"Wait then— You hear, Razzles?" Mother came close to me and whispered against that still figure on the next door-step. "They've found *Pedro Cabrals*! I'm going with Mrs. Prunner. Finish the lawn before you leave, and careful there of my border—you're mowing down the pinks."

So I was alone. But the veil of memory—that soft gray shroud which blurs over the evil nightmares of our childhood—was riddled through; and I was plunged back into the most vivid scene of my life. That night in Rhona Cabrals's little house, and my own forbidden share in it, as witness—a share which I had buried deep in my heart and had told no living soul! And now the vision of handsome big *Pedro Cabrals* rotting in the mud of the old Shipman quarry. . . . Nausea seized me. . . . How *could* she! Yet speculation held me there, gazing at that creature of inexplicable and foreign mystery that was Rhona Cabrals; and curiosity drew me. I told myself that some one should prepare her—warn her. But it was the old lure of her—compound of fascination and danger—that pulled.

"Good evening," I muttered, standing uncertainly before her.

She accepted me, moved over indifferently to make room for me beside her, forgot me. Dusk had taken her, brooding over her, I thought, like a mother. I sat staring at her averted head, and watched a wisp of smoke, white against the crow's wing of her hair, melt into darkness. Just as she had always been able to impose her moods upon me, so, now, she cast over me the spell of her lethargy. But, though I stayed silent, I was remembering that other Rhona, who was to this one as a live coal is to a dead coal. Sharp pictures, that stood out from the regulation black-and-white scenes of my boyhood as though stamped in red ink, came back at me.

There was my first encounter with Rhona Cabra's. I must have been twelve at the time. I had flung myself out of bed and into the warm July night to the aid of Pat, my fox-terrier, who was barking furiously at some enemy. I knew that strangers had moved into the house next door, which was quite the meanest house in our pleasant, elm-shaded street, the only house, in fact, which had not a front porch; but I was unprepared for the spectacle of a woman standing in the back door against a lamplighted interior, hurling missiles and oaths, English in denomination but foreign in their fluency, at my dog. I stood with my mouth open, until I became aware that my father was beside me. "Stop that, Pat!" he ordered sharply. Pat cringed and the amazing flow of language ceased.

The woman, who had over her white nightgown a clinging scarlet shawl of a stuff like velvet, only softer and more lustrous, which I afterward learned was chenille, slowly raised her arms to her hair, and suddenly I discovered that she was young and strangely beautiful, with the supple, slim length of a runner. . . . Only somehow she did not look like an athlete. . . . She was smiling out at us now, and there was an odd sparkle to her eyes.

"That woman!" muttered my father, and hurried me into the house. I cast one lingering look back and saw behind her, shadowing her smile, the face of a swarthy man with anger on it.

In my own bed again, through the open window, I heard voices raised in fury, heard sobs that would not let themselves be wholly sobs, heard a sudden clattering—and then silence in the boxlike little house across the way. From the adjoining room my mother's words reached me: "Looks like we've drawn a wife-beater next door."

"Looks like we've need of a wife-beater next door," said my father dryly.

From the first Rhona Cabrals was forbidden to me, even as were the quarries; wherefore I secretly explored both. As well tell the boy of a seacoast town to stay off the wharfs as to tell me to stay away from the quarries—that place, by day, of magical heaving derricks and sweating, gabbling men, swearing oaths in many languages . . . place, by night, of lighted, filthy shacks and mouth-organ music. Those great pits, yawning red from the peculiar reddish hue of the sandstone which they gave forth in blocks and bricks and broken chips, were the single raw sore on the monotonous rolling green perfection of this western New York country; their murky, reddish waters were unexpected blood pools on a tranquil surface, crude realities that called for probing. As for Rhona, with her black eyes and her lithe body, her swift angers and her wild mirths, she was the scarlet lady of forbidden novels, the Spanish dancer with the castanets, the mysterious Oriental seducer stepped forth from Arabian Nights. . . . The quarries and Rhona—they were adventure in Stonyville, and, utterly different as they were, were yet bound together through Pedro.

Almost at once Rhona took me into her confidence and told me much—more than a boy of twelve could understand. Even then I instinctively knew she tolerated me because I *was* a boy; if I had been a girl she would have shooed me off with the neighbors' chickens.

"Bah!" she said. "That Pedro—that *gorgio!* I don't know why I stay with him—it smothers me in a house sometimes. Before he came I lived the gypsy life and travelled the roads in a great van. We sat over smoky fires and talked—my mother is old now, but she was once a girl in Madrid, and the tales she can tell! We danced and sang and stole and made love, and the men they fought over

me. Then Pedro came and followed me and fought the hardest. . . . It is fated perhaps. But always he is mad with jealousy and always we fight, tooth and nail, and hate each other. Bah, that Pedro! Some day I leave him and go back to the open road—to my people—and the *dukkerin*'—

"Ah, the *dukkerin*! I had forgotten. I *dukker* with the palm, the cards, the coin—what you will. I *dukker* for you, my Razzles boy!" She swept up a deck of dirty cards, flashed upon me her smile, for, lacking larger game, she was not above putting forth her fascinations for me. "Past, present, and future, your wish an' all ye want to know!"

And again, a later time: "They call me 'foreign' and they think I am like those vermin Dago women, your mother and your father and all those other *gorgios*. Fools! I spit upon them! I am Spanish—you hear? Spanish, and free."

It was true, both ways. What Stonyville never could forgive the Cabrals was their invasion of our respectable neighborhood; for Stonyville has its slum, its foreign section—isolated like a pest-house—where Rhona and Pedro might have loved and hated, hurled china and flourished knives to their hearts' content, without exciting more than passing notice. They were *foreigners*, weren't they?—Well, then, let them stay down on Myrtle Street, where they belonged. But it was equally true that the Cabrals did not belong on Myrtle Street any more than they belonged up here. One had only to see Rhona Cabrals moving freely and scornfully past groups of squat, pudgy Italian women with babies clinging to them . . . Rhona, wearing larger earrings and dressed in bolder colors than those others . . . to realize that she was of another mould.

And Pedro, too, though he was given to the same red bandannas for work and to the same purple serge and red neckties for holidays, was of a race apart from the other laborers. I watched him at work at the quarries and saw that he was larger and handsomer and stronger in every way than his fellow workers—a king among them. I remembered what Rhona had told me, that Pedro was a Portuguese out of Provincetown; bred from great able-

bodied men who followed the sea, thrifty owners of their own ships and their own homes, Pedro had somehow cut loose and drifted inland by way of the Great Lakes. And though he had shaken off the salt of the sea for the land dust of the quarries, he was not as these born grubbers in dirt, who were content to take orders from others and to be tenants. Pedro had kept his freedom. When he reared back his shoulders there was no stoop to them, and you could picture him standing at the helm of a ship.

It was so I saw them apart. But just put them together—well, that was something to see! Fireworks is the word for it. For Pedro was jealous—jealous even of me at twelve—and certainly Rhona did not spare him. There was sleek little Johnny Hines, who worked in the canning factory, and big Chris Polizzi, who was foreman over Pedro, and Tim O'Sullivan, and Fred Schwartz—but I forget them all. For as fast as Rhona could toss on the chips Pedro blazed to them, and as fast as she could snatch them up, Rhona tossed, until I see her as the storm centre of an untidy house, the nucleus of tortured struggles and flying dishes. No wonder Stonyville turned down its thumbs, when it wasn't busy peeping and turning up its nose! Rhona Cabrals was the wildfire in a mild gray town, which otherwise had only such small, controlled conflagrations as occasionally come to a town which is the county-seat. She was the scarlet-fever sign of contagion in an impeccable neighborhood. And if all *I* can find to describe Rhona is figures scarlet and fiery, it is easy enough to guess that the several ministers in Stonyville found figures more scarlet and more fiery.

As for the good wives of the town—however much of truth there was to other charges against Rhona, there was certainly no fiction in *their* charge of untidiness. Rhona had no genius for housekeeping. She cooked in temperamental spurts messes of meat and potatoes—*poovengroes* she called them. As she flaunted her colors down our tame little streets, she left behind her dirty dishes and a ragged yard, in which wild poppies struggled against the weeds—this in contrast to our smooth lawn with its primrose borders and its lilac bushes, of that soft smoky-blue in their

flowering. No, the Cabrales were certainly undesirable neighbors.

But to get on—I recall the quarrel over Johnny Hines's pipe. The pipe had Johnny's monogram in silver on the bowl of it, and Johnny smoked it with his head up and his teeth firm, so that the monogram would show. I don't know how he ever came to leave the cherished pipe in Rhona's kitchen, unless it was the sneaking kind of trouble-making he liked to indulge in. At any rate, there it was, and there Pedro found it when he came home that night. He came stamping up the back steps, and his very shadow, momentarily darkening the doorway, loosed the forty little devils in Rhona. They invariably had that queer effect upon each other; when they came together, it was as though each set going in the other some dangerous chemical reaction, and you simply held your breath and waited for the explosion.

Pedro slung down his tin dinner-box and took up the silly pipe, and his heavy eyebrows came together. "What's Johnny Hines wantin' here?" he snarled.

Almost eagerly Rhona leapt to his challenge. She faced him, half smiling, a negligent hand on her hip, while two fires sprang up in her black eyes and her breath came faster. Dark though they both were, Rhona's darkness, as against his swarthy darkness, had color beneath it, and she was never more vivid than when Pedro was behind her glowering. Pedro was the black curtain against which she sparkled. He was the thunder to her lightning.

The pipe snapped in Pedro's hairy, blunt-fingered hand, and the pieces dropped to the floor. He repeated his question: "What's that skunk doin' here? You tell me!"

"Guess he comes to make love to me," drawled Rhona.

There was an awful moment in which they still faced each other and I clutched Pat by the neck and shrank back. Then Pedro caught her arm and twisted it brutally. She fought him like a madwoman, but at last Pedro had her down on the floor at his feet. He was still twisting the arm until I thought he would break it, though Rhona was scorning to cry out under the pain of it. Abruptly he flung her off, lunged out of the house.

Rhona sat back on her heels, jabbed hairpins into place, calmly adjusted an earring. I was amazed to discover that she was smiling. "You see—he is mad with this jealousy. But I'll show him!" She got to her feet, turned on me furiously. "Does he think I stay with him easy then? Let him fight to keep me, as he fought to get me! See, he's out there now—feeding his black temper with a fire. It's what he always does when he's worst—builds a bonfire and burns off the rubbish. 'Tis a witch's peak, that one—burns straight up to a point. Ah, now a wind!—See her curl over and lick her red tongue. . . .

"Come on!" Suddenly Rhona was laughing. "Where's my shawl? No matter, this will do." She snatched up the fringed red table-cloth, wound it about her, posed, twisting before the cracked kitchen mirror. "Johnny Hines likes me best in red; he says it's the devil's color and my color. You, too, *you* like me in red," she charged, catching sight of my face. "Perhaps Pedro likes me in red! Come on—we see!"

She caught my hand, swept me out to Pedro and the bonfire. Suddenly she became a fiend: in the lurid light she danced, stamping and writhing, mocking Pedro, taunting him with words of Johnny Hines.

Pedro flung down his pitchfork and caught her. "You—you—I'll *kill* Johnny Hines—I'll kill you—" He must have been hurting her with the fierce grip of his arms, but she did not whimper——

"Raz—zles!" called my mother.

Then I saw Rhona's face, and I knew that she *liked* being hurt by Pedro.

"Raz—zles!" As I made a cautious alley *détour*, which would bring me home from the opposite direction, I puzzled over it; if they loved each other, it was a queer kind of love—part hatred. . . .

Though our shades were always drawn on that side of the house now, mother used to watch from behind them, and sometimes Mrs. Prunner joined her with her sewing, and they watched together. I would listen hard and catch shreds of their conversation.

"Little Johnny Hines again. . . . Yesterday it was Fred Schwartz. If we had a *man* for sheriff——"

"Just let *him* catch her once—that ugly big Pedro——"

Rhona had a secret sickness then, and from the darkened parlor mother and Mrs. Prunner watched the doctor come and go and their whispering grew unintelligible and more mysterious. "Too bad," said Mrs. Prunner. "Temper, of course—a woman who carries on like that— But it might have tamed her." In two days Rhona was out again, with a color like a sickly olive and with startling black circles beneath her eyes. But she was unquenched, for she flaunted a pink waist with a scarlet ribbon at her throat, and from her gate I saw her wave to Johnny Hines.

Other scenes in the history of Rhona and Pedro Cabrals—conflicts, all of them, more or less violent—pass before me, as vivid as the floats in my first city parade. But I come now to that last big quarrel. Rhona was alone that evening, and I sat with her in the stuffy, littered kitchen, watching her slash a weird garment out of some purple stuff, when Johnny Hines loafed in. Rhona merely glanced at him and kept on with her slashing. Since no one sent me away, I stayed in my corner, while he teased at Rhona's work and she ordered him to keep his hands off and finally jabbed at him almost viciously with her scissors.

He had been there no time when all of a sudden I glanced up and saw Pedro's face in the open window. Although her back was to him I think Rhona became aware of Pedro's presence at that same moment. She had risen to stretch herself, and now her yawn turned into a smile and the sparkle leapt into her eyes. Deliberately she leaned herself against Johnny Hines's shoulder, tilted back her head, and laughed at him through her black lashes. And Johnny—Johnny was the only one of us who remained unconscious of that lowering face—sleek, blond little Johnny went a quick pink and his hands found her shoulders. . . .

Now Pedro was on the door-step, his big fingers working so that, for a moment, I thought he would choke little Johnny Hines, who had gone weak-kneed and ashen before him. Instead he came rather heavily into the room and

began to swear at Johnny in Portuguese—thick, slow oaths that somehow made you feel sorry for him.

I don't know how long that monotonous cursing would have kept up if Rhona had not struck in with a zest. She caught his wrath from Johnny Hines as a ball-player might stand on tiptoe and catch the other man's ball, for the pure joy of it. "Spy on me, will you!" she spit at him. "Well, you're paid for it—you know now! Bah, you've been drinking again—you great clumsy lout——"

He turned to her, and the fury on his face was more than a look—it was almost a physical thing that you could have touched, like his flesh. I sat shivering, hugging my knees, waiting for the skirmishing and the smashing of crockery to begin. But Pedro's silence endured. It was as though the fierceness of his feeling held him speechless. It was sinister.

Rhona turned back to Johnny with a smile—and found him vanished; little Johnny Hines had saved his own skin. At that an anger caught Rhona which matched Pedro's own. "You men—a curse on all of you! All I ask is to be let alone—let alone, do you hear?"

"You—mean that?" Pedro panted. Some resolution seemed to be working in him, like a slow yeast. "All right. I call your bluff. I'll make you so no man will ever look at you again." He was moving clumsily toward the kitchen cabinet, but even then I did not realize his intention—not until he grasped the sharp bone-handled carving-knife firmly in his hand.

Still Rhona stood there scorning him, mocking him. He struck out at her blindly, missed. Rhona laughed aloud. It was only then that muscular control returned to Pedro; he was wild-eyed with his purpose, but he was suddenly as sure and swift in his movements as those full-fighting ancestors of his back in old Portugal.

The struggle lasted only a moment, and the scream which the neighbors heard on that night was my scream, not Rhona's. Pedro fell back from her, the front of his shirt as red as the bandanna which he wore. And Rhona—I cannot describe Rhona as I saw her. Her cheek lay open in a long gash, from which the blood spurted; but for all

the spurting blood, her head was up, and worse than the mutilation was the deadly glitter in her eyes. "You'll pay for this night, Pedro Cabrals," she spoke. I was suddenly afraid of Rhona—horribly afraid. I covered my eyes against her and slid out. . . .

Home in my own safe bed I crouched, listening in dread for sounds from that other house, which did not come. All was silence over there now. I suppose I wore myself out at last and fell asleep.

They were talking at the breakfast-table, dad and mother, when I came down the following morning: That foreign woman next door had been cut up in a knife fight. . . . The husband had disappeared. . . . She refused to talk. . . . They hushed it at my appearance. "Mercy on us, Razzles, what's the matter with you!" exclaimed mother. "You look like you've been dreaming ghosts."

"Nothin'," I muttered. The Cabrals belonged to the forbidden part of my life, and my habit of secrecy on them held.

During those next days, that uncanny stillness continued to hang over the Cabrals place. Pedro had disappeared completely, and Rhona must have sat in the house alone, for I saw nothing of her. Some nights a light burned in the kitchen window, though again the house would remain in darkness during the entire evening. Nothing could have induced me to go near there.

I knew what folks were saying as time passed and Pedro did not return: that Rhona had killed her husband . . . had somehow disposed of the body. . . . I hugged my secret knowledge tighter. Had she, then? I believed her capable of anything—anything! I grew morbid at this period, speculating upon gruesome ways. . . .

Then one Sunday afternoon, when I was exploring the quarries alone, I rounded a heap of rocks and came upon her, sitting quiet, her hands loosely clasped, her eyes on the ground. At first I did not recognize that listless, black-clad figure as Rhona's. When she raised her head I think I should have turned and run from her if astonishment and curiosity had not held me chained to the spot. Her eyes were still black pools, like stagnant water that has been

dead a long time, and she looked at me without interest, even without recognition.

"Hello!" I stammered.

She shrugged, returned to her perusal of the ground.

I don't know what I had expected, but this was disappointment. It was like finding wet wood where you had been accustomed to leaping, crackling fire. Stillness in Rhona Cabrals was uncanny—it was not healthy—and her face was the stillest thing I had ever seen. It was incredible that a person could change like that. Why, this creature could not have killed a chicken.

I sat down by her, and dropped stones into the pit below, and tried to talk to her. At last I gave her up and wandered home, puzzling over it.

"Conscience, my dear," was the way Mrs. Prunner accounted for the change in Rhona, hinting dark things. "Or possibly shame. . . ."

But young as I was, I intuitively knew that Mrs. Prunner was wrong—that there was neither shame nor conscience in Rhona Cabrals. She must have known what the town was saying of her, yet she offered no explanation. In her silence there was no fear, neither was there sullenness nor disdainful pride. What she had done she had done, and she cared nothing for the opinion of others. No, it was simply the dead stillness of a void and a waiting.

I had plenty of opportunity to observe her at this time, for I was no longer afraid of her, and she allowed me to sit and talk to her as of old, though she seldom made the effort to answer me. Remembering Pedro's threat, I thought once it might be the scar which had taken the life out of Rhona, but I rejected that theory. It had been a clean cut and it had healed quietly, in a thin white line,—a very still scar. Rhona was beautiful yet. Besides, the scar seemed to make no difference with Johnny and Fred and the others.

One by one they drifted back. Johnny Hines came first, bold by night. She sat on the door-step in that waiting attitude which had become characteristic of her, and I crouched in the darkness and brazenly listened. "It's all right," he assured her. "There's no evidence of—murder.

I'm not afraid—I'd marry you tomorrow, Rhona. Besides, you were justified. . . . Self-defense. . . . I told the sheriff myself. It'll die out; it's dying out already. Will you——?"

"No."

"I'd treat you right, Rhona—a black beast, that Pedro. I'd give you clothes and jewelry; we'd go to the city——"

"No." There was no feeling, not even contempt for him, in Rhona's monosyllable; he might have been so much putty placed before her.

Still he persisted in a rather weak pleading. I must have stirred then, for Rhona turned her head—"You Razzles boy—come here."

I obeyed, sheepishly enough.

"Sit here by me," she commanded.

"Oh, if you mean it . . ." muttered Johnny.

"I mean it," she answered listlessly.

So Johnny Hines went off down the street.

Separately the others tried her, but she must have treated them to the same indifference, for gradually they dropped away and did not return. Since that challenging fire in her had gone out, they were content to let her alone. For me, too, the danger, and therefore the zest, had gone from Rhona Cabrals; and—I may as well admit it—man-like, I dropped away with the rest of them. This creature, after that other Rhona of the crazy moods, was tame. So Rhona became for me an unsolved, but no longer very interesting riddle; and I found other riddles, more urgent and more exciting.

Then, too, Rhona was no longer forbidden to me. The shades had long since gone up on the Cabrals side of our house, and my mother did not object to my passing the time of day with her. If folks shunned Rhona from habit, they had ceased to look upon her as a dangerous influence, and their interest had passed on to other things, even as had mine. For in the eight years which had elapsed since Pedro's disappearance, Rhona had approached near-respectability. Gone were the picturesque, colorful clothes, the beads, and the earrings—changed for the shoddy black cotton garb of a store clerk. Though Pedro, with his Portu-

guese thrift, had owned the small house, it was necessary now for Rhona to make money for food, and she had gone into the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store, where she sold glittering baubles without interest. The weeds and the poppies were kept partially down in the Cabrals yard; the very house, though unpainted, had taken on a semblance of neatness—the neatness of an empty shell, from which life has departed. Rhona even went through semi-annual rites of house-cleaning—though with the air of one performing trivialities to kill time. She grew, in short, into the passive woman who now sat beside me—commonplace enough but for her sinister darkness and that odd air she had of waiting through an intermission that would some time come to an end.

That other Rhona—and this Rhona! Were they actually the same person? I stared hard at her through the dusk and tried to penetrate the mystery of that still profile. Had she ever really been what she had seemed to me, or had my boy's imagination invested her with strange, mysterious qualities, even as it had invested with romance the quarries, which had since dwindled to stalest prose?

Then I remembered the ugly thing that had brought me. I fiddled with my pipe, finally plunged: "They've found some bones—a man's body. Down in the old Shipman quarry that they've been opening up again. They're saying things—I thought I ought to—warn you——"

"Bones?"—indifferently.

"They say they're—Pedro's body," I told her bluntly.

"Yes?" She shrugged it off, as though it did not concern her.

Then I asked the question which for eight years I had been wanting to ask. "Look here, Rhona, did you—do it?"

But she let that pass, too. She tossed away her cigarette, rose. "I've had no supper. Will you have some tea?"

I stammered an excuse and broke away. Tea! I recalled how once, when I was twelve, she had given me raw gin and laughed to see me choke over it.

The rest of the tale, until the trial, is quickly told. For Mrs. Prunner had predicted true; they came for Rhona the following morning, and I saw her pass out of the house

between two men and move off down the street, calm and detached. This was Stonyville's own private murder and naturally excitement ran high. Rumor had it that the "foreign woman" refused to talk. I fought it out with my own conscience and then with my mother, who wept and begged me to keep out of it. Incidentally Mrs. Prunner looked at me with new respect. "A deep one," she was heard to mutter. "To think he could have given us side-lights all the time!" As the only person who had seen the fight preliminary to the murder, I was to be an important witness; that was how I happened to be let off at the bank, where I work, and to be present for the astounding climax of the trial.

I saw Rhona once at the jail, in the presence of her guard; tried to move her. "Look here, I'm testifying, Rhona. I saw him slash you, you know. If you did it, you did it in self-defense. But you've got to open up and talk to your lawyer—tell him how it happened—" I grew wrought up over it.

But Rhona had nothing to say.

I don't know why I championed her against the town and my own family, for I believed she was guilty.

The trial lasted through a week, and, except for the fact that the whole town turned out for it and jammed our sleepy little court-room, was much as other trials. Rhona made just one statement, which was exactly contrary to all the elaborate case of self-defense which her lawyer had built up for her, namely, that she hadn't killed Pedro. Who *had* killed him then? She couldn't say—wouldn't say anything else, in fact.

They examined her and cross-examined her, subjected her to a grilling that would have broken a sensitive woman. Rhona remained unmoved. What had happened on that night? They had quarrelled and Pedro had left—that was all. They followed up the scent, led her, step by step, through the stages of the quarrel, endeavored to worry her down and wear her out; but an inquisition that would have brought out a cold sweat on any other defendant under trial for murder left only the prosecuting attorney mopping his face.

They tried to get at her emotions, pricked her for resentment, anger, hatred, but no insult was strong enough to make her flare back at them. As far as any feeling went, she might have been drugged. She remained the listless, indifferent woman which she had been ever since the night of Pedro's disappearance. It seemed that nothing could rouse her—not even a murder trial in which her own life hung in the balance.

There was delay while Johnny Hines was summoned from Pennsylvania, whither he had gone. Johnny—a subdued and rather decent little Johnny—would have talked to her, but she merely turned her shoulder to him and went on studying the lines in her own hands, which lay palm upward in her lap.

Her one change in facial expression came when they produced the shreds of the red bandanna which had been found with the body. Was it curiosity or doubt that flickered for a moment over her face, as she obediently took the evidence and examined it? But she relapsed into her wooden stare, passed back the red tatters.

Had she seen that handkerchief before?

She shrugged.

Come, now! the attorney for the prosecution would be answered! Could she deny that the handkerchief had belonged to the deceased—that it had been knotted about his throat at the very moment that she had—stabbed him to death?

Objections from the defense; objections overruled.

Still she shrugged. How could she tell? A red bandanna was a red bandanna.

It was true, the evidence was not strong, but Rhona's refusal to talk was against her from the first. If she had spoken frankly—had looked them in the eye and said something—anything. Instead, she looked down at the floor and said nothing. What horrible things did her silence cover? That was the question, you see.

To me, as I sat there day after day, studying her averted face, Rhona Cabrals was more than ever an enigma—inexplicable, unaccountable. While she half listened, with that air of a grown-up indulging children, to their horrible accu-

sations against her, what was she thinking? Sometimes I had the feeling that she was stone dead; it came to me, shudderingly, that the thing she had done, the emotions she had passed through on that night, had drained her of all subsequent feeling. . . .

But you could not wonder that her unnatural indifference infuriated them. Even Judge Carmen grew exasperated at last, and turned on Rhona sternly in his final charging of the jury. So they rose to file out, and it was over—all but the verdict. Things looked bad for her; one could only hope for a recommendation of mercy.

It was at that precise and dramatic moment that some one entered the back of the court-room and a scared, small voice said: "Wait, please. There's—a man—here——"

The members of the jury halted uncertainly, the judge looked frowningly up, we all turned in our seats. He was a big workingman, with his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes and the dust of the roads on his clothes. He was Pedro Cabrals himself—Pedro, looking sullen and dazed, stoop-shouldered now and certainly no longer the king of laborers that I had remembered. It was that old, familiar expression of black jealousy, slowly concentrating on his face and aimed at a definite goal, that pulled me back to Rhona.

And Rhona— This was the old Rhona of the scarlet shawl and the snapping eyes. The scar on her cheek, which had never been anything but pallid, had suddenly leapt out red, as though a whiplash had been laid on her. She had risen to answer his challenge with her own flash of fire, and they stood there, the two of them, glaring at each other, with the whole crowded court-room become a mere background for this strange tingling hatred of theirs.

Her first words to him were an invective, hurled forth with all the passion of an emotion too long bottled: "Bah! So you decided to come back! It is duty, I suppose. You read in the papers and you come back to save me?"

"No, I just—came back. I haven't seen any papers. Met old Forsyth on the street and he looked at me funny—and sent me up here."

"Where've you been?"

"Down state, workin' on roads."

"Some woman—yes?"

He denied it sullenly: "I tell you I've been on the roads, bunkin' with men."

"Why did you come back?" she insisted, tense.

"I didn't want to come. It's you—you devil——"

It was as though this confession, dragged from him, restored to Rhona her old self-respect—that ruthless and superb insolence of hers. "So," she gloated, "you couldn't stay away! You think you can run from me and forget me—me, Rhona! And now you come crawling back. *Doovel*—you men!" There was more—a torrent of it. She stood there before him, taunting him, sneering at him, goading him.

It was only when Judge Carmen hammered for order that she paused for breath, turned from Pedro, and, hammering back at him with her bare fist on the table before her, amazingly let loose that wild flood of raw emotionalism against the judge, the jury, little Johnny Hines, the courtroom, and the whole town. It seemed that all the disdain and contempt that had been festering in her heart for eight years suddenly boiled to the surface; and she treated us to such an eruption of temper as quiet little Stonyville had never before witnessed. "Fools! And is Pedro the only working man who wears a red bandanna? I told you—I told you I didn't kill him. You wouldn't believe me, eh? Well, there he stands—perhaps you believe me now. Fools and pigs! May the evil eye take you! I spit upon you—and you—and you— And you, Johnny Hines—worm, caterpillar! You would kiss me when Pedro is gone; kiss me when he is here, if you dare!"

But Pedro had reached her now, and his hand was on her shoulder. Abruptly the court room was forgotten by Rhona. There before us all, with no sense whatever for the decencies, Pedro investigated the lurid scar with a rough forefinger, and suddenly laughed aloud—an ugly sound. It was then that Rhona melted, clung to him. "Take me away, Pedro! I've wanted you. I thought I should be hung and feel nothing of it——"

I overheard Judge Carmen's informal observation after

court had been dismissed: "Whew! That woman! If he'd strangled *her*, I'd acquit him."

So Pedro had won after all, I reflected, as I struck off for the bank. In the end, he'd subdued Rhona. . . . But had he? It was at that moment I saw them come from Thompson's Emporium. Rhona paused to jab into her black hair a glittering rhinestone pin, which was clearly Pedro's peace-offering to her. They went off down the street together, toward their little box of a house, but I saw her turn her head and fling big Chris Polizzi a glance that was a challenge and a dare.

Rhona would certainly give
sweeping features. Hardly
up to a "Boss Lady" action.

THE CHOCOLATE HYENA¹

By IRVIN S. COBB

(From *Cosmopolitan*)

FROM the manuscript which he had just finished revising, the author now read aloud to an audience composed exclusively of himself. As author, he sought to inject into his rendition a proper and conscious pride of creatorship. He gave unctuous uplift to the lines; he paused frequently for signs of appreciation. As audience, he strove mightily to be entertained. But a dual rôle nearly always is a difficult rôle and the progress of this one was marked by mounting difficulties; the author could but be doubtful of his best flights and the audience remained cold, skeptical, unstirred. Nevertheless, for a spell, it did progress.

The reading, which started from the beginning, to include title headings and all, went forward thus:

STRICKELY ORIGINAL TALKN AND SINGN ACT

Entitled

FRANK AND URNEST

Specially Wrote To Order For

PURDUE AND MINGLE

by

ROSCOE C. FUGATE

(*"His Hits Always Does Sol"*)

Arthor Composer Playwrite and Dramatizer

Sole Arthor and Composer

of

The Supreme Imperial Seasons Success

"THEM BLACK AND BLUE BLUES"

Etc. Etc. Etc.

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Courtesy of George H. Doran Company.

Stage set in one for Street scene music cue three bars of Them Black and Blue Blues enter PURDUE from lowr right enter MINGLE from lowr left they comes down and bumps together MINGLE falls over own feet falls down gets right up and brushes self off with brush broom brushes ashes off cigar Seems like they both is susprised meeting up with one another this way (busness of registring susprise)

MINGLE—hello nothin substracted from nothin what your doin here

PURDUE—that is my busness sir

MINGLE—have you got any other busness

PURDUE—are you tryn to be funny with me

MINGLE—ha ha you is funny to me without your tryn

PURDUE—excuse me seems like I has seen your face some place

MINGLE—I ain't susprised at that my face has always been right here in the same place

PURDUE—anyways I guess you aint so many

MINGLE—I guess you aint counted me lately

PURDUE—well let us dont quorl lets be frank and urnest

MINGLE—hello Frank

PURDUE—how are you my old college chum Urnest (*Busness of shakn hands as they finishes with shakn hands MINGLE kind of stumbles and steps back and goes up against back drop*)

MINGLE—this sure is a mighty loose street now over in Brooklin our streets is more statunery than what these is

PURDUE—oh you live over in Brooklin now eh but why should you move over to Brooklin wen this great city of New York has everything

MINGLE—you poor ignunt we has somethin over in Brooklin wich you hasn got in New York

PURDUE—what is that pray

MINGLE—the other end of the Bridge (*wait for laugh*) by the way you big simp speakn of mariage is you married

PURDUE—friend I persume I is probly one of the most

haply married men they is to be found in all
this great city

MINGLE—whoode you mary

PURDUE—a woman of coarse who ever herd of anybody
maryin a man

MINGLE—well my mother did well if your married I got
anothr questun to ast you stoopid

PURDUE—purceed purceed I is all atenshun

MINGLE—all feet you mean well what was . . .

The reader-hearer broke off, raising an irritated face. He was aware of noises without. There was a sound of rapping, a sharp, intensive play of knuckles against a panel of his door. Had the door been locked as usually it was these latter days, his course would have been clear. But today the door, by oversight, was not locked. Moreover, his voice, uplifted in declamatory dialogue, must have been clearly audible to any eavesdropper in the hallway.

He was saved the embarrassment, though, of confessing his presence. As he eyed it with an apprehensive squint the knob turned and the door opened and on the threshold was revealed an aggressive looking person of a very dark color and of a mien to match his prevalent pigmentation—a mien at once somber and foreboding.

This person was wide, tall and tolerably deep. He had three chins and the makings of a fourth, which gave to his face the appearance of a face that had refused to jell and now was threatening to run down on its owner's shirt front. Without invitation he entered, looking about him.

"Where all the crowd gone at, Conk?" he asked. "Sound lak you wuz holdin' a caucus in yere."

The interrupted one disregarded the question. He countered with one of his own, delivered icily:

"Mebbe you tuk notice of a do'mat jest outside my do'?"

"Tuk notice of it? Ain't I been wearin' my feet down to the quick standin' on it these last three-fo' days?"

"Then you mebbe also noticed that they ain't no word signifyin' 'Welcome' embroidried on it?"

"Ain't no receipt sign sayin' 'Paid fur in full' on it neither, so fur ez I seen."

There was a menacing purr in the words of the broad intruder. This, likewise, the literary man chose to pass over without seeming to give it heed.

"The p'int is," he said, "that w'en a author is settin' in his private offices authorizin', he ain't s'posed to be in widout he says he's in. Pussons w'ich come callin' on him is s'posed to wait on the outsides till they is requested to enter in or otherwise not, ez the case may be."

"*Umph huh*, an' me freezin' to death out yonder in that cole hall whilst you's decidin' you ain't in. Or else dyin' of ole age."

"Yore dyin' of anythin' wouldn't cause me to brek down an' start in mournin'. An' say, lissen, my name ain't Conk 'ceptin' to close frien's w'ich you suttinly is not numbered amongst. My name, to you, is the same w'ich it's printed out on my do' right behind you."

"All right wid me. Way 'tis wid me, a deadbeat by any other name smells jest ez rancid. You could call yo'se'f a rosy red rose an' still I could deteck you acrost a ten acre lot. 'Cause frum long practice I got a educated nose fur all sich . . . You wuz speakin' jest then of p'int's? Well, the main p'int, ez I sees it, is does you know whut day of the week 'tis?"

"Thursday—Thursday of this present week." It pleased the heckled dramatist to be heavily sarcastic. He tried glowering through his large and ornamental spectacles, but the glower broke down before the visitor's hostile glare.

"Naw suh, you is wrong ez customary. So fur ez my books shows an' so fur ez you is concerned, it's Thursday of two weeks hence. 'Cause Thursday of this week wuz postify the day w'en you promised to have my money ready an' waitin' fur me. An' Thursday of this week is done already become Thursday of week befo' last an' yere 'tis henced along till it's Thursday of week after next. You wuz past due on the fifteenth of the month an' you wuz git-tin' kind of brackish on the twenty-fust an' now you has done gone plum' stale . . . The amount, wid 'cumulated interest and recruded charges, comes to twenty-eight twenty—I'll be pleased to have it now—in my hand!"

"Say, whut kind of a skinflint is you, anyways?" The

debtor's tone turned plaintive—plaintive and placating. "Does you 'spect a man jest newly started up in a new line of biz'ness to be upholstered all over wid ready money? Litachure ain't lak peddlin' fish—you got to wait fur yore trade to grow. You didn't tawk this yere way, neither, we'n you wuz connin' me into buyin' all these yere office fixtures. Naw suh, yore voice wuz soft an' pleadin' then. All you could do wuz jest smile lak an ole possum an' keep on sayin': 'Five dollars down an' the balance in cornvenient 'stallmints—sign on the dotted line—five dollars now an' five dollars twic't a month—you furnishes the bird, we furnishes the nest'; that wuz the song you wuz singin' then. Did I need ary framed engravin' of the Death of Lawd Nelson, whoever he wuz, ef at all? Naw suh, I wuz petted into it. An' look a-there at that there mangy lookin' thing on the flo' w'ich you called it a genuwine easy paymint Purgin' rug."

"Not Purgin'—Persian. An' guaranteed genuwine."

"Well, all I got to say is that the Persianism and the guarantee is both started frazzlin' out of it. In 'bout two weeks mo' whut's goin' be left is jest a scrap of ole raggetty rag carpet."

"Hole on, boy, don't need you should strain yo'se'f peerin' into the future. Whut that rug's goin' look lak two weeks frum now you ain't goin' be able to see account of you an' hit bein' miles apart. Widout you got my money fur me now, all w'ich is goin' be left in this yere private office of your'n by this time tomorrer is you an' the bare flo' an' the number on the do'."

"Now lissen yere, frien', whut's yore rush? I wants to tell you somethin' fur yore own good—you is too dad-burn' spiteful to be in the 'stallmint bizness. Tawkin' the brash way you does is liable to lose custom fur you. 'Sides, ain't I tellin' you I 'spects to come clean? It's mos' highly prob'le that by tomorrer I'll have the money fur you—I mout even have it by this evenin'. I's jest now completin' a ack fur refine' vaudyville. Course I may have to tech it up yere an' there but it's the same ez done now an'——"

"Wait! Lemme tell *you* somethin' 'bout tomorrer. In the mawnin' 'bout nine o'clock ef you hears the sound of

automobile wheels down yere in the street you need'n' be runnin' to the winder 'spectin' the Messers Keith and Albee is come to tek you fur a ride an' sign you up to write all the refine' vaudyville acks they is in this town. It'll jest be the truck backin' up to the do' fur this yere office plunder—tha's all it'll be!"

There was a grim finality in the collector's tone. His debtor put desperate entreaty, desperate persuasion, into his further argument:

"But I'm tellin' you that by tomorrer or the next day, at the latermost, I'm practically suttin to have yore money fur you."

"Whut fav'rite uncle you 'spectin' to die in the mean-while an' leave you twenty-eight twenty?"

"Not a-tall. I's 'spectin' to collect the sum of one hundred dollars this ver' day, ef all goes well. I got a coupler cash customers comin' in yere at fo' 'clock this evenin'—black-face singin', dancin' an' tawkin' comedians. I tells you ag'in I jest is got done finishin' up writin' up a sketch fur 'em."

"Huh!" The grunt was an incredulous grunt. "Whut's these yere cash customers' names, ef any?"

"Purdue an' Mingle."

"Purdue?—seems lak I places him. I does—ef he's the same tall limber blabby feller w'ich acked ez interlocker fur theminstrel fust part of the Cullid Letter Carriers' Fo'th Annual Benefit over yere at the Lenox Coleseum week 'fo' last."

"Tha's him—J. Earl Purdue—come yere frum Inninapolis." The author spoke up hopefully. "An' the Mingle end of the ack he's frum down Raleigh, same ez where I comes frum—kind of a secont cousin of mine, someway. Happy Rastus Mingle—tha's goin' be his stage name on the program. Reg'lar entitled name, though, is Henry."

"Goin' be—you sez goin' be? Ain't they wukkin' already?" There was a quickened suspicion in the query.

"Well, you see they is jest lately teamed up together. An' so tha's how come they come yere to me fur suitable material."

"Umph huh!—I gits you! Coupler stage-strucken cullid

amachures hopin' they goin' git a job in vaudyville on the stren'th of the stuff you writes fur 'em? An' you thinkin' they goin' be feeble-minded 'nuff to pay you a hund'ed iron men fur sich stuff ez you natchelly would write fur 'em?" To the cynic a new thought came: "Say, wuz that this yere new ack w'ich I heared you spoutin' out loud to yo'se'f w'en I wuz standin' out yonder in that hall 'w'le ago tryin' to mek you 'knowledge to my knockin'? 'Twuz, huh? All right 'en, gimme a sample of it an' after I hears it I'll tell you how I feels 'bout the chances of me gittin' my money an' you keepin' yore furnishin's." He waved an authoritative arm. "Go on an' shoot!"

"But you's a bizness man and wouldn't git the artistic feelin's."

"Nummine that. I's artistic enough to keep frum bein' swindled out of my back teeth by ever' slick tawkin' nigger man 'at comes along. It's only my artistic feelin's w'ich is kep' me out of the porehouse up to now. Besides w'ich, don't I patternize vaudyville myse'f? I does, frequent."

He took a chair. "Fire me off some pieces an' lemme set in jedgment."

"Well, ez you come bustin' in yere, I wuz right at the place where they been blim-blammin' an' cross-firin' back an' fo'th 'bout fust one thing an' then 'nuther, an' the subjec' of marriage is been led up to; an' Mingle, w'ich he is the low comedy part, he says to Purdue, w'ich plays straight an' does the feedin'—he says to him: 'What wuz yore wife's name befo' you married her?' An' Purdue, he says: 'Helen French.' An' Mingle comes right back at him an' says: 'Whut wuz it in English?'—jest lak that. An' then he says to him: 'Is you got any chillen?' An' Purdue says it's a kinder funny thing, him astin' him that, 'cause only this mawnin' w'en he got home the clock struck three jest ez he comes in at the do', an' there wuz three little triplers layin' in the crib. An' Mingle says: 'It's a good thing you didn't git home at twelve o'clock.' An' then Mingle goes on an' says: 'Whut's the matter wid yore finger?' An' Purdue says he's got a splinter in it; an' Mingle says: 'You must 'a' been scratchin,' yore haid——'"

"You sez ample," broke in the critic. He rose to his feet with such decision that all four of his dewlaps quivered violently. "Ample an' then some."

"Don't you lak them gags?"

"Well, heretofo' I most always gin'ally has."

"Whut you mean? Ain't them my own 'riginal gags w'ich I thought 'em up out of my own haid? Them lines can't fail to git over."

"They rarely has—I'll say that fur 'em—they rarely or seldom has failed. But ef you thought 'em up out of yore own haid you is suttinly whut they calls a delayed thinker; 'cause more'n forty others done beat you to 'em. Save yore breath, boy, save yore breath. I done got the complete pitcher of that ack in my mind now. I knows already how it goes, jest the same ez ef I'd wrote it up myse'f—pasted it up, I means. They'll pull some mo' of them bran' new gags, fresh laid right out of yore memory book, an' then they'll hoof it a spell an' they'll wind up singin' one of these yere mammy songs 'bout bein' homesick fur somebody to tote 'em back to them dear ole Dixieland cotton patches—w'en all the time the chances is that this yere Purdue, bein' frum Indiana, thinks cotton grows on a cottonwood tree an' you picks it frum off a stepladder. An' ef this yere Mingle boy is kinfolks of your'n an' has the same fambly failin's, they ain't nobody goin' tote him back to Dixieland widout it's a sheriff wid some reckerzition papers.

"But that ain't the thing. Ef these yere Jew boys w'ich writes all the mammy songs thinks them is true cullid sentiments, I ain't blamin' no Jew boys fur writin' 'em nur no cullid boys fur singin' 'em, neither one. The thing is that w'ile you mout fool yore cousin—an' I reckon even you could fool anybody that'd name hisse'f Rastus, w'ich it's a name I's heard more'n a million of these yere Nawthe'n w'ites call a cullid boy by, but never befo' has I heard of a cullid man delibetly callin' hisse'f by it—still, you ain't goin' fool that Purdue into givin' you a hund'ed dollars in real money fur no sech junks ez that is. Not w'en he kin walk right round the corner an' buy him a Joe Mulligan's Standard Gag Book fur fo' bits, an' thereby save hisse'f

ninety-nine fifty. Naw suh, you ain't goin' fool him an' you ain't foolin' me . . .

"Well, I guess I better be movin' along."

"Jest one minute mo'," begged the bankrupt. "You're makin' up yore mind too quick. This ack's got the stuff in it, I tells you. Lissen, now—mebbe you'll lak this next gag better. This yere one is a sho' fire hit, ef I do say so myse'f. Mingle, he says to Purdue that he's feedin' his ole hen tacks now—gives her a paper of tacks ever' mawnin' reg'lar. An' Purdue says to him whut does he do that fur? An' Mingle says: 'So she'll lay carpets.' An' . . ."

A stifled moan halted him. His crowd was walking out on him and speaking as it went—speaking from the heights of a vast sophistication:

"Conk," said the creditor, "you ain't no author—you is a loose leaf system." At the door he paused for a final crippling shot: "The truck *may* be yere ez early ez eight-thirty."

He was gone and behind him, where he had been, gloom abode. Alone again, the tenant sought to recapture the protean mood. But his soul was not in it and carking care possessed him and the effort died aborning. With the dulled eye of disillusionment he studied the concluding pages of his work and shook his head and uttered low sounds betokening despondency.

Truly, the departed pessimist had spoken truly. His words might have been unnecessarily cruel but merely because of that the verdict was not to be impugned. Think what one pleased of his harsh manners, his usurious soul, his hard and calloused heart with cockles on it that never felt warmth, nevertheless the man knew—was a patron of the arts, a veteran critic of the drama—and, doggone him, he knew!

And the author knew he knew. It had needed but this outside judgment entirely to cure him of his own paltry attempts at self-deception. To be sure, the lightsome patter intended for Purdue and Mingle had sounded fine enough when he was putting it to paper. In the sweat of production he had felt the transient uplift which is the main reward of the creative mood wherever found. But the

fine pure joy of composition had begun to flicker within him before ever he was done, and had died to a spark as he reread to himself what had been written down. And now the flame utterly was extinguished; the lamp of his muse was smoky in the chimney and smelled of the wick.

Tomorrow, or at the latest the day following, Afro-American Harlem would know the lamentable worst of him. By popular estimation he would be even poorer off than in those humble days of his creative beginnings when, during odd moments stolen from his duties as caretaker and basement lord of the Mandoline Apartments, he had turned out "Them Black and Blue Blues." At least, those times he had kinged it over the paying lessees, had been referred to as a promising young musician. But within forty-eight fleeting hours, at most, he no longer would be Roscoe C. Fugate, the dignified professional author, with an office and a slogan and a pair of shell-rimmed glasses and a mounting ambition and all. He merely would be Conk Fugate, an ex-flat janitor, out of a job. The voice of envy, temporarily diminished but never entirely stilled, would be lifted anew to his scorning.

In connection with his one published masterpiece malicious gossip already had it that he had plagiarized his theme from one dependable source, his air from another. For thus it is that scandal treads ever on the heels of genius. But hereafter those who conceded to him that "Them Black and Blue Blues" really was his would look upon him as expert poultry fanciers might look upon a pullet which, in the first adolescent flush of aspiration, lays one double-yolked egg, but in the effort so overstrains herself that she never lays another.

He felt that he was stifling; that he needed air. The atmosphere of this room seemed to pant with the very breath of failure; it exalted the acrid aromas of six weeks' unpaid rent, stifling dye-reeks rose from the easy payment rug that had not been easy. He left the discredited manuscript where it rested in a sheaf of scrawled sheets upon the table top. He rose up from his chair and he put on his partially velour hat and his ostensibly fur overcoat, both purchased in a splendid flare of early optimism, with the

slender royalties which had flowed—but flowed no longer—from the accounting department of an uptown song publisher. He went out the door and through the hall and down two flights of narrow and littered steps into West 135th Street.

This street, ordinarily athrob with life, was today bleak and almost empty. A shrewd February wind funneled into it off the Sound, bringing the threat of snow squalls. A low and a tarnished sky seemed to rest, like a pewter dish cover, almost on the copings of its taller buildings. There was ice on its north side, abundant slush on its south side. Those who passed along it went swiftly and well wrapped, their faces wearing that peculiar hue of damp wood ashes which the skins of the race take on when the thermometer drops down among the twenties. One or two bumped into the slender misanthrope, jostling him out of his stride as though in a common conspiracy to add physical buffets to the spiritual jolt he just now had suffered. None so much as slowed up to pass the time of day with him.

He craved company, too; conversation with his social equals might serve for the moment to distract him from thoughts of his present insolvency. Besides, there was the chance—a faint and spectral one but nevertheless a chance—that someone (he tried vainly to visualize that someone into a recognizable shape) might be beguiled into loaning him a fund sufficient for lightening him over the imminent financial shoals. The sight of U. S. G. Petty advancing in his direction caused him to conjure up a false air of buoyancy.

This was the distinguished U. S. G. Petty who led the orchestra at the Sang Soucy colored motion picture palace; therefore was this Petty artistically allied to him.

“'Lo, 'Lissis,” he hailed jauntily, putting himself in the path of the other. “Kind of a tough weather, ain't it?”

“Ain't heared a kind word fur it sence I got up this mawnin’,” answered 'Lissis shortly. He halted but his feet shuffled in their impatience to bear him farther.

“Looks kind of lak more snow, don't it?”

“Huh?”

“I sez it looks it mout snow ag'in befo' night.”

"Well, does you speck me to stand out yere in the cole an' git myse'f all numbed up, arguin' it wid you?" There was irony in the speech; there almost was a savor of hostility. "Is you got anythin' else of pressin' impo'tance on yore mind?" he added unsympathetically.

"Oh, nothin' special," admitted the abashed Fugate, regretting his choice of an opening subject. This line of talk didn't promise to get him anywhere. "I wuz only jest fixin' to say it's been a long winter—that's practically all."

"Oh, you thinks so, does you? Well then, all I got to say is that you sh'd 'a' give a ninety day note fur three hund'ed dollars at the bank 'long 'bout Thanksgiving Day, same ez I done."

With that the orchestra leader brushed past. He didn't know it but he had burst a thin bubble of hope in a brother's breast. Had the circumstances appeared in the least propitious, the fellow professional had meant to advance the idea of a temporary loan. Now that poor and pale prospect of borrowing was gone; indeed, every imaginable prospect for succor was gone. A prey to brooding, the author mooned aimlessly along the slippery pavement, stepping with the purposeless gait of one who has no errand to perform nor destination to reach. That other folks had troubles of their own was to him no consolation. Surely, in all the visible chilled world there was nothing but proofs and portents of troubles and discomforts and selfish strivings.

For instance, right here and now, in this very instant, evidence offered to the fact. Abreast of him the doors of the Idlewild Chile Parlors opened suddenly and the sinewy proprietor launched violently forth a short, shabby, broad-faced youth who, barely missing the startled Fugate, slid on his own keel, as it were, clear across the skiddy pavement and brought up at any icy anchorage with both feet out on the asphalt. For his part the proprietor said nothing; having completed the act of oustment, he conferred a lowering look upon his victim and withdrew into his establishment.

It was the ejected individual who gave utterance to personal feelings. As he righted himself, amazingly he laughed. He lifted himself up and clung to a convenient letter box

and continued to laugh. He beat himself on the chest and laughed the more. He drew a frayed coat sleeve across his face and wiped his eyes, including the nose in the same deft operation, without missing a beat of his laughter. He was thinly clad for this climate. He had just been thrust bodily, rudely and on the small of his back from a place of public victualing. It was plain that he lately had contracted a very bad cold. Undeniably he was trashy looking. But he laughed.

It was an infectious, a contagious, a catching and irresistible laugh. It had started with a pleased gurgling, it rose now to a great rocketing, shrieking explosion, anon sank to rumbles, then rose and expanded and burst again. It seemed to fill all the earth and the heavens above the earth. Halfway down the block, hurrying pedestrians spun about in their tracks to harken in admiration and wonderment; then went on again in ignorance of the cause for this gorgeously incomparable outbreak, but laughing themselves in sympathy with it.

Alone, of all within earshot, the dramatist did not laugh. Having the secret of this stranger's sudden advent into the open spaces, he marveled at the phenomenon of laughter under such circumstances; but, as we know, he was in no fit mood for merriment himself. He stood waiting with a dour patience until the heavy cannonading died down to an intermittent skirmish fire of snorts and giggles, of chuckles and cackles, of curious aborted sounds suggestive of the last pint of suds in a sink.

"Seemin'ly don't tek so very much to mek you happy," he said sourly.

"Who, me?" The stranger bent double again, with difficulty choking back the guffaws which strove within him for liberation on the air. "It don't tek nothin' to mek me happy—I jest natchelly is . . . *Whoe-e-e!* Joke suttinly is on that there snack-stand man."

"You mean him w'ich jest now flang you out of this yere restaraw?"

"Tha's the one. Me driftin' in there a minute ago aimin' to git me a bait of somethin' 'rother to stay my stomach wid—an' him mistekin' me fur somebody else w'ich, seems

lak, bilked him out of a ration of vittles las' night—an' grabbin' holt of me an' bouncin' me out lak I wuz one of these yere rubber balls! An' me jest landed this mawnin' early off the Nawfawk packet steamer. An' never been in this town befo' in my whole life. An' never set eyes on him befo', neither. Joke suttinly is on the snackstand man."

He chuckled in deep appreciation. It would appear, in his more restrained moments, that chuckles were what he ordinarily punctuated his speech with.

"Well, frien', I'll say this fur you—you laffs easy," said Fugate.

"I does. I reckins I is the easies' laffer they is anywheres."

"I'll say you is is."

"Laffin' is whut's 'sponsible fur me bein' yere in this town right now. Laffin' also is whut is got me all the pet names w'ich I goes by."

"All—how many is they?"

"Well, my reg'lar bapdismal name is Lonnie Lee. But down where I is lived at, up to now, I ain't hearin' it often. Sometimes they calls me Chawk and then ag'in sometimes w'en they's in a special hurry they jest calls me Hy."

"*Huh*—whar you hails frum they must suffer from cullur blineness. They ain't nuthin' 'bout you w'ich suggests chawkiness to me. You favors mo' a bottle of ink."

"Name ain't got nothin' to do wid my complexion. Chawk and Hy—them both is jest shortenin's. My full onshortened nickname is the Chawklate Hyena."

"Tha's understan'able—leas'wise, in a way 'tis," said the dramatist, interested in spite of himself by this marvel. "In a good strong light you does sort of put me in mind of a batch of chawklate that's been left too long in the hot pan an' got kind of scorched round the aidges. But whuffer they calls you the Hyena part of it?"

"Ain't you never heared tell 'bout the hyena? Seems lak he has the roughes' time of anybody they is in the whole caboodle. They knows whut mek the wildcat wild—that's been specified fully—an' they knows w'y the lion is the boss of the tall timber. But they ain't nobody knows whut 'tis

meks the hyena laff. He ain't so purty fur lookin'-at pupposes, they tell me, an' he lives off the leavin's of the rest of 'em—necks an' the tip of the wing is the best he gits, I jedges—an' he slinks round kind of hang-dawggish an' he ain't got no close frien's 'mongst man or beast. But he laffs. Yas, suh, all the time he's laffin' fit to split hisse'f wide open. Meks me laff to think 'bout him laffin'."

He did so, at length, and until his eyes and his nose ran.

The resident bided while the roaring of the alien's surf subsided to a gentled purling sound where the little sniffing ululations of his lesser mirth washed to and fro over his tonsils like ripples against a beach. It seemed inevitable that sooner or later this person would be swept away and sucked under by his private undertow. When finally the tide, so to speak, was out, Fugate jumped in, again so to speak, between two of the ebbing wavelets.

"Hole!" he urged. "Hole! You is liable to drownd yo'se'f some day in yore own pussonal juices! Git under corntrol, git ca'm . . . Tha's better. Now, how wuz it you sez you happen' to travel this way?"

"I jest natchelly laffed myse'f out of a home—tha's how. I got a half sister name of Luella May an' yere some weeks back she went over to Lynchburg to wuk in a tobacker stemmery. An' she fell into a argumint over there, an' one of them strange Lynchburg niggers got to wukkin' on her haid wid a hatchet. They tuck an' stitched her scalp back on so it wouldn't slip off on her an' then ships her home. But on the way back the train w'ich wuz fetchin' her teks a notion to run off the track an' she gits bunged up and peeled off in some fresh places. She's so glad to git back she's glad she went—she 'lows so herse'f soon ez they totes her into the house an' gits her baided down.

"But w'en I comes 'long a little later an' teks a look at her, wid her haid all tied up 'twell she looks lak a week's washin' an' one rovin' eye peepin' out frum onder all that there cotton batten, she's so dad-burn' comical lookin' that I jes goes out of one peal into another. I reckon you could 'a' heared me a mile off, laffin'. *Whee-e-e-e!* Oh that Luella May! I wisht you could 'a' seen her!

"Well, seems lak that urritated her; she's kind of danger-

some w'en she's urritated. She jest riz up out of that baid, bandages an' all, an' she tuk an' run me plum' off the place. Last thing I heard her yellin', ez I lit out down the road, she wuz sayin' ef I ever come back she aimed to lay me out cole—sayin' it lak she meant it, too.

"Luella May ain't a bit lak whut I is—seemin'ly she teks after the other half. She's a powerful hand to pack a gredge. So I jedges 'twon't be right healthy fur me to be havin' any mo' truck wid her 'twell she kind of cools out. So I hangs round town some an' late that night I slips back up to the house. I cracks the do' a little ways an' looks in wid care.

"She's settin' by the fire nursin' somethin' in her arms. She sees me peepin' in, an' ez she up an' straightens I sees that whut she's been settin' there fondlin' is a flatiron. I dodges as it hits the do' jamb not more'n a inch frum my nakid temples. So that's a sign to me that she ain't got over bein' peevisish yit. So I figgers that ef she ain't furgive me I better be hidin' plum' out of her sight 'twell she feels mo' lak so doin'. So I drifts over to Nawfawk an' ketches the boat. An' that's howcome I come to come on up yere . . . Say, after Nawfawk an' Roanoke this yere suttinly is a mouty funny lookin' town—*whee-e-e!* ain't she funny, though!"

Once more the visiting Virginian was out neck-deep in his ocean. To the fascinated Fugate it seemed that not only could he hear but almost could see the ground swells rising from where they had started in some bottomless reservoir of risibility far down below the Chocolate Hyena's larynx—almost could see them come surging up and up, dashing to spindrift against the coral reefs of his front teeth, and finally cascading, tumbling, spraying tumultuously from the harbor mouth of those widely parted jaws, to spend themselves upon the ether. Stepping a pace closer, the better to study this natural wonder, he found himself infected by that epidemic laugh. He now was laughing—who had thought that possibly he might never laugh again! Subconsciously he analyzed the thing even as he mingled his somewhat more restrained notes with those of the stranger. If the Chocolate Hyena could make him laugh in

his existing mood who in all the world was there that might resist the temptation?

At this, a great thought burst upon him—and hope, lately crushed to the frozen earth, rose up again. By the simple expedient of encasing the Chocolate Hyena's lower face in both his gloved hands he abated the latter's outflow to a muffled gargling.

"Come 'long wid me a minute, ole Chawklate," he said. "Le's git in somewhars out of this chillin' breeze. I got a lil' bizness to speak wid you 'bout."

He led the way into a public entry abutting upon the street alongside the Idlewild Chile Parlors. The Chocolate Hyena obediently followed him.

"Now lissen," he bade him, "an' foller me clos't. It looks lak they mout be a small piece of money in this fur you."

The Chocolate Hyena shrank slightly away from him. For the first time since their meeting his countenance sobered.

"Jest ez much oblige' to you," he said uneasily, "but—but I wuzn't figgerin' on seekin' no job of labor 'twell I'd done look' this town over."

"This don't call fur no labor," said Fugate; "this only jest calls fur laffin'. You laffs fur nuthin'—how'd you lak to try laffin' fur pay onc't?"

The other's mobile face rebrightened.

"Don't tek money to mek me laff—I does it ez a freewill offerin'."

"I done found that out widout yore tellin' me so. Ef laffs wuz a dime a dozen you'd have the intire Rockinfeller fambly wukkin' fur you. You must have funny bones all over you, same ez a shad fish has 'em. All the same, though, ef they wuz, say, 'bout two dollars in it fur you I reckon' 'twouldn't cripple you down none in yore powers, would it? Wait!" By swiftness of speech he thwarted an evident impending outburst of delight. "Wait till I splains the layout to you. You see, I got a coupler clients——"

"Clients! You must be a lawyer, then?" The Chocolate Hyena regarded him with enhanced respect.

"No, I thought right serious one time of tekkin' up lawin'

fur a trade but someways I never went th'ough wid it. I is whut they calls a author."

"Arthur who?"

"'Tain't a name, it's a bizness. I is a dramatizer—I writes fur the stage. An' so——"

"Then whut you doin' wid clients?"

These interruptions, when his project hung in the balance, were annoying.

"Does you know whut a client is?" he demanded, somewhat sharply.

"Suttinly I does." The shabby one smiled so engulflingly that only the ivory barriers saved his face from falling in. "Client is a cotehouse name fur a nigger that's fixin' to go to the pen'tentiary. Speakin' of cotehouses, I 'members one time, down Roanoke, the w'ite folks had two nigger boys, both of 'em frien's of mine, up fur murder or somethin' an' right in the middle of the trial—I like to died laffin'—right in the middle of it they"—a preliminary convulsion strangled him—"they—*whee!*—they——"

"Nummine," commanded the playwright, cutting in abruptly. "Them pleasin' remerniscences of yore happy chilehood kin wait. This is mo' impo'tant. These two clients of mine—w'ich you mout also call 'em customers—is two black-face comedians. An' I jest is been writin' 'em a patter ack fur a show, git me? They is due at my private offices this evenin' at fo' o'clock fur to hear me read it off to 'em. An' after that if ever'thing goes well an' they is satisfied wid the way it's went, they pays me cash down on the spot.

"Now, yere's where you comes into the propersition. You'll be loafin' round the premises wid a broom or somethin' in yore hand, same ez ef I'd hired you to sweep out the place. Mebbe I mentions you, sort of casual, ez my new cleanin'-up boy. But you ain't sayin' nuthin' yo'se'f. You jest backs up ag'inst the wall an' lissens w'ile I starts in readin'. An' 'en, jest ez soon ez you hears anythin' read w'ich it strikes you ez bein' laffable you start laffin' an' you keeps right on laffin' till you is plum' exhaustified. I ain't keerin' how much you laffs nur how long you laffs. 'Cause I don't keer how cole they is at the

beginnin', they is bound sooner or later to ketch the laffin' disease frum you. I knows they will, frum my own case. An' once't they gits to laffin' good they is my middlin' meat."

"An' jest fur that I gits two dollars?"

"You has the right notion."

"Mister, you done hired yo'se'f a field hand. Seem lak to me, though, I oughter be the one w'ich does the payin'."

"You'll kinely let me decide that part. Ef I chooses to be gen'rous to you wid my own money, tha's my lookout. Lemme give you a idee of how the piece is wukked up, so's you'll be purpared to do yore sheer. These yere two comedians, they come out on the stage, one comin' frum that side an' the other comin' frum this side—see?—an' they meets up together in the middle. An' jest then one of 'em steps on his own foot—he's wearin' a big shoe wid a longlimber toe to it—an' he meks out lak he thinks it's somebody else w'ich has trodden on him an' he tries to step back an' gits his foot loose frum under. But he trips on his own laigs an' falls down——"

Again, expeditiously, by his former device of using his hands for a gag, he checked the threatened volley.

"Hole on," he begged, "hole on! You ain't come to the real comical part yit."

"Don't tell me that, man!" sputtered the Chocolate Hyena. "This yere show done started to git funny already. Fool nigger standin' on his own feets an' not knowin' it—*whee!*" Admiration shone in his look and his voice. "An' you thought that there ketch up yo'se'f? Man, you must be a natchel-born burlizer!"

"Well, I ain't denyin' but whut I has my gifts."

The wholesome flattery was as salve and balm to the artist's bruised sensibilities. He felt himself warming inside. Maybe that opus of his was better than he lately had deemed it. Certainly, with the complicity of this hired claquer to make it compelling, it must ring a winning chime in the ears of his patrons. It was just bound to. Still, a further test might now be worth trying—a sort of rough rehearsal before the main performance. Seeking material for experimentation he swiftly conned in his mind the more outstanding passages of his whimsicality.

"Heed me, pal," he said; "see how this yere gag hits you; they's plenty mo' jest ez good ez it is. They is confabbin' along together an' one of 'em says to the other he's a hopeless case, an' the other one comes right back at him an' says to the fust one: 'I bet you five dollars you don't know yo'se'f whut is a hopeless case.' So they both puts up the money an' the fust one he says: 'Now then, sence you knows so much, tell me whut is a hopeless case?' An' the other one says, 'A hopeless case is twenty-fo' empty bottles.'"

Happily stricken in all his members, the Chocolate Hyena slanted up against a side wall of the hallway. He beat his two hands together violently and the clamor of his whooping, with its echoes and its reverberations, filled all the upper wards and chambers of that tall building. To joy he now utterly abandoned himself—but a door behind them down the corridor was jerked open and an indignant brown face thrust itself out.

"Say, man," the resident shouted, "they's another lady sick in baid on the top story of this house, five flo's up. Better git on out of yere wid that crazy yellin', 'fo' somebody come down frum upstairs an' skins yo' haid."

"Skin my haid, woman!" the Chocolate Hyena managed to get out between paroxysms. "Skin my haid, but lemme git my laff out fust—tha's all I asts you! Twenty-fo' empty bottles is a hopeless case—I'll say 'tis!"

The housekeeper came out from her room and as she came a growing smile chased her frowns up over her forehead.

"Whut's the joke betwixt you two, anyways?" she asked expectantly. "Ef it's so funny ez all that I craves to tek a hand in the merrimint my ownse'f."

The hour was four forty-five. The author's reading just now was concluded. Delay in bringing it to a close was due to the boisterous conduct of a rather ravelly young man who had been presented to the callers as the new office boy. This person had broken in with joyous uproar each time a point was scored. His interruptions were, in their nature, cumulative; they grew in scope and length and strength. But he attained an incredible and deafening

climax when the reader came to the concluding page wherein—but perhaps it would be better to quote the bantering word-play in its entirety:

PURDUE—I hears you has been traveln abrode lately
where in special has you been tourn at

MINGLE—oh Eurupp asia affica Hoboken all them forn
places everywheres

PURDUE—I persume you visited the leadn forn cities
then such as Londen rome and gay Paree

MINGLE—yes sir Rome and utica and Albany all of them
I was at

PURDUE—I persume you touched Florence whilst in
Eurupp

MINGLE—no but I got two dollars off of Lizzie (*wait for
laugh*) speakn of gals does you know why old
maids always likes to go to church

PURDUE—why does old maids always like to go to church

MINGLE—on acct of the hymns (hims) say I want to
ast you somethin else why does you always
find water in a watermeln

PURDUE—well friend why does we always find water in a
watermeln

MINGLE—because they plant the seed in the spring

At this point the strange youth altogether had collapsed. He lay now in a corner, a limp helpless heap which quivered and gave off weak broken sounds in which the words “water-melon” and “spring” might occasionally be distinguished.

To this refrain the author concluded his recital. He lifted an anxious face from the manuscript, studying the faces of the prospective purchasers. Mingle, who was squatty and coal-black, patted his own heaving sides and opened his mouth to speak. But his associate, who was slim and long and of the color rather of burnt cane syrup, checked him with a look and a gesture.

“Wait!” he said. “Seems lak to me I is the bizness manager of this team. W’en the tawk is financial I tawks it.” He turned to the dramatist. His expression afforded no clue to his feelings. “Us two—my partner an’ me—we withdraws to that there hall yonder fur a confrince.”

Outside, with the door closed, Mingle spoke up promptly:

"Say, Earlie, whut's the use of any confrince? I's satisfied." He grinned extensively. "Us two suttinly is goin clean up big wid that air ack."

"Us two? *Huh*, you better say 'us three.'"

"How come you nominates three?" asked the puzzled Mingle. "He don't git no cut-in on the wages we draws down, does he?"

"Who you tawkin' 'bout?"

"This yere Conkey Fugate, of co'se. Wuzn't the agree-mint wuz that he do the job fur cash?"

"Who say he don't?"

"Well, tha's whut I thought you meant. Anyways, he done deliver' the goods—I'll say that much fur him, even if he is my fur distant kinfolks. Look how well them fumdiddles of his'n went over wid all three of us in there an' him jest readin' 'em along sing-songy at that! But jest you wait till I wrops my pair of comical lips round 'em—jest wait, tha's all I asts you—an' then's the time w'en you'll see me knockin' 'em out of they seats."

"Spoke lak a low comedian, w'ich I reckins that's the lowest thing they is in this world, 'scusin' it's mine-worms." There was profound contempt in the towering Purdue's tone. "I gits to wonderin' sometimes where all you low comedians would be, ef anywheres, widout us straight men to purtect you frum yore own ign'ance. Now, that there ack—it's lousy—tha's whut 'tis!"

"W'y, man, didn't you laff at it? And didn't I laff? An' ez fur that there young stumpy nigger, didn't he mouty nigh bust hisse'f wide open?"

"Us all done so, jest lak you sez, brother. An' purty soon I'm goin' to tell you w'y us two laffed so hard. But fust I'm goin' tell you 'bout that ack. I repeats, it's p-e-r-lum lousy. I only wishes it wuz lousier 'en whut 'tis—'cept that ain't possible. I only wishes I could dig up some bummer gags somewheres to stick 'em into it."

"But you p'intedly specify jest a minute ago that they wuz three of us w'ich would——"

"So I done so, an' stands by it. But I ain't meanin' that there skinny li'l' con man wid the cole frames over his face.

I is speakin' of that there countrified nigger wid the broom."

"Who—him? Whut's he got to do wid it?"

"He's got ever'thing they is to do wid it—that's merely all. You thinks you laffed at them bum gags. Huh! Reason I laffed was 'cause that there nigger boy laffed in sich a way he med me laff—my ribs is still sore. An' tha's also the reason w'y you laffed, only you ain't got gumption enough to see it . . . You tek it frum me, Mingle, he's goin' to be in this yere team, or else they ain't goin' be no team."

"But—but——"

"You is wastin' yore buts," said the masterful Purdue. "Save 'em up fur some time w'en you mout need 'em. Now hark yere to me and try to onduce whut passes wid you fur a brain to receive whut I'm 'bout to cornfur. We got the promise of two try-out pufformences next Monday over yere at the Orpheus Cullid Vaudyville Theater—ain't we? Well, yere's the way it's goin' be: Fur the matinée jest the two of us alone goes on an' speaks them lines jest lak they has been wrote for us—an' you goin' see us both die the deaths of a dawg. Tha's whut goin' happen—at the matinée. But fur the night show, jest as we steps on, that there li'l' sawed-off laffin' nigger is goin' come ramblin' out from the wings dressed up in a set of overhalls lak he wuz one of the stage hands or somethin', an he's goin' ramble hisse'f up ag'inst one of the torminters and start lissenin' at the stuff we pulls. Ef he kin furgit they's a lot of people out front lookin' at him, an' ef he kin laff lak he laffed jest now, you goin' see a houseful of cullid audience go plum' crazy. An' w'en it comes to laffin', w'ite folks ain't no diff'ent from cullid ef you gives 'em the right kind of a excuse—you'll find that out w'en I gits you signed up wid me on the Big Time.

"Fur I'm tellin' you that jest so long ez that li'l' nigger kin keep on laffin' at them cheesy gags—laff honest an' lak he means it, I means—an', ef I'm any jedge, he alluz will—w'y, jest fur so long us is goin' to mop up wid the best black-face novelty ack they is in vaudyville . . . Come on back yere wid me an' keep yore mouth clamped shut an' watch me close, 'cause I'm goin' to show you now whut a intelleck is wu'th to a man w'ich has one."

Majestically he stalked into the room, his dumb and dumfounded follower reëntering behind him. Ignoring, for the moment, the nervous Fugate, he addressed himself to the lumpy stranger, who still gurgled rhythmically.

"Pull yo'se'f together, son, an' look me in the eye," commanded the sagacious Purdue. "Now tell me—how much did this yere so call' scribe pay you fur this evenin's job?"

The reviving Chocolate Hyena was honest. Or possibly he was guileless.

"Two dollars," he answered frankly, "but I ain't got it yit. But I ain't worryin' none ef I don't never git it. I claims I done had the full values of my money—*whee-e-e-e!*"

"Don't fret—you'll git it. Now then, I got somethin' else to ast you—does you crave reg'lar wuk wid me?"

"W'ich?" The Chocolate Hyena's eye rolled toward the door as though he meditated flight.

"I sez how's you lak to have a job—a stiddy job?"

If he flinched from the noun, literally he quivered at the speaking of the adjective. "Not ef I kin git anythin' else to do," he said.

"Mebbe I has stated it wrong. This yere job don't call fur yore puttin' any strain on yore pusspiration pores. All whut you got do frum now is jest laff twice't a day, twenty minutes on a stretch."

"My blessed Maker!" whooped the stranger. He scrambled to his feet. "You folks in this town sho is got a cu'ious idee of whut is wuk. Lead me to it, mister, lead me to it!"

"They's plenty time. Look yere." From a slender packet of bills the straight man peeled the outer wrapper. "Yere's five dollars to bine the bargain ontwell we kin git the papers drawed up, puttin' you under my sclusive corntrol an' management. Don't pester none 'bout this yere bank roll bein' kind of slimsy lookin' at the present," he went on, misinterpreting the meaning in the youth's kindling eye; "they'll shortly be plenty mo' fur you where this comes frum."

"Boss man," stated the Chocolate Hyena earnestly, "you an' me is done tied up fur the life everlastin'."

"Tha's the language! Foller after me, an' all whut you'll

wear is jewelry an' silk underclothes." He delivered it as a prophecy; then swung about and faced the stricken and apprehensive dramatist.

"Brashness," he said, "this is prob'ly the first case on rec-cord where a pusson obtained money under false pretenses, an' yit earned it. Yere's yore hund'ed. Now, hand this yere new boy of mine them two bucks w'ich you promised it to him fur heppin' 'long yore li'l' bunco game an' then you keep the lef'-over ninety-eight wid my blessin's . . . Now tha's done. Come on yere wid me, Mingle. Come on yere, too, you whut-ever-yore-name-is. Us is bound to the nighest cullid lawyer's office to git the teamin' papers drawed up. Fugate, I wishes you well, but cornfidential, I fears the wu'st. Sooner er later the police force is goin' overtake yore ambitions!"

Now, every sweet dish must have its dreggy sourness, and as the poet in slightly different language has put it, there is no rose but has its thorn. The enormous success instantaneously scored and still being scored by the comedy trio of Purdue, Mingle & Company is known and reverently is spoken of wherever high class vaudeville is played—Eastern Circuit, Western Wheel, Southern Territory. Yet this success has its other sides.

Take, for example, the case of J. Earl Purdue. Here is one who knows exactly what it is that makes the tired business man still more tired. His associate, Happy Rastus Mingle, lives up to the name. He is happy as the two-a-day is long. He is well content with his repute, his gold-filled front teeth, his ornate wardrobe, his diamonds, his salary, his touring car, his place in the billing. But Purdue, that canny executive, has his hours of distress. In the midst of his prosperity, at the very pinnacle of his prominence, he is possessed by horrid fears which come unbidden to harass him. He cannot but dwell on the dread possibilities that one of these days the Chocolate Hyena may fall ill, or may lose his voice, or—most dire contingency of all—may lose his zest for the ancient wheezes at which each afternoon and again each evening he almost laughs his head off.

Or, take the Chocolate Hyena. Affluent and famous though he be, and each week enriched anew beyond his

wildest dreams of wealth, his lot nevertheless has its sorrows. Practically, he is in close confinement. He is under heavy bonds that never, in his hours of leisure, shall he frequent any place of public amusement—the thoughtful Purdue long ago attended to that detail—and he, who so dearly loves to laugh, is denied the opportunity ever of seeing or hearing any act whatsoever other than the act of which he is the prop and the backbone. When not actually before the footlights, his dressing room is his prison place; he's a bird in a gilded cage. And finally and most distressful of all, take Roscoe C. Fugate. That morbid misanthrope walks the highways of Harlem's Little Africa repeating to such as will harken to him a lament which does not vary, save that it grows more passionately bitter with each telling:

"Who wuz it wrote them boys the best ack they is or ever has been in refine' vaudyville—w'ich don't it stand proven ez the best one 'cause in all the goin'-on fo' yeahs they been usin' it, they ain't been nary line changed in it? 'Twuz me! Who wuz it dug up that there Chawklate Hyena w'en he didn't have a cent to his back an' they wuz tossin' him out of cheap restaraws all up an' down One Hund'ed an' Thirty-fifth Street? Me, tha's who! Who wuz it seen the possibilities in him an' brang em all three together right there in my own pussonal offices? Me ag'in! An' now they is drawin' down six hund'ed an' fifty a week an' they next contract's goin' to call fur seven hund'ed flat. But is I gittin' my nourishin' li'l' weekly commission out of it? Does a pleasin' piece of royalties come floatin' my way ever' Monday? Naw, suzz, it do not!

"They tekken advantage of my pressin' necessities—they bought me out fur one measly li'l' hund'ed bones w'ich the bigges' part of it went to pay fur the sorriest lot of furnishin's junk ever you seen. Tha's the way it goes, though, in this world—them w'ich is up they tromples an' stomps on them w'ich is down. Seems, sometimes, lak 'tain't no use tryin'. Seems lak once't in a w'ile one of them boys would of slipped me a li'l' somethin' fur gratitude an' ole times' sake. But no!"

At times the depression of Roscoe C. Fugate borders on actual melancholia.

Intensely, they want of a very high order.

THE SAMOVAR¹

(A Little Tale, in the Russian Manner, without Psychology)

By JOHN CURNOS

(From *The Dial*)

I

IVAN PETROFF'S custom, since becoming a widower, was to leave the lumber-yard, of which he was the owner, precisely at four o'clock each day and to wend his way home, where a hot samovar awaited him with a punctuality not less exact. A samovar, as every good Russian knows, is, if a comfort, not the same thing as a wife, even though it take turns at being hot and cold, at humming a song and keeping silent, at shining brightly on gala days—reflecting gladness—and being dully irresponsible on others. Nevertheless, since his wife's death, Petroff—or Ivan Step-anitch, as he was familiarly called—resisted the importunities of matchmakers: one might as well have asked him to have another samovar in the place of the one he had. Petroff had chosen that samovar with great care, just as he had chosen his lamented wife with great care. The one he saw in a shop window—the samovar, of course—the other behind a shop counter: nothing strange, to be sure, in either fact. How often he had passed that window and paused to look at the samovar. There was something about it that struck his fancy, just as later there was something about the woman he had married struck his fancy. It was not shaped quite like other samovars; or rather, this particular samovar had a shape, others hadn't. Other samovars had a straight up and down effect, without any curves or deviations in the body to make the thing interesting and piquant to the eye; this samovar curved in at the middle

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like a Greek urn or a finely shaped woman's waist. Though Petroff was far from being a *barin* (a noble) he somehow had an eye for these things: a fact which imparted a measure of confirmation to the report of his grandmother having been the illegitimate daughter of a *barin* in the neighbourhood. One day, after a long wooing of that samovar, unable any longer to resist the ever urging possessive instinct, he walked into the shop and at his request the young woman behind the counter went to the window and, lifting the desired object high with her both hands—a manoeuvre which set off the young woman's shapeliness—put it tenderly on the counter. The whole effect was of a woman lifting a baby under the arms; at least so it seemed to Ivan Petroff. She smilingly looked down on the samovar and waited for Petroff to speak.

"How much?" muttered Petroff.

The young woman named the price.

"Rather high, isn't it?" said Petroff.

"I've got some at half the price," replied the young woman, still smiling. "But, of course, they are not the same thing. Look at the shape . . . the sparkle too! One in a thousand . . ."

"Y-yes . . . I see . . ." murmured Petroff, not looking at all at the samovar. He was actually, in a half-dazed way, realizing the background. He somehow, as yet vaguely, grasped that she, in her tight-fitting black frock, set off the samovar; the thought that they were like two pieces of a set stunned him. Yes, one in a thousand!

"I'll t-take it," he said at last hesitatingly, and slowly pulled out his wallet.

"Name and address, please!"

"Oh! . . . Ivan . . ."

"Ivan . . ." repeated the young woman after him, writing at the same time.

"Deuce take it! How prettily she says it!" thought Petroff, while she, pencil in hand, patiently waited.

"Ivan . . ." she repeated, noting his absent look and wishing to give him his cue.

"That's right," he said, "Ivan . . . Ivan Ste-pa-nitch . . . I mean Stepanovitch."

"Ivan Stepanovitch," she repeated, and waited again.

"Pet-roff . . ."

"Ivan Stepanovitch Petroff . . ." she pronounced, gathering up all the fragments of his name, and added: "And what is your address?"

"Never mind!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I'll come back for it myself. But please give me a receipt."

Once in the street, Petroff drew out the receipt and read under the firm's name: "per Anna Svetloff." That was what he wanted the receipt for; he was afraid she would sign only her initials.

That was the worst about taking a fancy to a thing: in the end you wanted it. He now had his samovar. But how could he tell when he unwarily entered the shop that day that his small innocent fancy would breed a greater, an infinitely more difficult one of satisfaction, since merely to admire there was need of something more than the stopping before the shop-window; one had to go into the shop itself; moreover, one must go in to buy something. So Petroff began to frequent that shop on one pretext or another. The second time he went to the shop he bought a mouse-trap, though he already had three lying idle on the rummage-heap in the attic. On his third visit he bought a fishing-rod: goodness alone knew what he was going to fish for: all the fishing he's ever done has been in dreams. His next venture was a tin-opener. He went on buying these things, and as a result of his otherwise useless purchases had achieved the privilege of calling her familiarly, "Anna Pavlovna."

One day a strong impulse urged Petroff towards Anna Pavlovna. It was the same impulse, only ten thousand times stronger, that finally drove him to possess the samovar. Had it been one of those devilishly clever Frenchmen we hear of who had been thus in love, he would have asked the object of his affections out for a walk and deftly manoeuvred her towards a fashionable dressmaking establishment, where, pausing and allowing her eyes to fall on the nice feminine things in the shop-window, until her mouth had begun to water, he would have remarked with discreet casualness: "What do you say, dear to going in

and ordering a trousseau?" Then there is the case of the Spaniard, who put the question with equal effectiveness: "Shall you and I put our clothes in the same trunk and go on a long journey together?" Unfortunately our Ivan Petroff was not up to these clever French and Spanish tricks. He was a simple Russian, with honest if sometimes uncouth ways; nevertheless, with an eye, as it has already been observed, for the little niceties of life. He had not forgotten how nice she had looked behind the samovar, how one had set the other off, how much they seemed like two companion pieces of a set. Such was the picture she evoked, a picture which with the passing of days had grown tense and luminous, almost too large for the frame of his mind, which it threatened to split. So, having decided to speak to her, he approached her thus:

"Anna Pavlovna, you remember the samovar I bought of you?"

"Why shouldn't I remember it? It was such a nice one. I was quite sorry to part with it."

"That's just what I came to talk to you about. You needn't be parted from it. I came to ask you if you wouldn't come and pour tea for me? . . . I mean for always. . . ."

There was a silence. Petroff was afraid that she would say that she had already promised to pour tea for someone else. She looked serious for a while, then burst out laughing.

"What an original way you have of putting it, Ivan Stepanitch! Who could resist it? Of course, I'll come and pour tea for you. But tell me, Ivan Stepanitch, what did you buy a mouse-trap for . . . and a fishing-rod . . . and a bird-cage . . . and a monkey-wrench . . . and a tin-opener . . . and a . . . You didn't really want any of those things, did you?"

Petroff smiled assent shyly.

"Remember the day you bought the bird cage?" asked Anna Pavlovna, and he nodding in the affirmative, she went on: "You were going to say something to me that day, weren't you?" He again nodding in the affirmative, she continued: "Yes, I watched you, Ivan Stepanitch. I

watched you, as you looked through the wires of the cage. You were looking at me. You said nothing. But your eyes gave you away. . . . You've got fine eyes, Ivan Stepanitch. . . . Come nearer, Ivan Stepanitch. . . ." And Ivan Stepanovitch drawing nearer, she impulsively seized his head between her hands, and kissed his eyes. "Don't you try," she said, laughing, "to fool a woman so long as you have those eyes. Of course, I'll come and pour tea for you!"

And so Ivan Stepanovitch took her home to pour tea for him. For a full year Anna Pavlovna poured tea for her Ivan. Then, one day she fell ill, and for days lay in a delirium, with intervals of calm. During one of these the nurse, all in white, poured out a cup of tea for her patient: for the samovar, on the insistent demands of the patient, was now in the sick-room. Anna Pavlovna watched the nurse pouring out tea, and imagined that the white figure was Death.

"No, no!" she cried, as the white figure approached her with a cup of tea. "Take it away! Don't make me drink it! I don't want to die! No, no—not just yet!"

II

Ivan Petroff's custom since becoming a widower—so our story began, you will remember—was to leave the lumberyard, of which he was the owner, precisely at four o'clock each day, when he would wend his way home, where a hot samovar awaited him. Neighbours, on seeing him pass by, regulated their clocks by him (as the saying goes) so punctual were his goings and comings. Punctuality is not natural to a Russian, but Petroff was punctual. It is not to be wondered at, then, that he was regarded as a queer sort. Not that Petroff was business-like. Far from it. His punctuality was rather the result of apathy, become mechanical. He had been like that since his wife died. That had happened a year ago.

A samovar has much to answer for in Russian life. If it were not for samovars there might not be any Russian

novels. This particular samovar had much to answer for in Petroff's life. The first day that he was unfaithful to it was the day that began Petroff's second adventure.

On leaving the lumber-yard that day, Ivan Petroff walked as usual as far as the church, where the road forked into two. As usual, he took off his hat and crossed himself. Then he did something unusual. Instead of taking the road to the right, as was his habit of over a year, he turned into the road to the left. An instant before he had no idea of turning to the left. He had no idea why he had turned into the road to the left. It was as if a magnet which had formerly drawn him to the right had now changed its position in the road to the left. Petroff himself had hardly realized what he had done until he felt a slap on his back and heard a familiar voice say:

"And what brings you this way, Ivan Stepanitch?"

Ivan Petroff looked at his questioner in a confused way and stammered:

". . . I? . . . I? I'm just taking a walk. . . ."

Petroff blushed. He could not lie gracefully. All the same, if he had wished to tell the truth, he could not have said just what took him that way and not the other way. But he felt a strong consciousness of unfaithfulness, a desire to get away from his own beloved samovar, which never ceased to remind him of the dear one, who daily, for a whole year, had poured him tea out of it.

At the next turn of the road was the inn, and thither he guiltily directed his footsteps, as in the old days, before he had married Anna Pavlovna.

He paid but slight attention to the sleigh at the door, and to the woman getting out of it, all wrapped in furs.

"Well, well, you haven't honoured us with your company for a long while," said the proprietor, greeting his former patron heartily.

"A *samovarchik* (a little samovar) please!" said Petroff with an embarrassed air, "and how are you, Pavel Timofeyevitch?"

A little samovar was brought, containing a mere fifteen tumblers, a small matter for a Russian, and our Ivan Petroff, removing his fur overcoat and his high fur cap,

and undoing his caftan, sat down before the tea urn. Before pouring out the tea he gulped down a small vodka as a kind of appetizer.

In the Russian manner he put a small lump of sugar in his mouth and sipped the tea through it. He was drinking his third tumbler, when a woman, the same he had casually noted getting out of the sleigh, entered the inn. She surveyed the room, for an instant fixed Petroff with her eyes, and sat down at a table across the room, facing him. Apparently, she was staying there, for she did not have her furs with her. She also ordered a small samovar.

All of a sudden Petroff felt strongly conscious of the woman's presence, and on raising his eyes found hers fixed on his. And helplessly he felt his soul wrenched from his body with a kind of violence, drawn by the unfathomable power of those eyes. Then, she relinquished his soul and allowed it to drift back, now hers.

There was something about that woman which reminded him, indefinitely at first, of his lamented wife. There was, indeed, some similarity in their features, but the stranger's eyes were larger, more widely parted, and had a sense of knowledge and worldliness which the other's did not possess, and this was an added attraction. At all events, the superficial resemblance was in itself sufficiently startling to cause a flutter, and more than a flutter, in Ivan's heart, as his eyes, involuntarily, continued to drift in her direction, always to find her eyes responding with an intimate wonderment, as if to say: "I surely have seen you somewhere before? But whether I have seen you or not does not matter. I know you!"

In short, they were all-knowing eyes, and he felt them sounding him to the innermost depths of his being. Intent as that look was, it was not a stare, for there was no hardness in it; indeed, it had all the tremulous modulation of pliant violin music stealing into one's heart without one knowing how. An inner fluid warmth, such as he had not remembered since his first courting of Anna, and surely not to be ascribed to tea, was stealing through Petroff and flooding him. It began to radiate from his moistened eyes and to wander in vapoury, lit-up clouds, which seemed to interpose

themselves between him and the woman, so that he saw her as through a filmy mist. Such havoc can a woman play with a man's soul!

Stranger still, Petroff felt that the woman was undergoing a not unsimilar emotion. More than once, prodded by an inexplicable impulse, he was on the point of rising and asking her to join him at his samovar, but Petroff was a very shy man, and he could not screw up his courage to commit a possible effrontery to the unknown woman for whom, at first sight, he had contracted so tender a regard.

After two hours, poor Petroff paid the waiter and reluctantly took his departure. He felt the woman's eyes follow him until he had passed through the door, and immediately formed a mental resolution:

"I shall be here tomorrow at the same time . . . Deuce take it, I wish I had spoken to her!"

It would be as hard to say why Petroff made this sudden resolution as it would be to say what drew him here in the first place. Such was Petroff, such things happened to Petroff. Why inquire further?

At all events, on arriving home, he astonished the already wondering maid, Marusya, by instructing her not to prepare the samovar the next day, so that poor Marusya crossed herself and muttered:

"What's come over master? I hope nothing ill. The Saints preserve him!"

Petroff lay wide awake that night, and a woman's eyes, grey as a sunless sea, long eyelashes flickering, looked at him and beckoned out of the darkness, it was hard to tell whether to paradise or perdition.

Willingly, it is true, yet helplessly, Petroff at the same hour the next day wended his way towards the inn. He felt sure she would be there, yet feared that she might not. There was no one in the room. He took the seat he had occupied the previous day, ordered a samovar, and waited, waited. . . . At last he heard the sound of a woman's voice, and knew at once it was hers. Palpitating instants became transformed in his heart into hammer-beats. That voice, indeed, though he had not heard it before, matched those eyes well. She was ordering a samovar. She glided into

the room with a feline motion, and the brown fur of her long overcoat undulated to the rhythm of her body, and might have been integrally a part of her. She sat down in her former seat, and Petroff sat still and rigid in his, a serpent charmed. It was the same as yesterday, and Petroff could not screw up his courage to rise and speak. This time, having consulted her watch, she was the first to rise from the table, and departing, left Petroff a prey to the most agitated emotions.

For three days this little comedy was enacted, and on the fourth Petroff made up his mind to speak, come what will. After the sixth tumbler of tea, Petroff began to curse himself. The charming unknown did not come.

"I've missed my chance, the deuce take it!" he muttered to himself. "That's what comes of being a ninny and putting things off!"

At six o'clock he rose, and with a crest-fallen air walked out of the room, feeling like a whipped hungry dog, his tail between his legs.

"Perhaps tomorrow!" he murmured half-hopefully. Listlessly he arrived at his own door. Having deposited his hat and coat in the ante-room, he entered the dining-room. He found it lit up and the table set for dinner. He flung himself down on the sofa and gazed towards the table. A singular fact, which had at first escaped his notice, now, quite suddenly, impressed itself upon his consciousness, as he scratched his head in astonishment. The table was set for two! He sat up and looked again. There was no mistake. The table was set for two!

He had not remembered having asked any one to dinner. Indeed, he had not asked any one to dinner since his wife had died.

What was the meaning of this? Petroff sat up and rubbed his eyes. A mood of enchantment held him and prevented him from calling Marusya. There was a temptation to discover the meaning of the illusion, if illusion it was, for himself. A thought slowly struggled in his simple brain, a sluggish, yet a wild thought. . . . But that was impossible . . . simply impossible. He was a fool and a simpleton to entertain such a thought. . . . His blood began

to tingle through his veins hotly; afterwards, from head to foot, he trembled with the ague. He wondered: was he ill, was a fever setting in, or had the woman cast an evil spell upon him? And he remembered that he hadn't slept three nights. He had better have Marusya call a doctor. What was the good of a doctor? They were no remedy against a woman's eyes. There they were, even at that instant, between the half-parted draperies in the doorway, looking at him, penetrating him to the bottom of his soul.

She was real as life, and it was the first time that he had seen her hatless, showing a wealth of brown hair, rich with gold-tinged high lights. It was wound round her head in large, tight, snaky coils and under her broad high-arched brows her grave, long-lashed eyes were lapsing into a smile. She appeared to hold the draperies together with an invisible hand, and only her head showed through the opening.

Petroff sat transfixed, unable to move or say a word. He feared that if he stirred the vision would vanish.

The smile between the draperies broadened. Then the invisible hand flung aside the draperies, and the figure ran forward and dropped on its knees before Petroff.

"Here am I, Ivan Stepanitch. You wanted me, and I have come!"

Petroff said nothing. He was dazed and under a spell.

"You did want me, did you not?" she went on, as her hand sought his knee and rested quietly there.

"Yes . . ." replied Petroff, galvanized into life by that touch. "But how do you know my name? Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"Don't ask questions, Ivan Stepanitch. But if you'd like to know, a little bird told me. As for my name, call me Maria Feodorovna. Aren't you glad I have come?" Petroff shyly put his hands on her shoulders.

"I'm real enough," laughed Maria Feodorovna.

"I am not dreaming? . . ."

"You may kiss me when you wake up. . . . Then we'll have some dinner. I am frightfully hungry. I've asked Marusya to cook something especially nice."

"I have not slept three nights because of you," said Petroff, stroking her hair.

"And you are not going to sleep a fourth," laughed Maria Feodorovna. "Poor Ivan!"

"You don't mean that you are going to leave me," exclaimed Petroff, alarm in his voice.

"No, of course not, you stupid! What I meant was that I have come to stay. You do want me?"

In answer, he seized one of her hands and covered it with kisses.

III

Who was she? Where had she come from? What had been her past? Ivan never knew. Every time he questioned her, during their lovings, she simply laughed and replied:

"What does it matter, darling? You are happy, aren't you? People who are happy shouldn't ask questions. Just imagine I've dropped down from heaven, and take your happiness. Did I ask questions when I first saw you? I didn't even ask you whether I might come or not. I liked you at first sight, and I knew that you liked me. That was enough. And so I just came. . . ."

But the male in him, jealous of her past history, was not satisfied, and he importuned her:

"But did you . . . I mean are you a widow? . . . Are you . . ."

She always stopped a question with a kiss and the remonstrance:

"Don't ask questions. Questions bring unhappiness . . . they are always the beginning of all trouble."

Three months they lived as man and wife, and were happy together. She turned a deaf ear to his repeated proposals of marriage. She placed all such proposals in the category of unnecessary questions.

"There you go again with your questions! Aren't we happy as we are? What do you want to marry me for? Besides . . ."

She always paused there, just as he felt he was on the eve of a revelation, which might furnish the key to the mystery of her. But having said, "Besides . . ." she

would scrutinize the eager, questioning face of her lover, and, after a pause, break into a tantalizing laugh.

"Never mind, Ivan. It doesn't matter so long as we are happy. . . . It doesn't really matter."

Under her caresses, Petroff would forget everything, to return afterwards to an intense preoccupation with that portentous "Besides." He felt sure that there was much behind that enigmatic word, and his mind was troubled. Had she run away from a husband? Was she not free to marry him? He was fiercely in love with Maria Feodorovna, and he thought that if she would only consent to marry him, he would secure her for ever. But there was always that "Besides"!

One evening a strange thing happened. It was winter. There was snow on the ground, but no frost, and the windows were clear. Maria Feodorovna had not drawn the curtains. She and Ivan sat before the samovar, and Maria was pouring out tea. The red-shaded lamp-light cast rich glints on the old curved copper of the samovar and found responsive echoes in the now coppery surfaces of Maria's face.

Maria sat with a preoccupied air, and her eyes were full of a mysterious apprehension, which communicated itself to Ivan. He noticed that her hand trembled when she handed him his glass of tea. He knew her to be subject to occult perceptions, which usually proved to be uncannily accurate. But never before had he seen her in such an intense state of repressed agitation.

It was then that the fearful thing happened. It happened so quickly, so suddenly, and so unaccountably. First there was the report of a revolver, instantaneously followed by a crash of window panes; something hard and sharp struck the samovar; a tiny jet of water and steam came pouring out of the wounded urn. Maria gave a scream. With quiet presence of mind, Ivan blew out the lamp and forced Maria down to the floor. He felt his way to the cupboard and extracted a revolver, which he kept loaded for any emergency. He then flung himself out of doors and caught sight of a moving shadow faint against the snow, which crunched under the prowler's furtive footfalls.

Petroff fired. The figure began to run. Once or twice it paused to aim a revolver. They kept up a running fire in the half dark. Once the unknown uttered an oath, as of pain, then ran out of the gate. Ivan gave up the pursuit.

He put up the shutters before re-entering the house. On lighting the lamp he found Maria Feodorovna sitting on the floor where he had left her. Her face was ashen pale, and fear had not left her eyes.

He told her what had happened. She quickly recovered her spirits, and restored Ivan's as well. That night she loved Ivan with redoubled ardour.

In the morning there was no sign of her. Only a strange note on her pillow to say that it was better that they should part on a high note of passion than that their love should degenerate into habitual caresses and grey domesticity. How could she say that when he loved her so!

In his garden, now covered with snow, he discovered a trail of blood, leading to the gateway and beyond. It was left by the prowler of the previous night's encounter.

Later in the day, in the village, men talked of a stranger who came to the district hospital, dripping with blood, wounded, and died there, and before death raved about a woman who had loved him for a space and left him.

Petroff listened, but said nothing. He went home, and locking the doors, went forth with a knapsack. In the inside pocket of his caftan was a revolver.

A. Petroff, St. Petersburg, 1884
tragic.

REINA¹

By THEODORE DREISER

(From *The Century Magazine*)

THE home from which she came was a makeshift affair at best, with a mother who was soft and placative and sentimental and with no least grasp of life, and a semi-neurotic father of Danish extraction who was little more than a left-over sprout of a decayed branch of a family tree that somewhere and at some time may have been something. Here (meaning a small town in our American Northwest) he was a locksmith, and from all accounts an erratic one. His one claim to distinction was that he was the second cousin of a celebrated Danish actress. He curled his mustachios upward, and donned a dress suit once or twice a year. He thought he could play the violin. He told vile stories and seemed to like to shock his own children. His daughters described him as a coward, a shirker, a man who browbeat his wife, where he was afraid of other men, and loafed while she made the living by keeping roomers. What would you expect from such a source?

First impressions are keenest. When I first saw her I thought she was a silly, and yet not quite. That little lavender hat pulled down over her bobbed tow-colored hair, bleached to that shade, of course, and the lavender throw that accompanied it seemed to suggest a keen sense of harmony, as did the very light gray suit reaching but an inch or two below the knees. She had a habit of standing as a boy will, legs far apart, head thrown back, and gray-blue eyes dancing with an irresistible zest for life. At least she was alive; very much so. And then the really funny stories, always vulgar, but laugh-provoking despite anything one might think, and leaving one wondering how she could have

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the effrontery to tell them so calmly. It seemed to imply disrespect and at times even a low estimate of oneself. And yet there was no least trace of pruriency in her stories; rather, it was a keen sense of the ridiculous which prompted her.

Rhoda, the elder sister, was a really beautiful girl, intelligent and very clever. Beautiful enough to be a figure of sorts in the movies, she was still sweet enough to retain the natural charms of temperament which were originally hers. She had not become hard and bold and pushing. She was of that disposition which craves the perpetuation of all home ties and connections, if possible. You are to remember that Rhoda had not seen Reina for nearly three years, herself having married and removed from her native city then. Since then Reina also had married.

For months before meeting her I had been hearing of the interesting, if not wonderful, Reina. She was young, pretty, bubbling with life, a good horseman. She was affectionate and sisterly, and was now married to a young managing lumberman. They had had a little home in some interior lumber district in Washington, but Reina, accustomed as she was to the metropolitan delights of Portland and Seattle, soon grew tired of this backwoods life and fled, riding on a caboose to a main-line station some forty miles away. The husband, seemingly unable to live without her, had thrown up his connection with the lumber business, which was earning him four thousand a year, and had followed her. Twice in a married life of not more than three years she had left him in this way because the conditions surrounding the thing he chanced to be doing were not to her taste. And in both instances he had dropped everything and followed her, hoping to induce her to come back to him. Spiritually, apparently, he needed her. After knowing her for some time and realizing what a fool she was in some ways and what a pest she might prove to some men in almost every way, and knowing him, too, as I did then, I could still see how he might like her and need her. She had life and energy and humor, at least, and probably represented those qualities to him. When things were going against them, though, she could be very dour, nasty, really.

When I met Sven, he was not more than twenty-five, good-looking and ambitious. He was tactful and approachable, but without the advantages of an education. His father, a Swedish farmer and dairyman, had not believed in giving his children even a common-school education. He did his best to handicap them in this respect, and in consequence Sven, who had run away from the farm at fifteen, used such English as he had heard spoken about him. Unless cautioned, he would use "done" for "did," "learned" for "taught," "seen" for "saw," and some other of those amusing Americanisms beloved of those who constitute the rank and file. Once he learned that he was using incorrect English, he preferred to remain silent or to imitate those who were speaking correctly, which is much more than can be said for Reina. Professionally, he was a good lumberman, with a good knowledge of woods and skilled in their preparation for the market. He was also an excellent garage man, having mastered the mysteries of the automobile and being able to manage a garage when necessary. He was the type of youth who was willing to do almost anything in order to get along.

But if Sven used bad grammar, Reina used worse. Mrs. Malaprop at her zenith wasn't a patch. "Say, ya know what I done yesterday? Gee, I wish ya coulda seen! I sure come near ballin' things up all right, all right. It was this way, see? Me an' Sven was walkin' along Seventh Street when who should come chasin' but—well, give a guess. Monty! Sure. The same old Monty. An' in a nobby coat, too. Gee, you oughta seen! That guy musta come into some money since I saw him last. An' it didn't make no difference to him that Sven an' me was married. He didn't get it, I guess. Ya can't learn that guy nothin'. Just grabbed me by the arm like he use to. 'Where ya goin'? Who's yer friend?' Then I introduced him, an' Sven lookin' at me an' him all the time like he could swalla us. Can ya feature that? An' me always tellin' Sven there wasn't nobody could get fresh with me! Well, I come pretty near cashin' in then, but I had to laugh afterwards. But I got away with it. 'Here,' I says, 'do ya wanta get hurt? This ain't school-days no more. Meet my husband, Sven, see?'

Then he savvies, an' gets awful' polite an' nice like. An' Sven he softens a little because I ring in that Monty's father has money an' that Monty might be lookin' fer sompin to invest in, an' in a little bit they gets to talkin'. But can ya feature that stuff? An' Sven as jealous as he is? Well, when Sven wasn't lookin', ya bet I give Monty one look. 'Watcha doin'? Where ya goin'?' Ya bet I got it over to him that he'd better can that stuff. Los Angeles ain't Seattle by a lot. But there fer a minute I thought there might be sompin' rough. I sure did. Ya know Sven when he gets hot. Gee! I sure was curled up there for a second or two. But he thinks Monty went to school with me; so it's all right now, see?"

That was typical of much that I listened to for months and months, and despite anything and everything done to make her see the error of her ways. Grammar was not to be impressed upon Reina, via correction, example, or a stick. She could sit in upon the most perfect English spoken by as many as seventeen masters of the art and of a sudden burst in with "Whoja think me an' Sven seen?" or "Sven an' me was thinkin'—" And her sister, who because of her beauty had been able to marry a Southerner of no little position and social training, although she had since left him and had managed to place herself in a more interesting walk of life, was made restless and unhappy by the sharp realization that since leaving home she had encountered conditions which had taught her much that her sister did not know.

But what a bubbling, enthusiastic temperament! It was easy to understand why a man, if he were not too well informed as to grammar himself, might become very much attached to her. She had the pertness and inquisitiveness of a collie or a crow. And she was famishing for want of pleasures and luxuries such as others possessed, but of which she had scarcely tasted as yet. Hence sister Rhoda's quaint little apartment in Hollywood, with its balconies, its flowers, its French windows, its Persian cat and chow dog, seemed to affect her as strong drink might affect a devotee of the demon rum. "Gee!"—her favorite expression. Everything was either "classy" or "swell" or "nobby" or, occasionally, "the cat's whiskers," or even—I blush to

repeat a tithe of all the amazing expressions she used—"the cat's pajamas." A reproduction of "The Pot of Basil" which ornamented one wall was "swell," but, "Gee! she's kinda long-legged, ain't she?" and "A dress like that wouldn't go now. She musta lived somewhere where they wore them things." The nude figure of a woman draped about one side of a glass fishbowl brought forth: "Didja ever see a goldfish bowl like that before? Classy, eh? But she ain't got so much of a figure. Ya can see better'n that at Pantages any day."

"The trouble is, Reina," I suggested, "the artist lacked a suitable model. He should have had a graceful girl like you."

"Well, he oughta come with me. I could show him some that would make him leave his mother."

That Rhoda resented this brash and brassy line of comment, even while it amused her, was obvious from the first. She had been talking so much of the interesting Reina, thinking of her as she had been a few years before, whereas Reina had never been all or any of the things she thought her. Then she had judged her with scarcely any standards for comparison, and by now she had come upon many standards that had entirely changed her. She scarcely knew what to think of Reina now, but she was still fond of her because of the blood tie and old memories. And she was greatly troubled lest I conceive all sorts of queer notions concerning her and her parents, which was only partly true.

One of the things that interested me from the first was why so sober and industrious a man as Sven should have become so interested in Reina as to want to marry her and follow her about in this way. He was practical and quiet, determined to get along and provide Reina with all she desired, while Reina had no least sense of order or responsibility. Before and for some time after marrying Sven she had been the boon companion of a girl named Bertha, who appears to have been a combination of meal-ticket and attendant. This girl possessed the double advantages of looks and charm for men, two qualities which Reina admired intensely in any woman. And I judged that Reina supplied the initiative and daring and inspired these same

in her companion. Bertha, the daughter of a well-to-do laundryman, could always get money from her parents, and a goodly portion of this Reina could get from her, as well as some little from her own mother. With these several sums at their command, and because the home town from which they derived was small, and Portland and Seattle and Tacoma were within easy striking distance, they were accustomed to race back and forth between these places, where relatives were supposed to reside. Why their parents should have permitted all this is more than I could understand. Careful questioning of Reina elicited the information that her mother thought that when they went to Seattle or Portland or Tacoma she stayed with Bertha's relatives, Bertha giving the same explanation to her own parents.

For something like a year and a half, which covered Reina's contact with Sven, Bertha and Reina were almost always together. They went about with men, but, according to Reina, and in so far as she was concerned, not to do wrong, but to get automobile rides, free dinners, trinkets, and entertainment generally. For Bertha she made no claims. Often they were placed in perilous positions from which it took the greatest tact and craft to extricate themselves. The perils of *Pauline* were as nothing. One of these perils arose from entering cars of youths who would proceed to drive off and make advances that they were not willing to accept. One night during a ride from Tacoma to Seattle in a taxi, a distance of thirty miles, they were attacked at a lonely point on the road by the chauffeur and a friend who had been brought along. The ruse by which they managed to escape would not bear publication, but the genuine perils of the situation would interest any one. Once out of the car, they ran through the darkness into the woods, where in the depths they were guided to a cottage by a lighted window. The chauffeur and his friend, in search of them, passed close to the place where they were crouching, but did not see them. The girls remained there until morning and then proceeded to Seattle.

Because of Bertha's generosity and worship of her, I think there was set up in Reina the thought that life was an easy game, or should be, and that somebody, somewhere,

would always provide her with all the comforts of existence as she conceived the same. Her affection for Sven, when he came upon the scene, interrupted and finally partly destroyed this friendship, but when things were not going to her taste, it was to Bertha and the old gay days that Reina was always returning or thinking of returning. And it was Bertha whom Sven disliked and feared most of all, I think.

But as a study in *dolce far niente*, when she was not about or planning some new mischief, Reina was all that the picture required. When left alone, she might sit for hours in a comfortable chair or before her sister's three-panel mirror, twiddling her thumbs or rearranging or clipping or tinting her hair, rouging her lips and cheeks, touching up her eyebrows and eyelids, and perfecting her facial toilet generally. Sometimes she would spend hours in trying on her sister's hats or dresses and looking at herself in a tall mirror and calling to some one to see. "Swell, eh?" or, "Classy, what?" She would lie abed of a morning, regardless of what any or all others might be doing, but by late afternoon or night she would be up and ready for some form of entertainment, to be provided by Rhoda, Sven, or me. And sometimes, though not often, she would help Rhoda prepare dinner if she could find no easy way of getting out of it, but always making herself more of a hindrance than a help, so as to warn against future requests.

As a rule, however, there were no dinners prepared here. The restaurants were more interesting to Reina, as they were to Rhoda, for that matter; but it was always Reina who would suggest a restaurant whether she had a dime or not. Dinner over, though at the time neither she nor Sven had any money for such things, he having come to this new city solely because she had broken up his connection elsewhere, she would still suggest the theater or a swimming-pool or a concert, apparently with never a thought that expense might be a factor. Somebody had to pay. And she would always do her best to heighten the entertainment and the expense, thus embarrassing Sven greatly, because he was unwilling to accept invitations unless he could at least pay for his share. But that had nothing to

do with Reina's calculations. She wanted to be entertained, and was prepared to blink the sources of the supply so long as the entertainment was forthcoming.

§ 2

All this by way of introduction. Once they were settled in Los Angeles,—and, by the way, Rhoda's charming apartment caused Reina instantler to become openly dissatisfied with anything Sven could offer, and he had very little to offer just then,—she made herself all but a permanent guest in her sister's home, with scarcely an invitation or a by-your-leave. But Rhoda being one who attached much to blood kinship, there was very little need of an invitation. Reina came, and was lovingly and generously treated always, which was a mistake, as I saw it. Despite the obvious lack of that perfection of beauty which made her sister acceptable to the moving-picture grandees about the various studios, Reina at once decided that she also was cut out for that work. Why not? Didn't men like her? Wasn't she as clever as any one? Of course. Rhoda was earning from two to three hundred a week when she worked; sometimes more. Why couldn't she, Reina, also tap this golden dribble? The only things that stood between her and her goal were the various difficulties which Rhoda in her time had met and conquered. She would have to begin at the bottom as an extra, and that at seven and a half a day, not forty and fifty, as Rhoda now received. She would have to get up as early as six or seven, and be at the studio, made up, not later than eight-thirty. She would have to provide her own clothes and make-up and show considerable interest in and enthusiasm for the work, all of which threw a heavy wet blanket over the original fires of her ambition.

For Reina was one for whom there is never any real constructive effort. She was a parasite by nature, and for that affliction there seems to be no cure. Her mind was not constructive; there was not a trace of anything in it which related to building anything for herself or others. Things happened; they were not brought about by the efforts of

any one. Luck was the great thing—luck and gifts. Never was it to be expected that one seek to make anything come to pass via the humdrum process of labor. All was to be sunshine, blue seas, waving awnings, ice-cream, balcony dinners, automobile rides, clothes in the newest mode, dancing, and cheerful friends. Anything less than this was an imposition on the part of either nature or man, but principally man. A man, if one is so gracious as to marry him, should provide all these things forthwith; otherwise he is a bonehead and worthless—solid ivory. If one has relatives of any means, they should do as much; otherwise, why relatives? Such relatives owe it to all their kith and kin, but more especially to the one holding the above views, to provide him or her with joy and plenty. Reina held such views and was just like this, albeit she could be most agreeable so long as things were provided in sufficient quantity and to her taste.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding these traits, the moment she expressed the thought that she would like to enter upon this work, her sister offered to take her about and introduce her to such directors and casting directors and assistants as she knew. And to any one really earnest to enter upon the work this would have been of the greatest help. However, apart from going with her on one or two mornings when she did not have to get up early, this proffer was neglected. She was instructed that she must be prepared to endure the slights and snubs and insults and rank overtures of nearly all connected with this great industry in any official capacity, from sixth assistant door-mat up. She was told that if they were really interested, they would attempt to ingratiate themselves by all sorts of unmeant promises; but Reina was not to listen. Two visits made in this manner, with one or two side ventures of her own, were sufficient to cure her of any ambition in that direction.

"Ya bet them guys ain't goin' to pull any of that raw stuff on me, makin' me wait around all day before they'll even letcha see anybody. An' I told 'em who I was, too, an' who sent me. Did that get me in? It did not. That little snit over at Elite Studio gate just looked at me an' wouldn't even take my name. Said Mr. — was busy. An' the

same with that smart Aleck over at Durham's. I never seen such freshies in all my life, anyhow." And then came a long and pyrotechnic picture of what she would do to any of them if they really "got fresh" with her. They needn't think that because they had some squeak connection with the movies they could put anything over on her. Far from it. Of course, now, if a man was a regular fella and conducted himself as such, coming up to a girl with respect and ingratiating himself maybe by an invitation to dinner or an automobile ride—well, if he looked all right, that might be different. Sometimes a guy like that might turn out to be all right. I often sat and laughed and egged her on, just to be permitted to enjoy this ebullience; for that was what it was, sheer animal spirits and a crazy kind of imagination and zest for life running wild.

But one thing she did decide upon, and that the most unreasonable, of course. Sven must get a place in Hollywood, where rents for small apartments, furnished, ranged from seventy-five for the poorest and smallest to two and three hundred and up for the better and more spacious ones. Sven, who, I gathered, had been rather hard-pressed by her vagaries in the past, was for taking a much smaller place downtown, where rents were less, and so shaping their lives to match his salary, which was then only forty a week or thereabout. He was working as night man in a garage until he could get something better. "You wanta remember, Reina," I heard him caution her within twenty-four hours after their arrival, "that we haven't any too much money now and we'll just have to go slow. We can't live in Hollywood on nothing." And so the place they were compelled to take was not to her taste. Why couldn't Sven do better? She had caught a glimpse of Hollywood now, and regardless of means an immediate way must be found to stay there or there would be few sweet smiles for him.

Sven not being able to do better at the time, and she being in no way concerned to add to the exchequer, she took out her pique in loafing about her sister's place in Hollywood, while the latter worked and worked hard. Nightly, while Reina slept, Sven cleaned and repaired cars and looked after the garage, which was never closed. This meant

that he had to sleep by day; but instead of arousing a proper sympathy for one so industrious, it seemed to irritate Reina because of what she considered either his dullness or his stubbornness. Why couldn't he get a day job, anyhow? What was the use of any man working at night when there was day work to be had somewhere? He needn't work in a garage; he understood other things. In vain did he point out that because of the low state of their finances he had to take what he could get at the moment. She did not like that. Time was the essence of her contract with him. He must hurry and do better by her. Debarred from such comfort as Rhoda enjoyed, she felt outraged. Besides, at night, just when they might go out for a little fun, Sven had to go to work. And in the morning, when she wanted to sleep late, in he came fresh from his work and awakened her. The fact that he was considerate enough to breakfast before he came home was nothing to the point. He chose to work at night instead of during the day, and for little enough at that. He should look about and get something that paid more. One thing he pointed out to Rhoda not long after they arrived was the fact that it was because of Reina that he had to take the work and small salary they were now living upon. She would not stay where he had been able to make big money not even long enough for him to get a real start and go into business for himself, which was his great hope.

The upshot of this was that Rhoda, sympathizing with Reina on the ground that she was young and hungry for life and had never really had anything, and yet sympathizing with Sven quite as much, was anxious to see them comfortable and hence was full of helpful suggestions. Reina ought to be more considerate of Sven. Sven ought to get day work if he could. It wasn't right to leave her all alone at night. To make things a little easier for them, she first gave Reina a hundred dollars or so for her own use, and then offered to lend Sven something to go on in case he would drop what he was doing and look for day work or to find an interest in some lumber concern, which same he was fully competent to manage. Also she suggested that he get better rooms, even if she had to make up the difference.

And if he found the right sort of company in which to invest, she would lend him the money to make the investment. When he got on his feet, he was to get a car, so that they could see something of the world in which they had injected themselves.

Sven, being the sort of youth he was, was all honest gratitude and anxious to make the most of this windfall. Forthwith he proceeded to spend most of his daytime sleeping hours in looking up one and another of the many advertised opportunities. Eventually he uncovered one in which, for the sum of one thousand cash invested and the sale of a certain number of shares that must be sold and the taking over of a number for himself, to be paid for piecemeal, he was to receive the title and assume the duties of secretary of the company. He was to have a polished oak desk, with his name on it, as well as his name on the door. Also a salary of sixty-five dollars, to begin at once. Rhoda approving when all this was duly laid before her, he proceeded to close the deal and to carry out the details of his part of the contract. Needless to say, Sven being cautious and careful and rather clever when it came to things of this sort, he was soon well along on the path toward a moderate competence. At once he began planning the construction of a number of small houses, to be sold for three thousand and net him or his company nearly one thousand. He and Rhoda were to make real money in the future. She would never regret having aided him. And I am sure that he meant all he said.

But I wish you might have seen Reina once these plans had passed the tentative stage and bid fair to come about, after Sven had actually assumed his duties as secretary and they had moved to three rooms farther out, where there were flowers and a lawn and a better view. The 'airs! The assurance and swelling superiority! Sven was now the secretary and part owner of a lumber company. And they were living in a three-room apartment with a balcony on the borders of Hollywood. And they had a small car, a second-hand one, but not bad-looking, for Sven was a judge of bargains in that field. But instead of interesting herself in Sven and what he was doing, she was most interested to

know what they could do now. At once they must motor to Santa Barbara, ditto to Big Bear, ditto to Riverside, ditto to San Francisco, ditto to Bakersfield. And wouldn't it be fine if they had a piano, or a new talking-machine, anyhow, and Rhoda would come and bring some of her friends, and they would dance, etc. Everything for Reina; very little for Sven. And yet I doubt if I ever saw a happier young man, for a while, anyhow. By Reina's own admission he was up early and back late, following closely the possibilities that were now before him. Within the space of a very few weeks he had been able to dispose of a large number of shares of stock. Also he was able to handle quite all the details of shipment and delivery, while others sold the lumber ordered from Northern firms. His one mistake, if it was a mistake, was his desire to clear off too quickly the cost price of the shares allotted him, so that by the next year he and Reina might have plenty to live on. His mistake, if any, was in thinking that Reina might be persuaded or prompted whole-heartedly to help him do this.

Most assuredly that dream was not well founded. I never saw a young wife do less for an ambitious husband and expect more. The garish moving-picture atmosphere of Hollywood, as well as the summery sweet-to-do-nothing mood of Los Angeles as a whole, seemed to get into her veins and make her absolutely intolerant of anything save idleness and pleasure. Her main interest was to parade the smart shops, near which she lived, or to linger at her sister's in Hollywood, where, when she was not meditating or planning outings or decorating her face before a mirror, she would sit at the piano and in an ultra and hence amusingly romantic voice give vent to exaggerations of the sentiment in "Dear Old Pal of Mine," "Old Pal, why don't you answer me?" "Avalon, Macushla," and such other romanticisms. And from here, with her sister and occasionally myself as pilots, and while her husband worked, she would joyously set forth to a swimming-pool, a horseback ride, a beach restaurant, or an automobile ride, without a thought of including her young husband, even resenting, by a gesture or a mouth, the mere mention of him, as though he were nothing at all in her young life. When taxed with

this, as well as her whole attitude toward Sven and marriage, she denied it. At first she denied being indifferent to him, and later charged him with being unnecessarily grouchy wherever she was concerned, too set on a humdrum existence. He wanted to work all the time and never play. Finally she admitted that she might be changing or that he had changed. He wasn't as light-hearted as he used to be. He seemed to think there was nothing in the world to do except work. He was stingy and didn't seem to think she needed to do anything but wait for him. When I pointed out that he seemed to be making a gallant fight for place, and under trying conditions, she paid a genuine tribute to his industry and rather blamed herself. She "guessed" she wasn't cut out for marriage, anyhow, that she just could not stand humdrum things. Sometimes she liked Sven very much, was even crazy about him; at other times she felt as though she hated him. He could be so nasty. Once they had quarreled, and he had threatened to strike her, or had struck her, and she had flung something at him and had cut his eye. Another time he had struck her after they had quarreled about her having gone to a place she had promised not to go to. Just now he wanted her to live just so until he got on his feet, and she didn't want to live that way.

§ 3

The pointlessness of the outsider mingling in the affectional affairs of those unhappily mated is too obvious to need comment here. I ventured no advice and made no pleas, and I was not greatly surprised when, one morning, Reina arrived at her sister's apartment with the announcement that she wasn't going to stay with that old "grouch" any longer. She would pawn her rings and return to Seattle, where her mother lived and where, in company with Bertha, she was certain to find something to do. Her underlying thought was, however, that Rhoda would not let her go. And she was right. Rhoda suggested that she come there for a few days, or go to a hotel and pretend that she had left for the North and see what Sven would

do. Reina was to write a letter and have it mailed in San Francisco, saying she was on her way North. A little money was given her to stay at a near-by hotel. In the meantime Sven had returned home and found a letter such as only Reina could write, a most amazing affair, concocted in Rhoda's presence, which told him that she had gone and would not return. She had taken all of her things. He need not bother Rhoda, for she was not going to Rhoda. But it seemed to me that Sven was much put upon and that Reina did not know what she wanted.

Nevertheless, Sven did bother Rhoda, and at once. He was in some ways a simple person and did not understand the woman he had married. Despite all her fantastic notions and her marked indifference to his well-being, he still cared for her—this silly, notional girl. It was enough to cause one to wag one's head in desperation.

Sven called that evening to see if Rhoda knew where Reina was. His hope, written in his eyes, was that she was there. In a straightforward way he proceeded to place before Rhoda the sum and substance of his wrongs. He loved Reina, and always had and always would, he thought, but she knew the state of his finances. She knew how hard he had tried before coming to Los Angeles and why he hadn't got along better than he had. Every time he was just getting a start somewhere Reina would get dissatisfied and leave him, and here was the same thing again. He was just getting a new start, and now she had left him again. The big thing now was to get his stock paid for, so that the interest it yielded should be paid him instead of being charged off against his debts. The trouble was that he had been trying to make his salary of sixty-five dollars pay all expenses; but that wasn't enough, it seemed. Reina was for spending all he made the moment he made it, and even more, while he was for saving it in case anything happened.

Personally I felt sorry for him. I respected him, and so did Rhoda, and to my immense satisfaction she saw the point and sympathized with him. Although the blood tie pulled strongly, she wanted Sven to be helped and she wanted Reina to help him. She was for a compromise in some form, and so she and Sven, and she and Reina, entered

upon long and tautological discussions. The substance of all this was that Sven should not throw up his place. Also that with her aid he might do just a little better by Reina in the matter of living, assuming that she came back. She had never had anything in her life, and he knew how that was to a girl. And she was here in Hollywood, where there were many things to make her envious and unhappy. Couldn't he afford to get a better place? Sven was fond of Rhoda and admired her common sense as well as her beauty, besides being very grateful to her. He promised that if Reina would come back and be nicer to him, he would do better, too. He would get a larger place and a better car. He had seen one that he could get for two thousand dollars on time, and then he and Reina could go about more. Perhaps he hadn't done as well as he should, but he had been trying to get a start so that both of them could have a better time later on. Sven left, full of hope for the future, though Rhoda still maintained that she did not know where Reina was.

He had scarcely gone, however, when he walked Reina, anxious to know what he proposed to do. She was full of bravado until she saw how Rhoda felt about it. Her one thought seemed to be that so long as Sven was amenable she could use him about as one would a door-mat.

"I'll show him he can't treat me any old way," she began. "He needn't think he can treat me as though I wasn't deserving of nothing." ("Anything," Reina!) "Well, then, anything. Nasty old rooms down there! An' eating in cafeterias! I won't do it. He's makin' money now, an' he can just spend a little of it. He needn't think I'm goin' to live on nothin' all my life."

But since Rhoda inclined toward Sven in this argument, and Reina really depended on her, a compromise had to be reached; otherwise Reina would have had to carry out her threat to leave Hollywood, which was exactly what she did not want to do. After some bluff and bluster, in which she sought to make it appear that she had really gone to San Francisco, but owing to the plea of Rhoda had returned to Los Angeles, she did return to Sven, who proceeded to do his best to make things more agreeable for her. They cele-

brated their reunion by a dinner to Rhoda at which they made a picture of loving domesticity.

But once the interest of the new place had subsided a bit, she was to be found most of the time in the apartment in Hollywood, dreaming as before. While Rhoda worked and schemed hourly as to how to advance herself, haunting the studios and practising dancing, Delsarte, elocution, make-up, and characterization, Reina was playing the piano or dreaming or waiting for her to return so that they might go somewhere. I often wondered what Sven was thinking of it all. To be sure, Rhoda, anxious for the welfare of the twain, did her best to iron out the rough places. Whenever possible, she was for having Sven to the apartment for dinner and for a drive in her car, or to distant resorts over the week-ends, even though Sven objected most definitely to accepting that for which he could make no adequate return.

It was plain that despite what Reina thought Sven ought to do for her, and what he lacked in the way of ability to provide, and what she was entitled to as his wife, still she made no great effort to fulfil her part of the marital relation. She was much interested by the admiration of other men and what wealth in the hands of another male might do for her in case she chose to command the same. There were nights when Sven was detained at the office, and on such occasions, if Rhoda was free from her work, Reina was for persuading her to go somewhere, usually to a swimming-pool, where by reason of the large crowds that attended and the attractive bathing-suit she wore, it was possible to attract no little attention. Once there, it would not be long before she could be seen flirting with some good-looking youth or man, making the most of her golden opportunities and her figure, which was not unattractive. And unless Rhoda protested, she might even disappear for an hour or two, to loaf in some near-by restaurant or ice-cream parlor, while her sister waited. Rhoda was not inclined to quarrel with her on this account; she had the feeling that Reina might be deciding that she had made a mistake and was looking for an easy way out. But, as time proved, it did make a difference in her estimate of Reina. I think she felt

that Reina was temperamentally unfitted for marriage with any one.

§ 4

Nevertheless, because of Rhoda more than anything else, I believe, her charming surroundings and possessions, her standing in the film world, and the fact that she had helped him make this latest beginning, Sven stood his ground for a time, or, rather, endured the slights that were so persistently put upon him. But after a time, and when the worm had endured all it could, it turned. Late one Saturday night there was a terrific storm in the Bergstrom household, and that very night Reina appeared at her sister's abode, much the worse nervously for the argument. "Whadaya know?" Sven had quarreled with her for coming in late, even when he was working late himself, and had told her—well, needless to say what he had told her. But among other things he had said that unless there was a change, and a drastic one, he was through. She could go where she chose, and he would go his way. He was tired of being made a fool of. He would get a divorce, or she could get it. He wouldn't contest it. But unless she there and then made definite promises of reform that she intended to keep, she must leave or he would. With all her memories of past victories fresh upon her, flights and reunions, there was but one thing that she could do: flee, of course, to let him see once more whether he could do without her. She had learned that he could not. He would follow and bring her back.

But this time there was no agitated and nervous Sven telephoning to know whether she was there. Complete silence in that quarter, and on the part of Rhoda dissatisfaction and a growing contempt, and on the part of Reina, for the time being, anyhow, excited cackling. Sven had said this and Sven had said that, and he had done or had not done thus and so. I marveled that any one could have so poor a grasp of the human amenities as to think and act as she was thinking and acting and then blame another person. Fortunately, the attitude of Rhoda was different now. Blood ties or no blood ties she had come to see

that there was something to Sven's side of the story.

Rhoda did not press this conclusion just then, but after a few days, in which Reina lay about waiting for the surrender of Sven, she began to take up the matter of her future with her. Either she must think of something she would like to do and be about the business of doing it, or she must return to her mother. Everybody worked; why not she?

"You mustn't think that because I'm your sister," went on Rhoda, "and because I'm fond of you, I can take care of you always. I can't, and I wouldn't if I could. I don't think it would be a good thing for you. You're old enough now to decide what it is you want to do. If you don't want to live with Sven, you ought to decide what kind of work you can do and make a try for it. I am willing to help you get work, but I do feel that you ought to do something and not expect to idle about and do nothing while you wait to see what Sven is going to do."

Reina declared vehemently that she was not waiting for Sven and that nothing would induce her to return. She was going North. She had written to Bertha and to her mother. Nevertheless, she sat about, and still no Sven. And still Rhoda bore with her as patiently as one person could with another. She waited quite a week before she again pointed out the folly of waiting for a man who was evidently not interested to pursue. She had not treated him well and could not expect him to run after her. She must find work or arrange in some way that he do something for her, which she assumed he might do, at least until Reina could do something for herself.

And then, to my astonishment, after this conduct and her indifference in the past and her various threats, the moment Rhoda had gone I heard her calling up the North & South Lumber Company and asking if she might speak with one Sven Bergstrom. He was not in, but without caring what I might be thinking, since I was within earshot, she tried and tried, until finally she did catch him in. The burden of her message was that she wanted to see him, but by no means was this so directly conveyed. On the contrary, and in the face of small encouragement from him apparently, and after endless roundabout hints, she was compelled to

say that she was going to be downtown about six o'clock, and that if he happened to be near where she was going to be, she would be glad to see him. After this telephone conversation was over, I began to rally her concerning her previous determination and all the things she had seemed to think were wrong with him. Her calm reply was that she still thought as she had, but that she needed some money and he must supply it. He wasn't going to get off so easy, you bet. The very least he could do was to give her enough to live on until she found something to do.

If I were to devote one hundred pages to verbatim transcripts of conversations now held between her and Sven, which she invariably forced upon him and all of which he appeared to wish to avoid, you would gather but faintly the strangely illusive and illogical and almost pointless processes of her reasoning. Her persistent statement was that at bottom she did not care for Sven and that she did not want to live with him, but that she did want some money and proposed to get it if she had to sue him for divorce. But her conversations with him would have convinced any one that at bottom she really did care for him and that she was lying roundly when she said she did not. Her voice and even her manner over the telephone had a cooing, coaxing, pleading quality, which she seemed to think would have some effect on Sven. Yet even then, or immediately afterwards, she would assure me that she hated him. Also she would openly flirt with men, who appeared to be drawn to her and who would follow her in their cars and solicit her company from time to time. And betimes, and much to her sister's chagrin, she would be let off at the door by some person in a most impressive turnout, who would linger to talk. The quarrels which followed some of these adventures between her and her sister were sharp. Finally, after she had gone to her husband's office one evening and stayed away the entire night, she was ordered out, but soon readmitted, on the ground that she cared for Sven and had been with him and was going back.

And she did return to him, because it was the easiest thing to do, I presume. And he, if you will believe it, seemed to be delighted to have her back. Yes, so it was.

And soon there was a new and still better apartment, and a better automobile. Indeed, there was something helplessly compulsory about many things that both of them did, as though despite his best sense and hers each found it impossible to break with the other, the matter of a little support not really being at the bottom of it. She wanted to rule him, I think, and found it hard to believe that she could not. And he was getting to the place where he did not want to be ruled, but could not break with her.

And then, to my astonishment, after this conduct and her about a week before their final separation, there was an accident. The new car in which Reina had posed, calling at least once or twice a day to show off, was crashed into by a street car and put out of commission. It was so badly damaged that not less than four hundred dollars would be required to restore it, and about four weeks must elapse before they could have it again. A smaller and cheaper car now had to be used, Sven having sunk all his spare cash in this larger one. A legal contest would have to be entered upon before any claim would be awarded, because the accident was as much Sven's fault as the motorman's. This he himself admitted. Worse still, it was only partly insured, he having been too busy to have that matter properly attended to. And so Reina, much to her dissatisfaction, was reduced to a very commonplace car once more.

§ 5

Whether this had anything to do with the final catastrophe I have often wondered. One thing is sure: Reina became most irritable in her manner toward Sven, claiming that he had not managed things right, or the accident would not have happened. Also that she would not ride or live as she was now being compelled to. Also that he bored her. But Sven was courteous and considerate and even apologetic at times. To me he seemed a little sad as he explained how it had all come about. He had been thinking of something and had absent-mindedly swung in front of a car which was coming too fast to stop. That frank admission, even among friends, infuriated Reina. It seemed "crazy" to her. She

wanted him to deny all responsibility and sue the company, as well as to play injured and exact damages on that score. But Sven would none of that, and went about his business as before.

And then one day he telephoned her that he would not be home before eleven or twelve that night. Instead of running to her sister's as usual, she decided to retire and read. But midnight came, and no Sven. In the morning, surprised and concerned at his absence, she called up the office and learned that he was not there; that he had left at five-thirty the day before. Further waiting and search revealed nothing. Sven was gone. His business affairs appeared to be in good order, except that as time went on it developed that he had recently contracted a number of debts via loans and expenditures for things bought on time—the car, furniture, dresses, and jewelry for Reina. The loans were against his salary and the stock in his possession, but not yet paid for. Also, certain cash sales of stock had not been accounted for. But, strangely enough, the other officers of the company did not seem much concerned, wishing only that he would come back. He was too good a man to lose, they said. They even explained that Sven had seemed troubled recently; also that they feared that it might be about a woman. A woman had been seen entering his office at night. This sent Reina off on a wild-goose chase, but the mysterious woman, of whom she was instantly insanely jealous, proved to be herself.

Followed such mental variations on the part of Reina as to set a casual observer whirling about like a pin-wheel. Realizing, as time went on, that by her follies and indifference she had driven from her a man who was of some commercial ability and that she was now left high and dry without a penny, she was shuttled between fear and rage, a desire to weep, I think, and a desire for revenge, between the thought that he had not considered her worth even a good-by and the thought that she had miscalculated her hold over him. Another irritating and enraging thought was that both Rhoda and I looked upon her as fairly paid out for her airs and indifferences. At first she was inclined to think that an accident might have happened to Sven.

But opposed to this was the fact that he had called her up so soon before disappearing. Also that on the day of his disappearance he had reassigned to the rightful owner not only the damaged car, which was partly paid for, but the smaller car that had been loaned him. Also his small bank-account had been canceled, which proved that he had really left her. His indifference to her last departure might have warned her that a change was impending, if not actually at hand.

Came now a period of brooding and mooding, coupled with such curious developments as would tax an alienist to display, the sort of thing that happens in real life and seldom if ever creeps into romance. In connection with a hysterical after-search there appeared upon the scene a detective who fell in love with her, a queer, showy, self-opinionated dandy connected with the office of the district attorney. His chief desire seemed to be to prove Sven a criminal; not that he should be punished, but that he should not venture to return to Reina. And Reina, being in need of money, was inclined to make use of this sleuth not to the extent of favoring him in any way, but in order to have the use of his car, some cash, luncheons and dinners while she followed up clues. But all the while she was amusingly critical of him, declaring that she would throw him over when she was through with him, and expose him to his superiors if he proved obstreperous. Betimes she would play doleful melodies on the piano and seem lost in sad thoughts. Again, she would break forth into loud denunciations of her absent spouse. But she must also have realized that her attitude and her extravagance had driven him away and that she was the cause of his petty defalcations, if defalcations they might be called. The company, when appealed to by the detective, refused to make any charge.

Following the day when she finally abandoned Mr. Morello, the detective, bidding him be gone and not annoy her any more, she was at a loss as to what next to do; for some form of employment was looming straight ahead, as troublesome a promontory as she ever wished to see, you may be sure. But while she meditated, her sister was working, and this now began to weigh upon her. All at once and

despite various kindly overtures on the part of Rhoda, she decided to transfer herself and effects to a room in the very heart of the city, where henceforth she would live. And she was going to get something to do, the very first thing that came to hand. She wasn't going to hang around trying to get into the movies. It was too uncertain. So one day, despite an invitation to stay longer, she left, and thereafter was seen only at such times as Rhoda besought her, which was often. But she did take the first work that offered, that of elevator-starter in an office building.

And then soon we began to hear of new friendships with girls who were so far below the walk to which her sister aspired as to be disturbing, but who were no doubt suited to the mind and mood of Reina at the time. These same were of that ignorant, if not inexperienced, flapper type which looks upon sex and the conquest of men as the end and beginning of all earthly interest. Yet I was never fully convinced that Reina was very much fascinated by them or their lives. Living among these girls now, however, she busied herself for a time with them and their affairs, in order to avoid boredom and to seem to be better off than she was. Returning to her sister, betimes, she was constantly describing them as sex-crazy and their male friends as snipes with a car, bootleg whisky, and a little money. But sometimes even they bored her, and she would appear at Rhoda's apartment with the thought written all over her that she would prefer to stay there, and yet refusing when she was asked. And as time wore on, she became less determined to show Rhoda that she could make her own way in the world, and more determined to be friends with her; also her rage against her late husband would subside, and sometimes she would speak of him and admit that she had made mistakes.

"The trouble was," she once said simply, as she sat in Rhoda's boudoir and made a facial toilet with her sister's cosmetics, "I didn't know when I was well off. Sven wasn't such a bad fella. There's lots worse'n him, you bet, an' I see it now."

"Oh," I said, and laughed, "you see Sven in a new light now, do you?"

"Ya bet I do," was her frank admission. "Sven wasn't so bad. He was a little stingy, but he was a hustler all right, an' he woulda made money up there in Washington if I'd only helped him. An' it was the same with that garage business he had up there in Seattle. But I guess I musta been a fool then. Nothin' ever seemed to satisfy me. I just couldn't bear the idea of stayin' in one place long. When I heard that Rhoda was doin' so well down here, I just made up my mind to get Sven to come down here. An' of course I did."

"And you think you could get along with him now?"

"Sure. I thought a whole lotta Sven. I was crazy about him once up there in Seattle, sometimes even after we got down here. But I got to wantin' too much, an' he was too easy with me. He'd never stand up an' fight. He'd rather go an' get me things when he couldn't afford 'em."

I looked at her, too pleased by this frank confession to wish to add anything. At last, even if too late, she saw the point. But Sven had disappeared, and so far as I ever learned he never returned.

But despite this resurrected affection, she went on in her rag-bag way, seeking to make the most of her possibilities. One day she confessed that if she ever met another "fella" as sober and industrious and ambitious as Sven, she would "nab" him, you bet. "An' ya bet I'll know how to act the next time. I've learned sompin'." The thought that she ought to marry had taken root in her decidedly flighty brain, or at least that she ought to attach herself in some way to some man with money or the ability to make it, and she now began to hint to her sister that she introduce her to some one of character and standing, which was of course not to be thought of. A few "we was's" and "he done's" would most certainly have frightened off the most tolerant of possibilities. When she saw that Rhoda would none of her commonplace friends and that she made no haste to introduce her to the personalities with whom she was in contact, Reina began to set her cap on her own account for such as she thought might prove of the right caliber.

"Say," she appealed to me once, "tell me the name of a book that a fella that knows sompin' would think was all

right, will ya? I wanta carry sompin' that'll make 'em think I know more'n I do. How's that, eh?" and she laughed. She could muster a grin that would melt ice, and it was that and her honest frankness about everything which attracted so many to her, I think.

"You're on," I said, and offered her the best on my shelf.

"D' ya think this would make a fella that knows a lot think that I was up on good books?"

"Well, if that won't do it, nothing will. It depends on how you talk about it. Unless you understand it, you'd better not say too much, see?"

"Leave it to me to put over the wise stuff. I ain't givin' myself away. I'll read it first, see, an' what I don't understand I'll ask about." Once more that toothy grin. It was at such times that she became worth knowing, really charming.

For about a year thereafter, in which she worked first as an elevator starter, next as a telephone girl in charge of a switchboard (because "Startin' elevators is kinda common, dontcha think?") and finally as a clerk in a photographer's studio, because that was higher still, she was alive with stories of her adventures. For some reason—because of Rhoda, perhaps—she was determined to interest a man above the average, some one more interesting than Sven even, with whom she could be seen without having her friends think she was belittling herself; rather, with the thought that she was doing exceedingly well. Now it would be: "Gee, ya oughta seen the swell fella I met goin' over to Catalina last Saturday, me an' Marie. Oh, a swell guy! None of yer little snipes with their tin cars an' their talk of bootleg an' all that stuff. This was a real one—big gray overcoat an' horn glasses an' a touring-car with a California top. I saw him leave it at the garage before he come on. Even Marie saw what a fine one he was, an' she's kinda thick. An' he was readin' a book,—not then, ya know,—he was just tellin' me about it. Didja ever hear of a book called 'Divine Comedy,' or sompin' like that? It's a novel, ain't it?"

"That's right, Reina. It's a novel."

"What's the name of the guy that wrote it—Danty?"

"Right again, Reina. Henry A. Dante. You'll find his books in every library. He's one of our most popular authors. Everybody reads him. Why, they've done a lot of his stuff in the movies."

"Is that right? Ye're not kiddin' me, are you?"

"Not for worlds. Ask any librarian. Henry A. Dante, author of 'The Divine Comedy.'"

"That's it; that's the one. He was tellin' me about that one. People dead an' in hell, see, an' people torturin' 'em. Gee! it was interestin'. He was tellin' me about a fella that was dead an' was—" and here followed her version of the agonies of the tortured.

Again, it was another worthy citizen in tweed and raglan riding to his office of a rainy morning. "Oh, a swell fella. An' whadaya know, he's the general freight agent for one of these big steamship lines that runs between here an' South America. An' he was awful nice to me, too, ya bet. Wanted to know where I lived an' what I did—gee! an awful' nice man. An' me an' him—" (" 'he and I,' Reina,") "well, he an' I, then, got to talkin' about the boats an' what they carry—coffee an' hides an' wool an' sugar—oh, lotsa things. An' he was tellin' me how they bring coffee an' hides an' wool down over the mountains there in little pack-trains made up of them—ah—burros. An' how little them Indians get. Gee! it was interestin', I wanta tell ya."

"I haven't any doubt of it. I wish I could meet him myself."

"Well, anyhow, I had that last book ya gimme, see? That was the way it started. He kep' lookin' at that, an' I kep' twistin' it around so as to be sure he seen what it was—" (" 'saw,' Reina,") "well, saw, then. An' when we got downtown he ast me if he could come around an' see me some time an' take me out to dinner. Said he thought I was a nice girl, see, an' all that bunk. But I liked him all right. A nice, big, serious fella he was. That kind's different from the little snipes that are always chasin' after ya an' haven't got a bean. I'm offa that bunch fer life. A guy like that can learn ya sompin'—" (" 'teach,' Reina,") "well, teach, then."

But I might present as many as thirty such casual en-

counters and still not exhaust the roster. She was "nuts," as she said, to find some man who really amounted to something. And at last she did find a man of at least some ability, "a, now, one of these here now efficiency experts—is that it?" According to Reina, he was fifty years of age and connected with an organization which sought to make over or improve technically and financially such firms as were not doing as well in the matter of economy and waste saving as might be. I saw him but once, and that in passing, a solid, contentious-looking person who looked to me as though his defiant and self-centered mien would tend to drive off rather than encourage intimacies of a social or affectional nature. Yet Reina became friendly with him, and in the course of time was to be seen seated at the wheel of the very elaborate car which she said was his. Beside her at times sat the master himself, in gray summer suit and cap, looking quite commercial and interesting. Later this friendship appeared to have been cemented by a number of very solid and substantial gifts: a pair of jade ear-rings, a genuine gray squirrel coat, several throws with caps to match, shoes, lingerie, gloves and—but my memory fails me. At any rate, she was suddenly most fulsomely, and yet not too loudly, outfitted with many of the things she had been craving this long while.

And then one day, reclining in this same car and looking the picture of grandeur, she came to Hollywood to announce that she was all but ready to depart on a tour of the Selkirks in northwestern Canada—Lake Louise, Banff, the totem-villages, etc. "An' not only that," she went on, "but looka here," and she proceeded to fell us by bringing forth a very fat purse from which she extracted a small thin roll of fifty- and one hundred-dollar bills. "An' what's more, he's crazy about me. He says if I'll go to school an' polish up my grammar, I'll be just as smart as anybody. An' I'm a-goin', too. I'm not always goin' to stick around an' be a dub, ya bet. I know sompin' already, an' ya just give me a year or two more, an' I'll know a lot more. Anyhow, I got this much—pretty good, eh?"

"You said it, Reina. You're the candy girl all right. They can't keep a good man down, can they?"

"Ya betcha life they can't. An' I'm a-goin' to save my money from now on an' behave myself an' marry a real man, an' maybe in a few years I'll be somebody."

"That's the way to talk. But it looks to me as though you were somebody already. It isn't everybody that can go to Banff and Lake Louise in July."

"I'll tell the world!"

There was little that Rhoda could say or do. Her attitude toward Reina is best expressed by a speech often despairingly made after some such scene as this:

"Well, I can't help it, can I? I've done all I can do. She's my sister, and I can't help being fond of her, but I'm not responsible for her. She won't listen to me, and she never gets any of the points I try to make. She'll just have to live her own life, that's all. I'm sorry for her, but neither Sven nor mama could do anything, either."

But to return to this scene. Rhoda had remained silent while Reina swaggared and talked, and now Reina turned to her:

"What's the matter? Don't ya think it's pretty good—all this money an' these nice clothes an' this trip an' everything?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. Of course I do, if you want to go and really like him. And I hope he really likes you and that it won't be just another of those silly passing adventures that you'll be sorry for afterward. You might meet some one whom you really care for some day, you know."

"Oh, I know. But I like him, all right. An' he said he never knew anybody that interested him as much as I do. An' he's goin' to send me to school, too, to a seminary somewhere, see? Won't that be pretty good?"

"Cemetery, Reina; cemetery," I put in.

"Oh, now, ya hush! Guess I know, don't I?" Then with a burst of pent-up emotion and affection, genuine and unchanging for all her rag-bag thoughts she stepped forward and kissed Rhoda good-by. "An' I owe it all to ya, Rhoda. Don't say I don't, 'cause I do. You've always been good to me. If it hadn't been fer you, I never woulda come down here at all, an' I would n' ta got what

I've got now." A few tears, one last funny story, a burst of laughter, and then the departure, with Rhoda gazing after her more astonished than ever. And myself, wondering where she belonged in the long catalogue of the exceptions. At last it came to me: on the Orpheum circuit, or in a farce.

But Rhoda. I turned to her. She was crying.

"Forget it," was all I could advise. "You can't help it. She is as she is, and if you're going to begin to cry over life, you'll be crying all the time. The thing is full of tears, anyhow, if you don't laugh. Besides, you'll ruin your make-up."

But to return to Reina. One day about six weeks before her departure she and a friend had appeared at Rhoda's apartment in search of something she had left behind. Rummaging in a box which contained some letters written by Sven to Reina and by Reina to Sven she came upon one and stopped to expatiate to her friend about the quarrels she and Sven had had and how she had left him three or four times and he had always followed. Then she asked her friend to read the letter that she had written to Sven during one of their separations. The friend reporting that she thought it a swell letter, Reina volunteered:

"Well, I thought it was myself. But I didn't send it, because afterwards I thought maybe I didn't mean it. But I coulda. Sven always fell for anything like that. That's why I wrote it."

Myself interested by this palavar and seeing her toss the letter back in the box, I said:

"Aren't you going to take it along?"

"Sure not. It ain't no good to me now."

"But I thought you said you cared for Sven?"

"Well, I did—a little. Still, I didn't send it. Read it, an' throw it in the waste-basket when ya 're through with it. It'll make ya laugh, but I thought I meant it when I wrote it."

Thinking later of its illuminating character, I recovered it from the waste-box where I had thrown it, and here it is:

"Dear Sven

"As this has been such a wonderful night and I have stayed up late enjoying it I thought of you. Sven it seems as tho. our 2 years of married life is a compleet failure. its to bad but you have tryed and I have tryed but its gone, what our real love for each other, and no living person can be happy if love aint there can they. I know many times you think I was all to blame but Sven you can understand why I was cross and eritabel.

"The last time we went back together was because I wasnt real sure I didnt care for you and my longing to be with you I couldnt understand, it was miserabel I had to have you. But now I know what I was lonesome for the Happy you use to be but I couldnt find him and I was sorry and couldnt live without you.

"I know I am a dissapointment in your life and Sven its for the best even if a married duty calls one he or she cant respond if there true self wont let them.

"At one time in our life together no woman could have been happier than me. I simply was wild with your love and never could such a thing as this happen. I feel sure you was the same but life acts queer sometimes. I never doubted you Sven in my life till you begun to hide things from me and lye once inawhile. But its one thing or another you have developed a different plain in life than I. or its that we are dissatisfied in one another neather of us have had a chance and now that yours has come I am still looking for mine.

"why can a person make another suffer so unless its hate or thoughtlessness. I always have tryed to make myself nasty when I was aking inside for you to be near me and for the kisses Ill never forget. Still I would rather live alone and cherish the love I had once than ever go back again and be dissapointed like we always have been. I know its hard on you too dont think Sven I have no heart at all altho it looks that way sometimes I feel for you and would help you gladly if I could I understand you better than you really know and one must be helpful to you to be appreshiated still thats alright every one expects that even me

"Im so glad your work is helping you make a big success

and there is no reason why you shouldnt be way up in this world other men have made it selfmade and honest thats what I am hoping for you.

"And now that your free of a married life and no its for the best theres no reason why you aint bound for the top. we are young yet and you may find some one all the world would mean to you then its time to think back we was right to quit and let our love find its mate.

"So Sven please look at this thing the same way I do and we will go on thru life just the same as we did before we met feeling there is someone who will care for everything we do.

"Tell your folks Sven when you go home just how it was and that I always thought of them as your mother and father and wish them sinseer regards I am sure they wont condemn me at least I always feel they wont.

"So I am sure Sven all the unhappy hours you put in with me will be forgot and Ill do the same starting a new sheet from today and on. A divorce will be got as soon as I can save up the money we will erace the 2 years off our life and start at the beginning again.

"I had to write and get this problem off my mind its been hard but solved.

"So good Bye Sven its my last to you. please forgive and forget knowing and feeling its the only way we can offer one another I will close with my sinseerest wish of your bright future and your loyalship in one respect as my husband.

"May god forgive us both as ever

"REINA."

And then about five months after Reina's departure from Los Angeles, the following note arrived from Sven to Rhoda. The letter was posted from Calgary, Canada, and contained no address.

"Dear Rhoda:

"You'll think it's funny to hear from me, but I owe you one thousand and here it is. Please don't tell Reina. I know you won't, anyhow, but I couldn't stand it with her.

I couldn't make a go of it. After that automobile accident I got discouraged. It looked like things was against me and so I quit. But I have been doing fine lately. That's why I'm sending this. But before I had it pretty hard for a year there. I wish I could see your pretty little place again and talk with you. I could make you see how I feel. Don't think too hard of me. Reina didn't care for me any more and when I found that out I couldn't see no use in sticking. But I wish you all the luck in the world and I hope Reina gets along too. She will though. And I hope I do too.

"SVEN."

Outside of the fact that it is a good
characterization of the writer, perhaps
the story is timely and convincing.
One wonders why it should have
been selected as a "Best Story".

HOME GIRL¹

By EDNA FERBER

(From *The Pictorial Review*)

WILSON AVENUE, Chicago, is not merely an avenue but a district; not only a district but a state of mind; not a state of mind alone but a condition of morals. For that matter, it is none of these things so much as a mode of existence. If you know your Chicago—which you probably don't—(*sotto voce* murmur, Heaven forbid!)—you are aware that, long ago, Wilson Avenue proper crept slyly around the corner and achieved a clandestine alliance with big glittering Sheridan Road; which escapade changed the demure thoroughfare into Wilson Avenue improper.

When one says "A Wilson Avenue girl," the mind—that is, the Chicago mind—pictures immediately a slim, daring, scented, exotic creature dressed in next week's fashions; wise-eyed; doll-faced; rapacious. When chiffon stockings are worn Wilson Avenue's hosiery is but a film over the flesh. Aigrettes and mink coats are its winter uniform. A feverish district this, all plate glass windows and delicatessen dinners and one-room-and-kitchenette apartments, where light housekeepers take their housekeeping too lightly.

At six o'clock you are likely to see Wilson Avenue scurrying about in its mink coat and its French heels and its crêpe frock, assembling its haphazard dinner. Wilson Avenue food, as displayed in the ready-cooked shops, resembles in a startling degree the Wilson Avenue ladies themselves: highly coloured, artificial, chemically treated, tempting to the eye, but unnutritious. In and out of the food emporia these dart, buying dabs of this and bits of that. Chromatic viands. Vivid scarlet, orange, yellow, green. A strip of

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pimento here. A mound of mayonnaise there. A green pepper stuffed with such burden of deceit as no honest green pepper ever was meant to hold. Two eggs. A quarter-pound of your best creamery butter. An infinitesimal bottle of cream. "*And what else?*" says the plump woman in the white bib-apron, behind the counter. "*And what else?*" Nothing. I guess that'll be all. Mink coats prefer to dine out.

As a cripple displays his wounds and sores, proudly, so Wilson Avenue throws open its one-room front door with a grandiloquent gesture as it boasts, "Two hundred and fifty a month!" Shylock, purchasing a paper-thin slice of pinky ham in Wilson Avenue, would know his own early Venetian transaction to have been pure philanthropy.

It took Raymond and Cora Atwater twelve years to reach this Wilson Avenue, though they carried it with them all the way. They had begun their married life in this locality before it had become a definite district. Twelve years ago the neighbourhood had shown no signs of mushrooming into its present opulence. Twelve years ago, Raymond, twenty-eight, and Cora, twenty-four, had taken a six-room flat at Racine and Sunnyside. Six rooms. Modern. Light. Rental \$28.50 per month.

"But I guess I can manage it, all right," Raymond had said. "That isn't so terrible—for six rooms."

Cora's full under lip had drawn itself into a surprisingly thin straight line. Later, Raymond came to recognize the meaning of that labial warning. "We don't need all those rooms. It's just that much more work."

"I don't want you doing your own work. Not unless you want to. At first, maybe, it'd be sort of fun for you. But after a while you'll want a girl to help. That'll take the maid's room off the kitchen."

"Well, supposing? That leaves an extra room, anyway."

A look came into Raymond's face. "Maybe we'll need that, too—later. Later on." He actually could have been said to blush, then, like a boy. There was much of the boy in Raymond at twenty-eight.

Cora did not blush.

Raymond had married Cora because he loved her; and

because she was what is known as a "home girl." From the first, business girls—those alert, pert, confident little sparrows of office and shop and the street at lunch hour—rather terrified him. They gave you as good as you sent. They were always ready with their own nickel for carfare. You never knew whether they were laughing at you or not. There was a little girl named Calhoun in the binoculars (Raymond's first Chicago job was with the Erwin H. Nagel Optical Company on Wabash). The Calhoun girl was smart. She wore those plain white waists. Tailored, Raymond thought they called them. They made her skin look fresh and clear and sort of downy-blooming like the peaches that grew in his own Michigan state back home. Or perhaps only girls with clear fresh skins could wear those plain white waist things. Raymond had heard that girls thought and schemed about things that were becoming to them, and then stuck to those things. He wondered how the Calhoun girl might look in a fluffy waist. But she never wore one down to work. When business was dull in the motor and sun-glasses (which was where he held forth) Raymond would stroll over to Laura Calhoun's counter and talk. He would talk about the Invention. He had no one else to talk to about it. No one he could trust, or who understood.

The Calhoun girl, polishing the great black eyes of a pair of field glasses, would look up brightly to say, "Well, how's the Invention coming on?" Then he would tell her.

The Invention had to do with spectacles. Not only that, if you are a wearer of spectacles of any kind, it has to do with you. For now, twelve years later, you could not well do without it. The little contraption that keeps the side-piece from biting into your ears—that's Raymond's.

Knowing, as we do, that Raymond's wife is named Cora we know that the Calhoun girl of the fresh clear skin, the tailored white shirtwaists, and the friendly interest in the Invention, lost out. The reason for that was Raymond's youth, and Raymond's vanity, and Raymond's unsophistication, together with Lucy Calhoun's own honesty and efficiency. These last qualities would handicap any girl in love, no matter how clear her skin or white her shirtwaist.

Of course, when Raymond talked to her about the Inven-

tion she should have looked adoringly into his eyes and said, "How perfectly *wonderful!* I don't see how you think of such things."

What she said, after studying its detail thoughtfully for a moment, was: "Yeh, but look. If this little tiny wire had a spring underneath—just a little bit of spring—it'd take all the pressure off when you wear a hat. Now women's hats are worn so much lower over their ears, d'you see? That'd keep it from pressing. Men's hats, too, for that matter."

She was right. Grudgingly, slowly, he admitted it. Not only that, he carried out her idea and perfected the spectacle contrivance as you know it today. Without her suggestion it would have had a serious flaw. He knew he ought to be grateful. He told himself that he was grateful. But in reality he was resentful. She was a smart girl, but—well—a fella didn't feel comfortable going with a girl that knew more than he did. He took her to the theatre—it was before the motion picture had attained its present-day virulence. She enjoyed it. So did he. Perhaps they might have repeated the little festivity and the white shirtwaist might have triumphed in the end. But that same week Raymond met Cora.

Though he had come to Chicago from Michigan almost a year before, he knew few people. The Erwin H. Nagel Company kept him busy by day. The Invention occupied him at night. He read, too, books on optometry. Don't think that he was a Rollo. He wasn't. But he was naturally somewhat shy, and further handicapped by an unusually tall lean frame which he handled awkwardly. If you had a good look at his eyes you forgot his shyness, his leanness, his awkwardness, his height. They were the keynote of his gentle, studious, kindly, humorous nature. But Chicago, Illinois, is too busy looking to see anything. Eyes are something you see with, not into.

Two of the boys at Nagel's had an engagement for the evening with two girls who were friends. On the afternoon of that day one of the boys went home at four with a well-developed case of grippe. The other approached Raymond with his plea.

"Say, Atwater, help me out, will you? I can't reach my girl because she's downtown somewheres for the afternoon with Cora. That's her girl friend. And me and Harvey was to meet 'em for dinner, see? And a show. I'm in a hole. Help me out, will you? Go along and fuss Cora. She's a nice girl. Pretty, too, Cora is. Will you, Ray? Huh?"

Ray went. By nine-thirty that evening he had told Cora about the Invention. And Cora had turned sidewise in her seat next to him at the theatre and had looked up at him adoringly, awe-struck. "Why, how perfectly *wonderful*! I don't see how you think of such things."

"Oh, that's nothing. I got a lot of ideas. Things I'm going to work out. Say, I won't always be plugging down at Nagel's, believe me. I got a lot of ideas."

"Really! Why, you're an inventor, aren't you! Like Edison and those. My, it must be wonderful to think of things out of your head. Things that nobody's ever thought of before."

Ray glowed. He felt comfortable, and soothed, and relaxed and stimulated. And too large for his clothes. "Oh, I don't know. I just think of things. That's all there is to it. That's nothing."

"Oh, isn't it! No, I guess not. I've never been out with a real inventor before . . . I bet you think I'm a silly little thing."

He protested, stoutly. "I should say not." A thought struck him. "Do you do anything? Work downtown somewheres, or anything?"

She shook her head. Her lips pouted. Her eyebrows made pained twin crescents. "No. I don't do anything. I was afraid you'd ask that." She looked down at her hands—her white, soft hands with little dimples at the finger-bases. "I'm just a home girl. That's all. A home girl. Now you *will* think I'm a silly stupid thing." She flashed a glance at him, liquid-eyed, appealing.

He was surprised (she wasn't) to find his hand closed tight and hard over her soft dimpled one. He was terror-stricken (she wasn't) to hear his voice saying, "I think you're wonderful. I think you're the most wonderful girl

I ever saw, that's what." He crushed her hand and she winced a little. "Home girl."

Cora's name suited her to a marvel. Her hair was black and her colouring a natural pink and white, which she abetted expertly. Cora did not wear plain white tailored waists. She wore thin, fluffy, transparent things that drew your eyes and fired your imagination. Raymond began to call her Coral in his thoughts. Then, one evening, it slipped out. Coral. She liked it. He denied himself all luxuries and most necessities and bought her a strand of beads of that name, presenting them to her stammeringly, clumsily, tenderly. Tender pink and cream, they were, like her cheeks, he thought.

"Oh, Ray, for me! How darling! You naughty boy! . . . But I'd rather have had those clear white ones, without any colouring. They're more stylish. Do you mind?"

When he told Laura Calhoun she said, "I hope you'll be very happy. She's a lucky girl. Tell me about her, will you?"

Would he! His home girl!

When he had finished she said, quietly, "Oh, yes."

And so Raymond and Cora were married and went to live in six-room elegance at Sunnyside and Racine. The flat was furnished sumptuously in Mission and those red and brown soft leather cushions with Indian heads stamped on them. There was a wooden rack on the wall with six monks' heads in coloured plaster, very life-like, stuck on it. This was a pipe-rack, though Raymond did not smoke a pipe. He liked a mild cigar. Then there was a print of Gustave Richter's "Queen Louise" coming down that broad marble stair, one hand at her breast, her great girlish eyes looking out at you from the misty folds of her scarf. What a lot of the world she has seen from her stairway! The shelf that ran around the dining room wall on a level with your head was filled with steins in such shapes and colours as would have curdled their contents—if they had ever had any contents.

They planned to read a good deal, evenings. Improve their minds. It was Ray's idea, but Cora seconded it heartily. This was before their marriage.

"Now, take history alone," Ray argued: "American history. Why, you can read a year and hardly know the half of it. That's the trouble. People don't know the history of their own country. And it's interesting, too, let me tell you. Darned interesting. Better'n novels, if folks only knew it."

"My, yes," Cora agreed. "And French. We could take up French, evenings. I've always wanted to study French. They say if you know French you can travel anywhere. It's all in the accent; and goodness knows I'm quick at picking up things like that."

"Yeh," Ray had said, a little hollowly, "yeh, French. Sure."

But, somehow, these literary evenings never did materialize. It may have been a matter of getting the books. You could borrow them from the public library, but that made you feel so hurried. History was something you wanted to take your time over. Then, too, the books you wanted never were in. You could buy them. But buying books like that! Cora showed her first real display of temper. Why, they came in sets and cost as much as twelve or fifteen dollars. Just for books! The literary evenings degenerated into Ray's thorough scanning of the evening paper, followed by Cora's skimming of the crumpled sheets that carried the department store ads, the society column, and the theatrical news. Raymond began to use the sixth room—the unused bedroom—as a workshop. He had perfected the spectacle contrivance and had made the mistake of selling his rights to it. He got a good sum for it.

"But I'll never do that again," he said, grimly. "Somebody'll make a fortune on that thing." He had unwisely told Cora of this transaction. She never forgave him for it. On the day he received the money for it he had brought her home a fur set of baum marten. He thought the stripe in it beautiful. There was a neckpiece known as a stole, and a large muff.

"Oh, honey!" Cora had cried. "Aren't you *fun-ny*!" She often said that, always with the same accent. "Aren't you *fun-ny*!"

"What's the matter?"

"Why didn't you let me pick it out? They're wearing Persian lamb sets."

"Oh. Well, maybe the feller'll change it. It's all paid for, but maybe he'll change it."

"Do you mind? It may cost a little bit more. You don't mind my changing it though, do you?"

"No. No-o-o-o! Not a bit."

They had never furnished the unused bedroom as a bedroom. When they moved out of the flat at Racine and Sunnyside into one of those new four-room apartments on Glengyle the movers found only a long rough work-table and a green-shaded lamp in that sixth room. Ray's delicate tools and implements were hard put to it to find a resting place in the new four-room apartment. Sometimes Ray worked in the bathroom. He grew rather to like the white-tiled place, with its look of a laboratory. But then, he didn't have as much time to work at home as he formerly had had. They went out more evenings.

The new four-room flat rented at sixty dollars. "Seems the less room you have the more you pay," Ray observed.

"There's no comparison. Look at the neighbourhood! And the living room's twice as big."

It didn't seem to be. Perhaps this was due to its furnishings. The Mission pieces had gone to the second-hand dealer. Ray was assistant manager of the optical department at Nagel's now and he was getting royalties on a new smoked glass device. There were large over-stuffed chairs in the new living room, and a seven-foot davenport, and oriental rugs, and lamps and lamps and lamps. The silk lampshade conflagration had just begun to smoulder in the American household. The dining room had one of those built-in Chicago buffets. It sparkled with cut glass. There was a large punch bowl in the centre, in which Cora usually kept receipts, old bills, moth balls, buttons, and the tarnished silver top to a syrup jug that she always meant to have repaired. Queen Louise was banished to the bedroom where she surveyed a world of cretonne.

Cora was a splendid cook. She had almost a genius for flavouring. Roast or cheese soufflé or green apple pie—your sense of taste never experienced that disappointment which

comes of too little salt, too much sugar, a lack of shortening. Expert as she was at it, Cora didn't like to cook. That is, she didn't like to cook day after day. She rather liked doing an occasional meal and producing it in a sort of red-cheeked triumph. When she did this it was an epicurean thing, savoury, hot, satisfying. But as a day-after-day programme Cora would not hear of it. She had banished the maid. Four rooms could not accommodate her. A woman came in twice a week to wash and iron and clean. Often Cora did not get up for breakfast and Ray got his at one of the little lunch rooms that were springing up all over that section of the North Side. Eleven o'clock usually found Cora at the manicure's, or the dressmaker's, or shopping, or telephoning luncheon arrangements with one of the Crowd. Ray and Cora were going out a good deal with the Crowd. Young married people like themselves, living royally just a little beyond their income. The women were well-dressed, vivacious, somewhat shrill. They liked stories that were a little off-colour. "Blue," one of the men called these stories. He was in the theatrical business. The men were, for the most part, a rather drab-looking lot. Colourless, good-natured, open-handed. Almost imperceptibly the Crowd began to use Ray as a target for a certain raillery. It wasn't particularly ill-natured, and Ray did not resent it.

"Oh, come on, Ray! Don't be a wet blanket. . . . Lookit him! I bet he's thinking about those smoked glasses again. Eh, Atwater? He's in a daze about that new rim that won't show on the glasses. Come out of it! First thing you know you'll lose your little Cora."

There was little danger of that. Though Cora flirted mildly with the husbands of the other girls in the Crowd (they all did) she was true to Ray.

Ray was always talking of building a little place of their own. People were beginning to move farther and farther north, into the suburbs.

"Little place of your own," Ray would say, "that's the only way to live. Then you're not paying it all out in rent to the other feller. Little place of your own. That's the right idear."

But as the years went by, and Ray earned more and more

money, he and Cora seemed to be getting farther and farther away from the right idear. In the \$28.50 apartment Cora's morning marketing had been an orderly daily proceeding. Meat, vegetables, fruit, dry groceries. But now the maidless four-room apartment took on, in spite of its cumbersome furnishings, a certain air of impermanence.

"Ray, honey, I haven't a scrap in the house. I didn't get home until almost six. Those darned old street cars. I hate 'em. Do you mind going over to Bauer's to eat? I won't go, because Myrtle served a regular spread at four. I couldn't eat a thing. D'you mind?"

"Why, no." He would get into his coat again and go out into the bleak November wind-swept street to Bauer's restaurant.

Cora was always home when Raymond got there at six. She prided herself on this. She would say, primly, to her friends, "I make a point of being there when Ray gets home. Even if I have to cut a round of bridge. If a woman can't be there when a man gets home from work I'd like to know what she's good for, anyway."

The girls in the Crowd said she was spoiling Raymond. She told Ray this. "They think I'm old-fashioned. Well, maybe I am. But I guess I never pretended to be anything but a home girl."

"That's right," Ray would answer. "Say, that's the way you caught me. With that home-girl stuff."

"Caught you!" The thin straight line of the mouth. "If you think for one minute——"

"Oh, now, dear. You know what I mean, sweetheart. Why, say, I never could see any girl until I met you. You know that."

He was as honestly in love with her as he had been nine years before. Perhaps he did not feel now, as then, that she had conferred a favour upon him in marrying him. Or if he did he must have known that he had made fair return for such favour.

Cora had a Hudson seal coat now, with a great kolinsky collar. Her vivid face bloomed rosily in this soft frame. Cora was getting a little heavier. Not stout, but heavier, somehow. She tried, futilely, to reduce. She would starve

herself at home for days, only to gain back the vanished pounds at one afternoon's orgy of whipped-cream salad, and coffee, and sweets at the apartment of some girl in the Crowd. Dancing had come in and the Crowd had taken it up vociferously. Raymond was not very good at it. He had not filled out with the years. He still was lean and tall and awkward. The girls in the Crowd tried to avoid dancing with him. That often left Cora partnerless unless she wanted to dance again and again with Raymond.

"How can you expect the boys to ask me to dance when you don't dance with their wives! Good heavens, if they can learn, you can. And for pity's sake *don't count!* You're so *fun-ny!*"

He tried painstakingly to heed her advice, but his long legs made a sorry business of it. He heard one of the girls refer to him as "that giraffe." He had put his foot through an absurd wisp of tulle that she insisted on calling a train.

They were spending a good deal of money now, but Ray jousted the landlord, the victualler, the furrier, the milliner, the hosiery maker, valiantly and still came off the victor. He did not have as much time as he would have liked to work on the new invention. The invisible rim. It was calculated so to blend with the glass of the lens as to be, in appearance, one with it, while it still protected the eyeglass from breakage. "Fortune in it, girlie," he would say, happily, to Cora. "Million dollars, that's all."

He had been working on the invisible rim for five years. Familiarity with it had bred contempt in Cora. Once, in a temper, "Invisible is right," she had said, slangily.

They had occupied the four-room apartment for five years. Cora declared it was getting beyond her. "You can't get any decent help. The wash-woman acts as if she was doing me a favour coming from eight to four, for four dollars and eighty-five cents. And yesterday she said she couldn't come to clean any more on Saturdays. I'm sick and tired of it."

Raymond shook a sympathetic head. "Same way down at the store. Seems everything's that way now. You can't get help and you can't get goods. You ought to hear our

customers. Yesterday I thought I'd go clear out of my nut, trying to pacify them."

Cora inserted the entering wedge, deftly. "Goodness knows I love my home. But the way things are now . . ."

"Yeh," Ray said, absently. When he spoke like that Cora knew that the invisible rim was revolving in his mind. In another moment he would be off to the little cabinet in the bathroom where he kept his tools and instruments.

She widened the opening. "I noticed as I passed today that those new one-room kitchenette apartments on Sheridan will be ready for occupancy October first." He was going toward the door. "They say they're wonderful."

"Who wants to live in one room, anyway?"

"It's really two rooms—and the kitchenette. There's the living room—perfectly darling—and a sort of combination breakfast room and kitchen. The breakfast room is partitioned off with sort of cupboards so that it's really another room. And so handy!

"How'd you know?"

"I went in—just to look at them—with one of the girls."

Until then he had been unconscious of her guile. But now, suddenly, struck by a hideous suspicion—"Say, looka here. If you think——"

"Well, it doesn't hurt to look at 'em, does it!"

A week later. "Those kitchenette apartments on Sheridan are almost all gone. One of the girls was looking at one on the sixth floor. There's a view of the lake. The kitchen's the sweetest thing. All white enamel. And the breakfast room thing is done in Italian."

"What d'you mean—done in Italian?"

"Why—uh—Italian period furniture, you know. Dark and rich. The living room's the same. Desk, and table, and lamps."

"Oh, they're furnished?"

"Complete. Down to the kettle covers and the linen and all. The work there would just be play. All the comforts of a home, with none of the terrible aggravations."

"Say, look here, Coral, we don't want to go to work and live in any one room. You wouldn't be happy. Why, we'd feel cooped up. No room to stretch. . . . Why, say, how

about the beds? If there isn't a bedroom how about the beds? Don't people sleep in those places?"

"There are Murphy beds, silly."

"Murphy? Who's he?"

"Oh, goodness, I don't know! The man who invented 'em, I suppose. Murphy."

Raymond grinned in anticipation of his own forthcoming joke. "I should think they'd call 'em Morphy beds." Then, at her blank stare. "You know—short for Morpheus, god of sleep. Learned about him at high school."

Cora still looked blank. Cora hardly ever understood Ray's jokes, or laughed at them. He would turn, chuckling, to find her face a blank. Not even bewildered, or puzzled, or questioning. Blank. Unheeding. Disinterested as a slate.

Three days later Cora developed an acute pain in her side. She said it was nothing. Just worn out with the work, and the worry and the aggravation, that's all. It'll be all right.

Ray went with her to look at the Sheridan Road apartment. It was one hundred and fifty dollars. "Phew!"

"But look at what you save? Gas. Light. Maid service. Laundry. It's really cheaper in the end."

Cora was amazingly familiar with all the advantages and features of the sixth-floor apartment. "The sun all morning." She had all the agent's patter. "Harvey-Dickson ventilated double-spring mattresses. Dressing-room off the bathroom. No, it isn't a closet. Here's the closet. Range, refrigerator, combination sink and laundry tub. Living room's all panelled in ivory. Shower in the bathroom. Buffet kitchen. Breakfast room has folding-leaf Italian table. Look at the chairs. Aren't they darlings! Built-in book shelves——"

"Book shelves?"

"Oh, well, we can use them for fancy china and ornaments. Or—oh, look!—you could keep your stuff there. Tools and all. Then the bathroom wouldn't be mussy all the time."

"Beds?"

"Right here. Isn't that wonderful. Would you ever know

it was there? You can work it with one hand. Look."

"Do you really like it, Coral?"

"I love it. It's heavenly."

He stood in the centre of the absurd living room, a tall, lank, awkward figure, a little stooped now. His face was beginning to be furrowed with lines—deep lines that yet were softening, and not unlovely. He made you think, somehow, as he stood there, one hand on his own coat lapel, of Saint-Gaudens' figure of Lincoln, there in the park, facing the Drive. Kindly, thoughtful, harried.

They moved in October first.

The over-stuffed furniture of the four-room apartment was sold. Cora kept a few of her own things—a rug or two, some china, silver, bric-à-brac, lamps. Queen Louise was now permanently dethroned. Cora said her own things—"pieces"—would spoil the effect of the living room. All Italian.

"No wonder the Italians sit outdoors all the time, on the steps and in the street"—more of Ray's dull humour. He surveyed the heavy gloomy pieces, so out of place in the tiny room. One of the chairs was black velvet. It was the only really comfortable chair in the room but Ray never sat in it. It reminded him, vaguely, of a coffin. The corridors of the apartment house were long, narrow, and white-walled. You traversed these like a convict, speaking to no one, and entered your own cubicle. A toy dwelling for toy people. But Ray was a man-size man. When he was working downtown his mind did not take temporary refuge in the thought of the feverish little apartment to which he was to return at night. It wasn't a place to come back to, except for sleep. A roost. Bedding for the night. As permanent-seeming as a hay-mow.

Cora, too, gave him a strange feeling of impermanence. He realized one day, with a shock, that he hardly ever saw her with her hat off. When he came in at six or six-thirty Cora would be busy at the tiny sink, or the toy stove, her hat on, a cigarette dangling limply from her mouth. Ray did not object to women smoking. That is, he had no moral objection. But he didn't think it became them. But Cora said a cigarette rested and stimulated her. "Doctors say all

nervous women should smoke," she said. "Soothes them." But Cora, cooking in the little kitchen, squinting into a kettle's depths through a film of cigarette smoke, outraged his sense of fitness. It was incongruous, offensive. The time, and occupation, and environment, together with the limply dangling cigarette, gave her an incredibly rowdy look.

When they ate at home they had steak or chops, and, perhaps, a chocolate éclair for dessert; and a salad. Raymond began to eat mental meals. He would catch himself thinking of breaded veal chops, done slowly, simmeringly, in butter, so that they came out a golden brown on a parsley-decked platter. With this mashed potatoes with brown butter and onions that have just escaped burning; creamed spinach with egg grated over the top; a rice pudding, baked in the oven, and served with a tart crown of grape jell. He sometimes would order these things in a restaurant at noon, or on the frequent evenings when they dined out. But they never tasted as he had thought they would.

They dined out more and more as spring drew on and the warm weather set in. The neighbourhood now was aglitter with eating places of all sorts and degrees, from the humble automat to the proud plush of the Sheridan Plaza dining room. There were tea-rooms, cafeterias, Hungarian cafés, chop suey restaurants. At the table d'hôte places you got a soup, followed by a lukewarm plateful of meat, vegetables, salad. The meat tasted of the vegetables, the vegetables tasted of the meat, and the salad tasted of both. Before ordering Ray would sit down and peer about at the food on the near-by tables as one does in a dining car when the digestive fluids have dried in your mouth at the first whiff through the doorway. It was on one of these evenings that he noticed Cora's hat.

"What do you wear a hat for all the time?" he asked, testily.

"Hat?"

"Seems to me I haven't seen you without a hat in a month. Gone bald, or something?" He was often cross like this lately. Grumpy, Cora called it. Hats were one of

Cora's weaknesses. She had a great variety of them. These added to Ray's feeling of restlessness and impermanence. Sometimes she wore a hat that came down over her head, covering her forehead and her eyes, almost. The hair he used to love to touch was concealed. Sometimes he dined with an ingénue in a poke bonnet; sometimes with a señorita in black turban and black lace veil, mysterious and provocative; sometimes with a demure miss in a wistful little turned-down brim. It was like living with a stranger who was always about to leave.

When they ate at home, which was rarely, Ray tried, at first, to dawdle over his coffee and his mild cigar, as he liked to do. But you couldn't dawdle at a small, inadequate table that folded its flaps and shrank into a corner the minute you left it. Everything in the apartment folded, or flapped, or doubled, or shot in, or shot out, or concealed something else, or pretended to be something it was not. It was very irritating. Ray took his cigar and his evening paper and wandered uneasily into the Italian living room, doubling his lean length into one of his queer, angular hard chairs.

Cora would appear in the doorway, hatted. "Ready?"

"Huh? Where you going?"

"Oh, Ray, aren't you *fun*-ny! You know this is the Crowd's poker night at Lil's."

The Crowd began to say that old Ray was going queer. Honestly, didja hear him last week? Talking about the instability of the home, and the home being the foundation of the state, and the country crumbling? Cora's face was a sight! I wouldn't have wanted to be in his boots when she got him home. What's got into him, anyway?

Cora was a Wilson Avenue girl now. You saw her in and out of the shops of the district, expensively dressed. She was almost thirty-six. Her legs, beneath the absurdly short skirt of the day, were slim and shapely in their chiffon hose, but her upper figure was now a little prominent. The scant, brief skirt fore-shortened her; gave her a stork-like appearance; a combination of girlishness and matronliness not pleasing.

There were times when Ray rebelled. A peace-loving

man, and gentle. But a man. "I don't want to go out to eat. My God, I'm tired! I want to eat at home."

"Honey, dear, I haven't a thing in the house. Not a scrap."

"I'll go out and get something, then. What d'you want?"

"Get whatever looks good to you. I don't want a thing. We had tea after the *matinée*. That's what made me so late. I'm always nagging the girls to go home. It's getting so they tease me about it."

He would go foraging amongst the delicatessen shops of the neighbourhood. He saw other men, like himself, scurrying about with moist paper packets and bags and bundles, in and out of Leviton's, in and out of the Sunlight Bakery. A bit of ham. Some cabbage salad in a wooden boat. A tiny broiler, lying on its back, its feet neatly trussed, its skin crackly and tempting-looking, its white meat showing beneath the brown. But when he cut into it at home it tasted like sawdust and gutta-percha. "*And* what else?" said the plump woman in the white bib-apron behind the counter. "*And* what else?"

In the new apartment you rather prided yourself on not knowing your next-door neighbours. The paper-thin walls permitted you to hear them living the most intimate details of their lives. You heard them laughing, talking, weeping, singing, scolding, caressing. You didn't know them. You did not even see them. When you met in the halls or elevators you did not speak. Then, after they had lived in the new apartment about a year Cora met the woman in 618 and Raymond met the woman in 620, within the same week. The Atwaters lived in 619.

There was some confusion in the delivery of a package. The woman in 618 pressed the Atwater's electric button for the first time in their year's residence there.

A plump woman, 618; blonde; in black. You felt that her flesh was expertly restrained in tight pink satin brassières and long-hipped corsets and many straps.

"I hate to trouble you, but did you get a package for Mrs. Hoyt? It's from Field's."

It was five-thirty. Cora had her hat on. She did not

ask the woman to come in. "I'll see. I ordered some things from Field's today, too. I haven't opened them yet. Perhaps yours . . . I'll look."

The package with Mrs. Hoyt's name on it was there. "Well, thanks so much. It's some georgette crêpe. I'm making myself one of those new two-tone slip-over negligees. Field's had a sale. Only one sixty-nine a yard."

Cora was interested. She sewed rather well when she was in the mood. "Are they hard to make?"

"Oh, land, no! No trick to it at all. They just hang from the shoulder, see? Like a slip-over. And then your cord comes round——"

She stepped in. She undid the box and shook out the vivid folds of the filmy stuff, vivid green and lavender. "You wouldn't think they'd go well together but they do. Makes a perfectly stunning negligee."

Cora fingered the stuff. "I'd get some. Only I don't know if I could cut the——"

"I'll show you. Glad to." She was very friendly. Cora noticed she used expensive perfume. Her hair was beautifully marcelled. The woman folded up the material and was off, smiling. "Just let me know when you get it. I've got a lemon cream pie in the oven and I've got to run." She called back over her shoulder. "Mrs. Hoyt."

Cora nodded and smiled. "Mine's Atwater." She saw that the woman's simple-seeming black dress was one she had seen in a Michigan Avenue shop, and had coveted. Its price had been beyond her purse.

Cora mentioned the meeting to Ray when he came home. "She seems real nice. She's going to show me how to cut out a new negligee."

"What'd you say her name was?" She told him. He shrugged. "Well, I'll say this: she must be some swell cook. Whenever I go by that door at dinner time my mouth just waters. One night last week there was something must have been baked spare-ribs and sauerkraut. I almost broke in the door."

The woman in 618 did seem to cook a great deal. That is, when she cooked. She explained that Mr. Hoyt was on the road a lot of the time and when he was home she liked

to fuss for him. This when she was helping Cora cut out the georgette negligee.

"I'd get coral colour if I was you, honey. With your hair and all," Mrs Hoyt had advised her.

"Why, that's my name! That is, it's what Ray calls me. My name's really Cora." They were quite good friends now.

It was that same week that Raymond met the woman in 620. He had left the apartment half an hour later than usual (he had a heavy cold, and had not slept) and encountered the man and woman just coming out of 620.

"And guess who it was!" he exclaimed to Cora that evening. "It was a girl who used to work at Nagel's, in the binoculars, years ago, when I started there. Calhoun, her name was. Laura Calhoun. Smart little girl, she was. She's married now. And guess what! She gets a big salary fitting glasses for women at the Bazaar. She learned to be an optician. Smart girl."

Cora bridled, virtuously. "Well, I think she'd better stay home and take care of that child of hers. I should think she'd let her husband earn the living. That child is all soul alone when she comes home from school. I hear her practising. I asked Mrs. Hoyt about her. She says she's seen her. A pindling scrawny little thing, about ten years old. She leaves her alone all day."

Ray encountered the Calhoun girl again, shortly after that, in the way encounters repeat themselves, once they have started.

"She didn't say much but I guess her husband is a nit-wit. Funny how a smart girl like that always marries one of these sap-heads that can't earn a living. She said she was working because she wanted her child to have the advantages she'd missed. That's the way she put it."

One heard the long-legged, melancholy child next door practising at the piano daily at four. Cora said it drove her crazy. But then, Cora was rarely home at four. "Well," she said now, virtuously, "I don't know what she calls advantages. The way she neglects that kid. Look at her! I guess if she had a little more mother and a little less education it'd be better for her."

"Guess that's right," Ray agreed.

It was in September that Cora began to talk about the mink coat. A combination anniversary and Christmas gift. December would mark their twelfth anniversary. A mink coat.

Raymond remembered that his mother had had a mink coat, back there in Michigan, years ago. She always had taken it out in November and put it away in moth balls and tar paper in March. She had done this for years and years. It was a cheerful yellow mink, with a slightly darker marking running through it, and there had been little mink tails all around the bottom edge of it. It had spread comfortably at the waist. Women had had hips in those days. With it his mother had carried a mink muff; a small yellow-brown cylinder just big enough for her two hands. It had been her outdoor uniform, winter after winter, for as many years as he could remember of his boyhood. When she had died the mink coat had gone to his sister Carrie, he remembered.

A mink coat. The very words called up in his mind sharp winter days; the pungent moth-bally smell of his mother's fur-coated bosom when she had kissed him good-bye that day he left for Chicago; comfort; womanliness. A mink coat.

"How much could you get one for? A mink coat."

Cora hesitated a moment. "Oh—I guess you could get a pretty good one for three thousand."

"You're crazy," said Ray, unemotionally. He was not angry. He was amused.

But Cora was persistent. Her coat was a sight. She had to have something. She never had had a real fur coat.

"How about your Hudson seal?"

"Hudson seal! Did you ever see any seals in the Hudson! Fake fur. I've never had a really decent piece of fur in my life. Always some mangy make-believe. All the girls in the Crowd are getting new coats this year. The woman next door—Mrs. Hoyt—is talking of getting one. She says Mr. Hoyt——"

"Say, who are these Hoyts, anyway?"

Ray came home early one day to find the door to 618 open. He glanced in, involuntarily. A man sat in the

living room—a large, rather red-faced man, in his shirt-sleeves, relaxed, comfortable, at ease. From the open door came the most tantalizing and appetizing smells of candied sweet potatoes, a browning roast, steaming vegetables.

Mrs. Hoyt had run in to bring a slice of fresh-baked chocolate cake to Cora. She often brought in dishes of exquisitely prepared food thus, but Raymond had never before encountered her. Cora introduced them. Mrs. Hoyt smiled, nervously, and said she must run away and tend to her dinner. And went. Ray looked after her. He strode into the kitchenette where Cora stood, hatted, at the sink.

"Say, looka here, Cora. You got to quit seeing that woman, see?"

"What woman?"

"One calls herself Mrs. Hoyt. That woman. Mrs. Hoyt! Ha!"

"Why, Ray, what in the world are you talking about! Aren't you *fun-ny*!"

"Yeh; well, you cut her out. I won't have you running around with a woman like that. Mrs. Hoyt! Mrs. Fiddlesticks!"

They had a really serious quarrel about it. When the smoke of battle cleared away Raymond had paid the first instalment on a three thousand dollar mink coat. And, "If we could sub-lease," Cora said, "I think it would be wonderful to move to the Shoreham. Lil and Harry are going there in January. You know yourself this place isn't half respectable."

Raymond had stared. "Shoreham! Why, it's a hotel. Regular hotel."

"Yes," placidly. "That's what's so nice about it. No messing around in a miserable little kitchenette. You can have your meals sent up. Or you can go down to the dining room. Lil says it's wonderful. And if you order for one up in your room the portions are big enough for two. It's really economy, in the end."

"Nix," said Ray. "No hotel in mine. A little house of our own. That's the right idear. Build."

"But nobody's building now. Materials are so high. It'll cost you ten times as much as it would if you waited a

few—a little while. And no help. No maids coming over, hardly. I think you might consider me a little. We could live at the Shoreham a while, anyway. By that time things will be better, and we'd have money saved up and then we might talk of building. Goodness knows I love my home as well as any woman——”

They looked at the Shoreham rooms on the afternoon of their anniversary. They were having the Crowd to dinner, downtown, that evening. Cora thought the Shoreham rooms beautiful, though she took care not to let the room-clerk know she thought so. Ray, always a silent, inarticulate man, was so wordless that Cora took him to task for it in a sibilant aside.

“Ray, for heaven's sake say something. You stand there! I don't know what the man'll think.”

“A hell of a lot I care what he thinks.” Ray was looking about the garish room—plush chairs, heavy carpets, brocade hangings, shining table-top, silly desk.

“Two hundred and seventy-five a month,” the clerk was saying. “With the yearly lease, of course. Otherwise it's three twenty-five.” He seemed quite indifferent.

Ray said nothing. “We'll let you know,” said Cora.

The man walked to the door. “I can't hold it for you, you know. Our apartments are practically gone. I've a party who practically has closed for this suite already. I'd have to know.”

Cora looked at Ray. He said nothing. He seemed not to have heard. His face was gaunt and haggard. “We'll let you know—tomorrow,” Cora said. Her full under lip made a straight thin line.

When they came out it was snowing. A sudden flurry. It was already dark. “Oh, dear,” said Cora. “My hat!” Ray summoned one of the hotel taxis. He helped Cora into it. He put money into the driver's hand.

“You go on, Cora. I'm going to walk.”

“Walk! Why! But it's snowing. And you'll have to dress for dinner.”

“I've got a little headache. I thought I'd walk. I'll be home. I'll be home.”

He slammed the door then, and turned away. He began

to walk in the opposite direction from that which led toward the apartment house. The snow felt cool and grateful on his face. It stung his cheeks. Hard and swift and white it came, blinding him. A blizzard off the lake. He plunged through it, head down, hands jammed into his pockets.

So. A home girl. Home girl. God, it was funny. She was a selfish, idle, silly, vicious woman. She was nothing. Nothing. It came over him in a sudden blinding crashing blaze of light. The woman in 618 who wasn't married to her man, and who cooked and planned to make him comfortable; the woman in 620 who blindly left her home and her child every day in order to give that child the thing she called advantages—either of these was better than his woman. Honester. Helping someone. Trying to, anyway. Doing a better job than she was.

He plunged across the street, blindly, choking a little with the bitterness that had him by the throat. Hey! Watcha! —A shout rising to a scream. A bump. Numbness. Silence. Nothingness.

"Well, anyway, Cora," said the girls in the Crowd, "you certainly were a wonderful wife to him. You can always comfort yourself with that thought. My! the way you always ran home so's to be there before he got in."

"I know it," said Cora, mournfully. "I always was a home girl. Why, we always had planned we should have a little home of our own some day. He always said that was the right idear—idea."

Lil wiped her eyes. "What are you going to do about your new mink coat, Cora?"

Cora brushed her hair away from her forehead with a slow, sad gesture. "Oh, I don't know. I've hardly thought of such trifling things. The woman next door said she might buy it. Hoyt, her name is. Of course I couldn't get what we paid for it, though I've hardly had it on. But money'll count with me now. Ray never did finish that invisible rim he was working on all those years. Wasting his time. Poor Ray. . . . I thought if she took it, I'd get a caracul, with a black fox collar. After I bought it I heard mink wasn't so good anyway, this year. Everything's

black. Of course, I'd never have said anything to Raymond about it. I'd just have worn it. I wouldn't have hurt Ray for the world."

Another story of another life than
autobiography, better than the previous
one, but sadly lacking in force. Certain
not up to Edna Ferber standard.
The climax is painfully obvious.

THE BUTTON¹

By HENRY GOODMAN

(From *Clay*)

I

THE accident of motherhood, for with Manya this was the result of violence and assault, did not find her either bewildered or unprepared. With the same calm in which she went about her task of harvesting in the fields outside of her village, she went about the delivering of the child and the getting rid of the boy. As to the last, Lieutenant Fiodr Petronitch could never afterwards forgive himself for having failed to take Manya's calmness into mind.

Manya, sturdy of body and firm of hand, as she stood in her long loose wrap that revealed strong round calves and outlined firm thighs, was a picture that attracted almost without exception all the males of the village. But unlike the result of their attraction to Senya, Manya's friend, the men did not dare make advances to her, for did they not remember, as peasants remember a folk story, the terrible slap of her hand which had laid Dwonid unconscious for two days, when, being drunk, he had sought to become familiar with her?

Perhaps it was this very story, added to the sense of guarded prowess that possessed Manya at her work in the fields, that attracted Lieutenant Fiodr Petronitch of the Royal Guards and decided him to win and have Manya. The fact is that on the same day in which the lieutenant rode into the village at the head of his company which had been billeted on the peasants, Fiodr, seeing Manya swinging her scythe and swaying her strong, full-breasted body in buoyant rhythm, set her apart in his mind as one who would recompense him for the distasteful change from garrison life

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at Kharkov to the vapid inactivity of this Cossack village. Besides, she looked like a girl who could help him forget his rejection by Sophia Lentine.

He stopped a peasant on the road, asked who "that" was, pointing to Manya, and then asked where she lived. Then dispatching his man, Alexiff, to Manya's home to arrange for his quarters there, he rode on into the village to see that his men were well received. He winked to Second Lieutenants Vladimir and Leon who smiled back in understanding after a glance at Manya.

In the village the lieutenant heard the story of the slap. It was after he began making veiled inquiries about Manya. Among the men he heard her referred to as the "Colt" and discovered that the name had come to her from the manner in which she had defended herself against those men who had dared approach her in the fields. He thought the name a good one, if what the men said was so, for he had sensed in her, even from his distant view, a kind of animal calm and self-possession that fitted in with his observations of a colt at pasture. There was that freedom and leisurely ease of motion which was instantly changed to straining alertness in the case of the unbridled animal. He would bridle her, he thought, and smiled.

If Lieutenant Fiodr thought his inquiries veiled sufficiently well to mislead or avert suspicion, he was mistaken. Men foiled in an object have a peculiar intuition regarding the efforts of others towards the attainment of the same object. Besides, one look at the smoldering eyes of the lieutenant and another at his careful stroking of his moustaches and his brushing back of his hair, was enough to reveal him as he did not want to be revealed. So it was that soon the story got abroad that the lieutenant had cast eyes on the "Colt," and with the nature of such stories, it sped to the fields and reached even the ears of Manya.

Senya it was who told Manya. Senya, nicknamed, "Grandmother," by the men because of her terror of their lustful glances and approaches and because of her fear of showing a bare arm or leg when she walked through the village street, was filled with alarm for Manya. Her terror could not have been more real if she had thought herself

the object of a projected assault. She rushed to Manya's side in the field and related the rumor.

"Manya," she began breathlessly, "Manya, do you know—those soldiers—"

"Well—so what about the soldiers?"

"Their officer—a lieutenant—they say he's been asking about you—talking to those men."

"So let him talk his tongue loose."

"But don't you know, Manya, what fellows these officers are? He'll come upon you in the field and before you know it he's—"

"But what of my scythe and my arms? And I can kick, I tell you."

Manya's gesture was reassuring. Her arm flexed and the muscles stood out, glistening bronze. As if to assure herself, she drew up her skirt, flexed her right leg and kicked viciously.

"Let him come if he wants to," she said.

But though her voice sounded calm and devoid of feeling, her eyes, when they met those of the lieutenant, gleamed anger and a warning.

Lieutenant Petronitch was in the room when Manya returned from the field, her scythe on one shoulder, a tremendous bundle of hay on the other. He sprang forward to relieve her of her burdens but was stopped by her loud order:

"Hey, hold off there. I did this before you came around."

And with a deft, easy turn of her hand she lifted the scythe from off her shoulder and thrust it into a corner and as easily lifted the bundle of hay to the ground.

"Go you and swing your toy sword," she added for consolation.

There followed a season of subtle effort on the part of Lieutenant Fiodr to break down the barrier of Manya's suspecting watchfulness. The lieutenant, long expert in those arts which win men ingratiation with the ladies of garrison towns, brought into play all his little kindnesses with Manya for their unheeding and unfriendly object. He began by instructing Alexiff to bring daily the best of the

fruits displayed in the village markets, for an offering to Manya's parents. It was as if he thought that by a siege of kindness and generosity he would wear away the cold reserve of Manya. He managed so, that whereas the other peasants in whose homes his men were quartered complained of the troops, if only out of habit, Manya's parents, peasants of similar prejudices against the soldiery, not only overcame their prejudice but even learned to speak with pride of "their" soldier—the lieutenant. In fact, sensing the lieutenant's attentiveness to Manya they chuckled with pride as their eyes glowed before the sight of Manya's fulsome figure.

"Ah, those soldiers—those soldiers—leave it to them—they know what is good."

It was in good-natured jest they spoke, but it was a jest that angered Manya and brought a glowering light into her eyes.

Following the habit of his mind which was military and even simple, Lieutenant Fiodr thought, one evening, that now his preparations had been laid, it was time to go on with the main plan—the taking of Manya. It must be said for the lieutenant, that, although he was rather primitive in his understanding, he was himself aware that his preparations had met with unqualified defeat. But this in no wise detracted his attention from the further carrying out of his project. His unguarded boasting and intimations made to his second lieutenants, came back as new incentives which would have driven him on, even had he meant to raise the siege. This he did not, by any means, mean to do. And the reasons were to be found in his growing desire of Manya.

This feeling was nourished in devious ways. First, Manya's disregard which was growing painful to the lieutenant, had a haughty coldness in it like a high, proud wind which thought by its indifferent passage to flick out a low fire. Then there was the knowledge of the successes of the lieutenants, both of whom had found ready friendship in joyous, eager village girls.

But what acted most sharply as a goad on Lieutenant Fiodr's feelings was the humiliation he suffered when

Manya publicly refused to be his partner at a village dance even after the mediatory and diplomatic efforts put forth by the girls who were the partners of the two other officers.

This refusal was not purely out of Manya's indifference to Lieutenant Fiodr. It was more directly because Manya was herself falling in love.

II

Manya's falling in love was a curious thing. Declared by the violent protestations of unwelcome suitors the most attractive girl in the village, she was nevertheless immune from any emotional exaltation such as inspired the furious, rapid courtships to which she had been subjected. Held in the universal esteem and desire of the males of the village, she had come to hold in violent disdain almost all the men who sought her.

But Valodja the Blind, who looked upon life with his one green eye that seemed to fasten its indifference as a label on the world, was the exception. In himself he was exceptional in that the world was of a piece to him. Rains might come and inundate the valleys and wash out the seeds of his planting. The one eye blinked at the grey heavens, took in the brown running earth, and held up its green indifference as a reflection of what went on in Valodja. Sun, vibrating and insistent, might lay itself out over the hills and growing flats and drink the moisture of the soil and the sap from the uplifting plants. Valodja looked out, saw green, shimmering stalks and leaves turn yellow with premature exhaustion. His eyes blinked and sent out its message—indifference. But his hands, gigantic, gnarled flails, were never at rest. Morning come—a thin grey line turning white over the hills—Valodja's hands began their endless motion. Now it was lifting a barrel of potatoes to the buck-board. Now it was plowing, or sowing or going down to the forest for the day to lay in a new stock of wood, or carrying his sheep, legs tied fast, down to the slaughter house. All things he did in an encompassing silence. If early ripening and a multiplicity of crops pleased him, no one knew for Valodja's speech was almost wholly in his eye and

that said one thing—indifference. If a destructive wind-storm, followed by snow which resulted in the killing off of his sheep, stirred resentment within Valodja, no one could tell, none could sympathize, nor yet gloat, for who knew what was back of that silent, green and unruffled eye?

To one other person he was indifferent with a steadfast, deliberate indifference—to Manya. If, looking at her when he strode by in his dust-caked, big shoes, he was pleased by the warm, undulating lines of her moving body, neither word passed his mouth nor blink stirred his eye. Like the sunshine before him on the road, or the rain beating down on his roof, Manya seemed to fall into the one cloth of impression which was his reaction to the world.

By what poignant, stumbling yet certain, sixth sense did Manya feel something quick beneath his indifference? Perhaps it was only a stirring within herself, set a-tingle when Valodja the Blind walked by in his impassivity. As to the thing itself there may be question, but undoubtedly it shot into her a vivid force that fastened her modest eyes on his tall, spare and virile form. It raced into her heart on a tide of eager yearning and seemed to curve covetously into her swinging, tireless arms.

Thus, in her calm, undemonstrative manner, Manya's living found for itself a new tempo: the doings of Valodja the Blind. Of these doing and goings on she had many conflicting reports for Valodja, being queer, had many chroniclers. Believing that where there is smoke there is some fire, however small, Manya was able to extract from the smoke of rumor some particles which she felt were authentic and which kept her heart informed.

She heard many stories of his new enterprise. It seemed he was building an addition to his weather-stained house. Conjectures were offered as explanations; drunken fancies as facts and idle inventions as truths. But Manya's heart thrilled and beat out its own explanation—an intense longing—Valodja was building because—because he would take her. It would be a new home for her, for along the ways of her heart had there not come encouraging messengers of her hope and yearning? Had she not begun to sense a thawing of that icy indifference when Valodja came by her

in the fields? And had she not begun to sense a conscious increase in the frequency of those encounters? Besides, had not her heart, eager, laughing heart, offered up a devout explanation of why Valodja, passing her with his shoulder loads of planks, had made those loads smaller and smaller? Was it because Valodja wanted to have more frequent occasion for passing her? And if so, had she not more than once found that imperturbable, green eye directed upon her when she turned suddenly after his passing? Perhaps it was only her heart speaking—but who would discredit the testimony of the heart?

Her dislike of the lieutenant had been instinctive. But now his attentions were thoroughly distasteful and when there came the two messengers, Feda and Truda, both urged by the second lieutenants to do their best to win Manya over to becoming Lieutenant Fiodr's dance partner at the village dance, Manya sent them on their way, their ears tingling with her sharp denunciations of themselves, the soldiers and their officers.

The night of the dance found Lieutenant Fiodr arrayed in pompous sullenness. His mantle of disdain was pierced at mention of Manya by the other officers who danced merrily to the music of the fiddle and accordion. As for Manya, she had wandered in to the dance, unconcerned, had danced with Senya and some of the other girls, had refused the public invitation of Lieutenant Fiodr and had, as unconcernedly, disappeared from the dance hall. Senya suspected she had gone up the road toward Valodja's house, and the last, red rays of sun found her among the trees on the hilltop from which she could yet make out the tall, industrious body of Valodja, as he fastened a roof board in the dark.

III

Sunlight had an intoxicating effect on Lieutenant Fiodr. Suffusing him and reaching into his very veins, it sent waves of pleasant desire through him, filling him with a vague longing that led him to poetize things and people.

Manya, swaying her firm body in the rhythm set by her rounded, browned arms, stood in a flood of sunshine just on

the edge of the woods, cutting with regular swing and sweep the rustling, tall grain. Her bosom was bared to the upper round of the breasts and as she bent forward in her work, their fullness was revealed in the flush that covered them through the vigor of her movement.

Watching her, watching the swing of her body and the trembling vibration of her breasts and seeing the golden tan of her strong legs as the sun flecked their moving muscles, Lieutenant Fiodr felt arising within himself the waves of desire that were so pleasant and seemed to send a radiation of warmth into every part of his body. He felt himself growing flushed with an eagerness to be near this sun-bathed being, to touch with his own warm hands the roundness of her body.

But he dared not approach while Senya was about. Every now and then he heard the voice of Senya calling to Manya from her place in the tall grain. Resentment stirred within him against Manya's friend who seemed to know so well what was passing in his mind. He felt anger at her that she should seem so much concerned about Manya.

He did not know, as indeed Manya herself did not, how closely Senya could follow Manya's thoughts and feelings. How should he know that having seen him walk along the road, Senya had thought instantly of that other silent walker of the road, Valodja the Blind? How indeed should he have known, when for that matter, Manya herself was ignorant of the fact that Senya, watching her, sensed that her thoughts were not of the grain she was cutting nor of the sun that was reaching so eagerly down her bosom, but of a silent house on a hilltop where a silent man was building?

Yet it was not strange that Manya's friend should have been able to read so readily the tender awakenings within her. Calm as was Manya's manner, to Senya there was in her sudden turning of the head a hint of expectation, and the dropping of her head when Valodja passed by, was as clear in meaning as any spoken word.

This nearness to Manya it was that led Senya off on a run for Valodja when she discovered Lieutenant Fiodr making his way from the woods through the grain. She would call him and they would be back together instantly, she thought.

To Lieutenant Fiodr, watching Manya and thrilling with the thought and sight of her, the fact that Senya's voice had ceased calling, came as the word to advance. He walked cautiously back of Manya, timing his footsteps with a loud swish, swish of her scythe. He studied her body and arms and a glowing coursed through his own body. Having approached within arm's reach of Manya, he called, "Well, well, Manya, and here we are together."

Manya knew the voice and was ready to fight. She turned half way, scythe in both hands. But she had not counted on the swiftness of his next move. With a sharp lunge forward, he hurled himself at her waist and brought one hand hammerwise down on hers, holding the scythe. With a noisy rustling the scythe fell. Then, recovered from his swift onslaught, Manya ducked and kicked out in wild fury. She lifted Lieutenant Fiodr from the ground in the embrace of her muscled arms. Somehow he turned and tripped her so that she fell in the grain.

In fury he hurled himself upon her, attempting to fasten her hands in one of his. She rolled her head, lifting it from the ground and kicking up at him with her knees. He struck her a violent blow on the side of the head and straightened her body on the ground. She was almost limp. He thrust her still resisting hands from her wrap and threw himself beside her.

When he arose he put his hand to his face and found it bleeding from the scratches she had inflicted. He brushed his clothes. A button was torn from his jacket. It would be difficult to replace the button. It was one of a fine set given him by Sophia but he did not dare look for it, fearing that the girl at his feet would arise and vent her vengeance on him.

Senya and Valodja came down to find Manya fastening her hair which was a mass of black disarray. She had just brushed her skirt down so that once more it covered her knees. Anger and fear mingled in her heart and sight of Valodja, Valdoja the silent, by her side, turned all her rage to tears. It was gratefulness, for his presence was his first word of his feelings for her.

His words moved her.

"Oh, it's so good Valodja, that you are here; you who are so silent and far from me."

And to reassure him (for why should she burden him who had so many matters of his own concern?) she held up a gleaming button and said with a forced show of pride, "See what I took from him? And he'll never come again, I can tell you."

Their questions as to what happened served only to draw over her the calmness of her usual manner. She thrust the button into her pocket and took up the scythe, giving it a vigorous thrust in the same breath with which she answered Valodja, "No, no, nothing. He did not do anything. I drove him off."

IV

Lieutenant Fiodr's sudden removal from their house was a painful surprise to Manya's parents. But there could be no asking of questions—the honored sir desired and it was so.

To Second Lieutenants Vladmir and Leon, however, this action was corroboration of the story told them by Fiodr. "She was a fury," he said, pointing to the scratches. "But I got her. Too bad she's made that way. I'd like to stay over at her house if you could do anything with her."

It was curious that the missing button should have troubled Lieutenant Fiodr as much as it did. But because he had not rid himself completely of the thought of Sophia he could not rid himself of the thought of this token of her, which was of the set she had given him. And careless though his talk of Sophia might become at any time, just now the missing button was very much in his thoughts. The set had been her parting gift to him before their quarrel and sometimes, when he thought back, the buttons fastened his mind on that very pleasant period before the quarrel.

"Wonder what Sophia Lentine would say?" asked Second Lieutenant Leon, who because he was sharing his room with the lieutenant felt more familiar now.

"Sophia Lentine is a little fool. What does she know of a soldier's life anyway? You'd think she wanted us to grow

wings and twang harps by the way she talks. If I'm not good enough for her as I am—well I'm not, that's all."

And as if to prove to himself that he was really careless of what Sophia Lentine thought of him, he brusquely tore her photograph which he was transferring from his case to his table in Lieutenant Leon's room. This was the first sign of the reaction that was setting in after the affair with Manya. The brusqueness of the act was of a kind with the sudden decision that he had to give his uniform, minus a button, to his valet, Alexiff. A force from within impelled him to throw off this suit, to rid himself of a feeling of struggling arms that seemed to batter and tear, invisibly, at his breast when he wore it.

Within Lieutenant Fiodr's mind a series of strange developments was taking place. As each thought grew and rounded, taking no matter what distant and circuitous lines, the core of it was Manya.

Her calmness, her refusal to seem to notice or even to bestow on him a sign of enmity, made him uneasy at first and filled him gradually with fear. He would look upon Manya as he passed her, hoping, curiously enough, that in her eyes he might see a shadow of a frown, or on her lips a sign of bitterness. She looked at him blankly, as if he were not.

He wondered, watching her coldness, whether under the smoothness of that surface there was not a riot of emotion which ran to bitterness toward him. Had she told anyone? If not, what could it mean? Was she herself planning to give vent to the wrath which he had so effectively stilled with that strong, sudden blow on the head?

The fear of her which was a negative thing, for it had nothing really definite to go by, crept into him like an intruder whose presence was disagreeable. It was with him so constantly that soon the whole village breathed for him the same disquieting atmosphere.

When his companions, the young lieutenants who were taken up with gaities that they created for themselves among the peasants of the village, would tease him about Manya, saying that no doubt she was waiting for him, he tossed the whole matter off as a joke.

"Yes, indeed," he drawled, "waiting for me, no less." His laughter appealed to his companions as showing his wit, but it could not still the unrest that was inside of him and which he felt stir and turn over and clutch as though it were something alive.

His distrust of Manya led him to impatience with himself. To relieve his uneasiness there came the hope of receiving orders that the troops should leave the town. It was too much to hope that they would be recalled to Kharkov.

His mind was in this state when there came a letter from Sophia Lentine. The tone of the letter was more than friendly, for Sophia in fact implored him to forgive her and to regard her rejection of his marriage proposal as unspoken. She wished so warmly to have him back for, foolish boy that he was, did he not see that she loved him truly and that nothing he had ever done could undermine her love?

The thought of Sophia's letter was a pleasant relief. It was the open sesame to a cave of recollections that glowed under the lamps of his desire. Immediately it gave new color to his imaginings. He saw himself back in Kharkov, found himself in the gay, light-hearted company of Sophia, recalled the stir of admiring curiosity in the eyes of those who watched Sophia and him at the ballroom, discovered again the indolent restfulness that used to flow in his being like a warm, pervading liquid.

It would be a good thing to get back to Kharkov, back to Sophia. Besides, it would be going back with the air of a victor, in answer to Sophia's urgent appeal. The vanity that ran strongly in his veins was stimulated by the thought. He began to build for himself little fantasies that pleased him for the sense of mastery that they left with him. Oh, he would permit Sophia to learn just how masterful he was. He had asked for her hand; she had rejected him. That was all to the matter as far as he was concerned. Then she called him back. Well, was not this going back a concession? True, he was glad to go, but Sophia would have to show that she understood what his coming back meant.

The lieutenant's star of good favor was in the ascendant. A week after he received the letter from Sophia, asking

him to return, his command was ordered to rejoin the main troops at Kharkov which were to begin training for the spring manoeuvres.

V

Night after night, her work done, Manya would go up the hill to the sheltering clump of trees before Valodja's home. But now her calmness was only a garment that covered the tumult within her. She had felt the first faint stirring of a life that was not of her volition, and at the same time she felt coming upon her a growing insistence, the yearning and need for Valodja.

The thought of Valodja filled her life.

The crops had long been taken in. She had helped store the winter supplies in the white-walled barn. In former years there had been shawls to knit and wraps to sew for her mother and herself, but now she was filled with a restlessness that would not let her spend her days in this occupation. A sense as of longing was with her and made her ill-content with everything. It was as if everything were out of order. The pleasure that had been hers when she sat in the sun-filled room of all-work in her home, was now no longer alive for her.

But she was not really discontented. Beneath the restlessness, swinging like a slow tide that moved steadily in its set course, was the feeling for Valodja. If only he would call to her, how everything would then run smoothly, how well satisfied she would become once more. In itself the thought was one that brought a tinge of warmth and set her imagination glowing. She saw herself working the fields with this great, kind man who would be her man; she saw herself walking hand in hand with Valodja down the hilly road which led past her home.

It was like a singing within her, this thought of herself and Valodja. She saw his great imperious walking down the road, and a sharpness reached her heart when she recalled the first time she caught his backward glance. Had he not seen then that she wanted him to take her, that she wanted to go to him?

Why had she not thrown herself upon Valodja that time

after the assault, when Valodja and Senya had come down to her in the fields? Why had she not then spoken to Valodja to make him see that she knew what was going on in his heart and that her own heart was yearning to him? But she could not overcome the feelings that had kept her from speaking at that time, and which had bid her keep silence since.

All in good time would come the telling of her love to Valodja. Nothing about him could be forced or hurried as a harvest could not be hurried or the melting of the winter snows. But it was her knowledge that beneath this calm, Valodja's heart was also alive with feeling for her that brought her a measure of contentment.

This it was that led her feet to the house on the hill. To be near him, to hear the clatter of the boards with which he was building; to see his huge body come into the lamp light in his movements about the room, in these sights and sounds of his presence there was delight for her.

She had hoped that after that time when he had shown something of his feelings, Valodja would soften towards her in his outward manner, that he would greet her as it would have pleased her to be greeted by him. It had pained to see that Valodja resumed the same bearing toward her that he had always had. But her belief that she had read his feelings did not leave her, and so she could hope.

What would he say when she told him about the lieutenant? Had she better tell him? Again, as she stood there, watching with keen eyes Valodja's movements in the half darkness, there shot through her all the questionings to which she had been subjected in the days following the discovery that there was a life within her. Was it wise to tell? If she did tell him would he turn from her or would he understand and help her to do what she had already made up her mind to do: get rid of the baby?

The thoughts riding through her, bringing the fear that she might lose Valodja, made her tremble with agony. If she did not tell, Valodja need never know. She would hide the fact from everyone by binding herself as she had heard some of the girls did. But should she keep from speaking

the truth? And, if later, through some mishap Valodja should learn, what then?

Why had she not heeded the warning of the lieutenant's looks and glances at her? Why had she laughed off the warning brought to her by Senya? Now all the questions that she knew to be futile kept pouring into her mind, filling it with a seething despair. There came reproach for her indifference and the thought even came that had she confided to Valodja, he would early have taught the lieutenant to keep away from her. In his strength he would have found some way to keep the lieutenant from molesting her.

To rid herself of the questionings and to escape the despair that was seizing upon her, she strained her eyes into the closing darkness. Valodja, he was so good, so strong, he would take her love; he would take her and keep her with him. It could not be otherwise. In her heart she was sure of this, sure that she had seen into the depths of his feelings for her.

She was not startled when his voice came from the darkness:

"Manya, will you come here?"

It was like an answer within herself to all the thoughts of her own mind. She walked out from the trees and as she was stumbling across the stones before his house, she felt his hand reach out to her and place itself firmly about her waist. He drew her gently up to him, and in the light of the open doorway she caught his glance full upon her, his indifference all spent and her own feelings reflected deep in his look.

"Valodja," she said, "I have so wanted to come here, to be with you. Why did you not ask me to come? Did you not know I wanted this?"

In a glance she had taken in sight of the new room, its new brick stove white-washed and clean, a well-bedded divan beside the opposite wall, with here and there a gleam of fresh, clean planks with which Valodja had built it. Would this be home to her now? The soil of the hard-beaten floor exuded an atmosphere of spring warmth that filled her pleasantly.

"I knew, Manya, that you would come to me. I knew you were there waiting for me. It is good to have you."

And then under the friendliness of his look, the feeling that she had won to restfulness that would drive from her all the uneasiness, carried her on to an expression of all she had thought.

"I don't know. I couldn't tell you at that time. How I feared that lieutenant. Yet I could never come to you and tell you what had happened. And I didn't know what had happened to me. He hit me over the head. And now I have a child. But I shall get rid of it. I shall go far from here and when I come back, will you have me?"

His silence and bearing quieted her. Was he lost to her? The question filled her and in her throat and breast she felt a choking that made breathing difficult.

Valodja took her by the hand. "Manya, Manya, why did you not tell me sooner? When he was yet here? I would have—" His two strong hands closed firmly with crushing power.

VI

Spring in the fields called Mayna out to the new round of the year's work and again she was active in the pale light of the early sun. Working in the fields, walking along the plowed up ridges of breathing brown soil, she would grow conscious of the stirring within her.

And all of the time she felt that Valodja's care was over her. His anxious glance was upon her when he joined her in the fields near her father's home and in his silence she felt that he spoke to her.

She had taken what means she could, to hide the state of her being from those about her. But now a new tide of thought set in. Should she rid herself of this baby she had not wanted, but which now that it was within her, was becoming one with her? A new tenderness was filling her. From the sight of the growing fields and the pale blossoming of trees in the orchards and on the road-sides there came to her a nearness to growing life that filled her with troubled thoughts. This little life, when it came, what should she do with it? She had heard of one girl

outside of the village who, taken with child, had, in frightened despair, crushed the life out of her baby at birth. The thought sent a shudder through her. She would never do such a thing. But what should she do? She thought again and again that she might keep the baby, make it her own. But it seemed as if her whole mode of life rose up against this. Her life since she had left childhood behind her and since the ripening within herself of the instincts of motherhood, had been free of all easy contact with the men of the village who sought her. Had she not herself taken pride in the name "The Colt"? And now, this? How then could she walk through the village street with all men to stare at her, their glinting eyes to say things which they had never dared put into words? And the girls, yes, even the two girls whose ears she came near to box when they came to her from the lieutenants, would they not look at her with laughing eyes?

The feeling grew stronger that she would love to keep the baby, but always there came before her the laughing eyes of the village, the tongues in the cheeks of the men and boys and the smothered chuckles of girls who had learned to keep away from her because she would not join them with the soldiers.

When Manya felt that the time was coming when she would have to do something about the baby, she went to her mother. The old woman who had laughed with pleasure that the lieutenant should have seemed taken up with her daughter, was now outraged. She was overcome with wrath but was made calm by Manya's quiet speaking.

"Mother, your anger will not help me, now," Manya said. "This is what I want you to do. I must go away to some city and there I shall leave the baby—at a foundling house perhaps. Can you come with me? That I should want very much."

Again the old woman began to sway her head and to mutter her anger at the lieutenant. Manya went on:

"You see, mother, Valodja will marry me. We have spoken of it together. Can we not go—we will say to visit his sister in Drubno—to some city not very far off and stay a while, then come back here?"

"Then we shall tell your father it is to Drubno we go, to Valodja's sister for you are to marry Valodja." She paused and looked closely at Manya. "And so you are going to marry Valodja? And you love him well? But of course you do." And the old woman turned away, pleased and at the same time distressed, thinking of what to tell her husband.

VII

Lieutenant Fiodr's return to Kharkov was in many ways a triumph.

First, his superior officers, after inspecting his troops, commended him on the fine appearance of his men. They praised him for the precision with which they performed their various drills, and to cap the climax, informed him that his promotion to a captaincy was on its way to him.

Second, and this was of even greater consequence to Captain Fiodr (with what delight in the word, he repeated his new title) was Sophia's welcome. He had looked forward to a show of enthusiasm on her part, but his imagination went a-begging. She was all a flood of self-giving; she seemed to pour herself out in ecstatic volubility, in caresses that were endless and full of delicate suggestions. He had known her displeasure months ago, but now first learned the full force of her impetuous nature.

With a wild rush and leap she had welcomed his coming into her home. Her eyes seemed to blaze up with a joyous fire that communicated to her cheeks and throat and to the sides of her delicate forehead. She flung her arms about his head and drew his face down crushingly to her own so that he felt the flux of heat in her cheeks. And all the while her voice was purring softly, carrying little intonations that revealed her feelings at every turn.

"Oh, Fiodr!" her voice pleaded. "What a bad man you are. How could you come back and without even wearing those lovely buttons for your uniform. I know what you shall do. Wait, when you become a captain, then you shall put those buttons on. Yes, you will, you darling." And she crushed his lips on hers so that she did not see the quizzical look in his eyes.

"Nonsense, Sophia. How can you ask such a thing?" Then in a tone, both conciliatory and explanatory, "How could I wear the buttons when I lost one out there in that uncivilized wilderness. I could not think of wearing an imperfect token of one so perfect as you, my darling. When I lost that button, I gave the suit—it was an old one—to Alexiff."

Her eyes showed that she was hurt and for a moment her spirits lost their wings.

"Yes, you'll see Alexiff when he comes in later. I could not think of wearing those buttons. But you'll get me another set for the 'Captain,' won't you, dear?"

But if she thought any more about the buttons, Sophia said nothing just then. Instead, there was a ball being given by Baron Dolsk and she was so eager to have him come. Yes, really she had hardly been out in all the time he was away, bad boy that he was.

That was the beginning of the glowing, exhilarating social life that Captain Fiodr loved so much. Everywhere Sophia and he were made the center of a circle of brilliantly gowned women and men who were circumspect in every move. Ah, yes, it was good to be away in the wilderness for a time, so that one's taste might sharpen in the interval. If thought of Manya ever crossed his unthinking mind, it was like a rose-colored cloud wraith across a glowing, sun-filled sky.

There were dances to which Sophia and he were invited; there were balls given in his honor—the exile returned from dreary distant lands. And, although this did not stir him to new impulses of enthusiasm, there were Sophia's eager plans and discussions of their coming marriage.

On the whole, Captain Fiodr, as he was now being called by his friends even before he got his official notification and the new band on his shoulder, knew that he was a lucky fellow. His face said as much in the easy smile that flitted from lip to eye and then spread over all of his handsome features.

What pleased him greatly was the new privilege of riding well ahead of his company when the troops went out on parade. And Spring manoeuvres seemed to be all parade as far as he could see. Now it was riding out of the armory,

through the town and out to the open drill grounds on the outskirts of Kharkov, past the various city institutions with their windows full of pretty, young nurses and admiring patronesses; now it was back, over the same route, into the city and past the rows and rows of men and women, who, it seemed to him, displayed good sense in their close and steady scrutiny of his good figure and face.

Manya saw him one day when he was leading his company past the Kharkov Foundling Asylum. She had just reached the sidewalk in front of the house and was thinking that it would be a good home for the baby. Then she saw Lieutenant Fiodr. She had no resentment toward him, but there came a strange desire to follow him, to learn where he lived. She pointed him out to her mother and then made haste to quiet the old woman. "Now, now, mother. What good is it to curse and groan? Just you go on back to the house (they were stopping at a little inn). I shall come back later."

Captain Fiodr did not know to what trouble he was putting Manya. With firm but rather slow steps she walked along the street, her eyes now and then lifted to the well-formed back of the Lieutenant. She was disturbed when she saw that the troops were making for the armory. But then she saw the Lieutenant dismount and throw his reins to the orderly. She recognized Alexiff, and looking closely saw that he was wearing a uniform with one button missing. "Oh, the button," she thought, and remembered the button in her long wrap which her mother had brought for her after the confinement. It was the one she had worn that day in the field. But here her thoughts were cut off when she saw the Lieutenant start away. He seemed to know so many people, and she was thankful for this, for his stopping every now and then to greet them gave her a chance to keep him in sight. It was a fine house he entered, and as she turned away, its appearance and position well stamped on her mind, she saw a white hand at the long, glass door. "Servants, too," she thought, making the idea link up with some vague plan that was forming in her mind.

Sophia was for the wedding at once. Her pleading was so impetuous, her manner so pretty and her caresses so car-

rying that Captain Fiodr almost yielded. But he did hold out until he would receive his notice and get his uniform. Of course, he might have gotten his uniform before, but it would be so fine to get his papers and then go down to the tailors and have himself measured . . . a new man . . . that's what it would be like.

Sophia did not tell him that she had her own plans for that uniform. Of course she agreed with him that it was perfectly lovely of him not to have continued to wear her buttons after he had lost one of them. The darling. Who but Fiodr could have put it so nicely: "How could I wear an imperfect token of one so perfect as you?" The dear boy. Yet—and she knew she was sentimental, but she didn't care—she did want him to wear the buttons, for they went back so decidedly to the time before their horrid quarrel. How wonderfully he had looked, their silver gleaming against his blue lieutenant's garb. And now she would get him to wear the buttons as a Captain for at least one day, and in that way carry over to his new rank the feelings that were hers when he was just Lieutenant Fiodr.

When a week later, on the day of the wedding, she turned her appealing eyes upon Alexiff, he forgot the bruskeness and haste with which Lieutenant Fiodr had thrown the uniform, minus one button, to him. He knew only that now the Captain's lady came to him and pleaded with him that for one day she be permitted to remove the buttons from his master's old uniform. How simple that was, with her rich, dark eyes smiling at him!

Sophia trusted to the magic of her eyes to win Fiodr over, also. He bounded up to the room where he was to discard his lieutenant's uniform and don that of a captain. A sudden storm of anger burst within him at the sight of the buttons. There was something taunting in the fact that they had been so placed in the uniform that there was one missing exactly as he had missed it after leaving Manya.

"Alexiff, you fool!" he shouted from his room, but it was Sophia who came to the door, and it was her soft hand stroking his reddened face, and bright, flaming eyes that looked into his and calmed him.

"Boy, what a spoiled boy this is," she spoke softly. "How

he can bellow, and all because Sophia pleads for one little, sweet favor. As for that button, why not change them around so that it won't be noticed?"

When she whispered her reasons, patting his face and shoulders, he subsided. He was learning that her wishes had an impetus that forced them through.

Downstairs the guests were gathering. There were Lieutenants Leon and Vladmir, those good fellows who had helped make life pleasant out there. There were a few other Captains and their wives and a few intimate friends. The real wedding party would foregather later in the week, when they could manage to have all of their brilliant friends down.

The young Lieutenants smiled in recognition of the buttons. But they greeted the new Captain with fervor. Sophia was beautiful to see, her eyes like sparkling fires and her cheeks warmly flushed. There was so much noise of talk and laughter, and at the farthest end of the large chamber there was the full-toned harmony of the music, so that the ringing of the door bell was not heard except by Alexiff.

When he returned from opening the door, he carried a compact little bundle. It was firmly put together, yet seemed soft and yielding, and for all its wrappings was loose at the narrow end.

He was about to take it up the stairs when he noticed a strange thing. Fastened to the outer covering of the bundle—he now felt this to be of soft texture and not of paper, as he had supposed—there was a button. Why, it was the missing button, the very one from the Lieutenant's coat.

He started down the stairs and to the large chamber. "Captain, your Highness . . . my Lord Captain . . . here is your button returned."

Sophia had heard the word and instantly she stood beside Alexiff. How curious that the button should be sewed on to the wrapper, and then there was a slight stirring in the bundle.

Captain Fiodr stood by. A trembling seized his hands and made him hold them behind his back, for he knew that they would quiver. "The button! The button! Manyal

How had she known? What did this mean?" He looked at Sophia opening the bundle. There on the table was a baby, a wrinkled-faced infant boy, wrapped in rough, peasant dresses.

"Sophia," he tried to say, "Sophia, think, here's the button." He could not help catch the gleam that flickered in the eyes of the Lieutenants nor the understanding glance of Sophia as she caught their eyes.

"Why, yes, the button," she said. "What a perfect token!" Her pause was not at all suspicious to those about her. Her voice, sounding faint and hollow, went on almost without her guidance: "This is Captain Fiodr's button come back, which he lost in the wilderness."

A most powerful story with
a tremendous climax. It is
of intimate, human, true & the plot
could be of so close and worked a
time. Reminiscent of "A Piece of String"

MY OLD MAN¹

By ERNEST HEMENWAY

I GUESS looking at it now my old man was cut out for a fat guy, one of those regular little roly fat guys you see around, but he sure never got that way, except a little toward the last, and then it wasn't his fault, he was riding over the jumps only and he could afford to carry plenty of weight then. I remember the way he'd pull on a rubber shirt over a couple of jerseys and a big sweat shirt over that and get me to run with him in the forenoon in the hot sun. He'd have maybe taken a trial trip with one of Razzo's skins early in the morning after just getting in from Torino at four o'clock in the morning and beating it out to the stables in a cab and then with the dew all over everything and the sun just starting to get going I'd help him pull off his boots and he'd get into a pair of sneakers and all these sweaters and we'd start out.

"Come on kid" he'd say, stepping up and down on his toes in front of the jock's dressing room, "let's get moving."

Then we'd start off jogging around the infield once maybe with him ahead running nice and then turn out the gate and along one of those roads with all the trees along both sides of them that run out from San Siro. I'd go ahead of him when we hit the road and I could run pretty stout and I'd look around and he'd be jogging easy just behind me and after a little while I'd look around again and he'd begun to sweat. Sweating heavy and he'd just be dogging it along with his eyes on my back, but when he'd catch me looking at him he'd grin and say, "Sweating plenty?" When my old man grinned nobody could help but grin too. We'd keep right on running out toward the mountains and then my old man would yell "Hey Joe!" and I'd look back and he'd

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be sitting under a tree with a towel he'd had around his waist wrapped around his neck.

I'd come back and sit down beside him and he'd pull a rope out of his pocket and start skipping rope out in the sun with the sweat pouring off his face and him skipping rope out in the white dust with the rope going cloppetty cloppetty clop clop clop and the sun hotter and him working harder up and down a patch of the road. Say it was a treat to see my old man skip rope too. He could whirr it fast or lop it slow and fancy. Say you ought to have seen wops look at us sometimes when they'd come by going into town walking along with big white steers hauling the cart. They sure looked as though they thought the old man was nuts. He'd start the rope whirring till they'd stop dead still and watch him, then give the steers a cluck and a poke with the goad and get going again.

When I'd sit watching him working out in the hot sun I sure felt fond of him. He sure was fun and he done his work so hard and he'd finish up with a regular whirring that'd drive the sweat out on his face like water and then sling the rope at the tree and come over and sit down with me and lean back against the tree with the towel and a sweater wrapped around his neck.

"Sure is hell keeping it down, Joe" he'd say and lean back and shut his eyes and breathe long and deep, "it aint like when you're a kid." Then he'd get up before he started to cool and we'd jog along back to the stables. That's the way it was keeping down to weight. He was worried all the time. Most jocks can just about ride off all they want to. A jock loses about a kilo every time he rides, but my old man was sort of dried out and he couldn't keep down his kilos without all that running.

I remember once at San Siro, Regoli, a little wop that was riding for Buzoni came out across the paddock going to the bar for something cool and flicking his boots with his whip, after he'd just weighed in and my old man had just weighed in too and came out with the saddle under his arm looking red faced and tired and too big for his silks and he stood there looking at young Regoli standing up to the outdoors bar cool and kid looking and I says, "What's

the matter Dad?" cause I thought maybe Regoli had bumped him or something and he just looked at Regoli and said, "Oh to hell with it" and went on to the dressing room.

Well it would have been all right maybe if we'd stayed in Milan and ridden at Milan and Torino cause if there ever were any easy courses it's those two. "Pianola, Joe." My old man said when he dismounted in the winning stall after what the wops thought was a hell of a steeplechase. I asked him once, "This course rides its-self. It's the pace you're going at that makes riding the jumps dangerous Joe. We aint going any pace here, and they aint any really bad jumps either. But it's the pace always—not the jumps that makes the trouble."

San Siro was the swellest course I'd ever seen but the old man said it was a dog's life. Going back and forth between Mirafiore and San Siro and riding just about every day in the week with a train ride every other night.

I was nuts about the horses too. There's something about it when they come out and go up the track to the post. Sort of dancy and tight looking with the jock keeping a a tight hold on them and maybe easing off a little and letting them run a little going up. Then once they were at the barrier it got me worse than anything. Especially at San Siro with that big green infield and the mountains way off and the fat wop starter with his big whip and the jocks fiddling them around and then the barrier snapping up and that bell going off and them all getting off in a bunch and then commencing to string out. You know the way a bunch of skins gets off. If you're up in the stand with a pair of glasses all you see is them plunging off and then that bell goes off and it seems like it rings for a thousand years and then they come sweeping round the turn. There wasn't ever anything like it for me.

But my old man said one day in the dressing room when he was getting into his street clothes, "None of these things are horses Joe. They'd kill that bunch of skates for their hides and hoofs up at Paris." That was the day he'd won the Premio Commercio with Lantorna shooting her out of the field the last hundred meters like pulling a cork out of a bottle.

It was right after the Premio Commercio that we pulled out and left Italy. My old man and Holbrook and a fat wop in a straw hat that kept wiping his face with a handkerchief were having an argument at a table in the Galleria. They were all talking French and the two of them were after my old man about something. Finally he didn't say anything any more but just sat there and looked at Holbrook and the two of them kept after him, first one talking and then the other and the fat wop always butting in on Holbrook.

"You go out and buy me a Sportsman, will you Joe?" my old man said and handed me a couple of *soldi* without looking away from Holbrook.

So I went out of the Galleria and walked over to in front of the Scala and bought a paper and came back and stood a little way away because I didn't want to butt in and my old man was sitting back in his chair looking down at his coffee and fooling with a spoon and Holbrook and the big wop were standing and the big wop was wiping his face and shaking his head. And I came up and my old man acted just as though the two of them weren't standing there and said, "Want an ice Joe?" Holbrook looked down at my old man and said slow and careful, "You . . ." and he and the fat wop went out through the tables.

My old man sat there and sort of smiled at me but his face was white and he looked sick as hell and I was scared and felt sick inside because I knew something had happened and I didn't see how anybody could call my old man that and get away with it. My old man opened up the Sportsman and studied the handicaps for a while and then he said, "You got to take a lot of things in this world Joe." And three days later we left Milan for good on the Turin train for Paris after an auction sale out in front of Turner's stables of everything we couldn't get into a trunk and a suit case.

We got into Paris early in the morning in a long dirty station the old man told me was the Gare de Lyon. Paris was an awful big town after Milan. Seems like in Milan everybody is going somewhere and all the trams run somewhere and there aint any sort of a mixup, but Paris is all

balled up and they never do straighten it out. I got to like it though, part of it anyway, and say it's got the best race courses in the world. Seems as though that were the thing that keeps it all going and about the only thing you can figure on is that every day the buses will be going out to whatever track they're running at going right out through everything to the track. I never really got to know Paris well because I just came in about once or twice a week with the old man from Maisons and he always sat at the Café de la Paix on the Opera side with the rest of the gang from Maisons and I guess that's one of the busiest parts of the town. But say it is funny that a big town like Paris wouldn't have a Galleria isn't it?

Well, we went out to live at Maisons-Lafitte, where just about everybody lives except the gang at Chantilly, with a Mrs. Meyers that runs a boarding house. Maisons is about the swellest place to live I've ever seen in all my life. The town aint so much, but there's a lake and a swell forest that we used to go off bumming in all day, a couple of us kids, and my old man made me a sling shot and we got a lot of things with it but the best one was a magpie. Young Dick Atkinson shot a rabbit with it one day and we put it under a tree and were all sitting around and Dick had some cigarettes and all of a sudden the rabbit jumped up and beat it into the brush and we chased it but we couldn't find it. Gee we had fun at Maisons. Mrs. Meyers used to give me lunch in the morning and I'd be gone all day. I learned to talk French quick. It's an easy language.

As soon as we got to Maisons my old man wrote to Milan for his license and he was pretty worried till it came. He used to sit around the Café de Paris in Maisons with the gang there, there were lots of guys he'd known when he rode up at Paris before the war lived at Maisons, and there's a lot of time to sit around because the work around a racing stable for the jocks that is, is all cleaned up by nine o'clock in the morning. They take the first batch of skins out to gallop them at 5.30 in the morning and they work the second lot at 8 o'clock. That means getting up early all right and going to bed early too. If a jock's riding for somebody too he can't go boozing around because the trainer always

has an eye on him if he's a kid and if he aint a kid he's always got an eye on himself. So mostly if a jock aint working he sits around the Café de Paris with the gang and they can all sit around about two or three hours in front of some drink like a vermouth and seltz and they talk and tell stories and shoot pool and it's sort of like a club or the Galleria in Milan. Only it aint really like the Galleria because there everybody is going by all the time and there's everybody around at the tables.

Well my old man got his license all right. They sent it through to him without a word and he rode a couple of times. Amiens, up country and that sort of thing, but he didn't seem to get any engagement. Everybody liked him and whenever I'd come in to the Café in the forenoon I'd find somebody drinking with him because my old man wasn't tight like most of these jockey's that have got the first dollar they made riding at the World's Fair in St. Louis in Nineteen ought four. That's what my old man would say when he'd kid George Burns. But it seemed like everybody steered clear of giving my old man any mounts.

We went out to wherever they were running every day with the car from Maisons and that was the most fun of all. I was glad when the horses came back from Deauville and the summer. Even though it meant no more bumming in the woods, cause then we'd ride to Enghien or Tremblay or St. Cloud and watch them from the trainers' and jockeys' stand. I sure learned about racing from going out with that gang and the fun of it was going every day.

I remember once out at St. Cloud. It was a big two hundred thousand franc race with seven entries and Kzar a big favourite. I went around to the paddock to see the horses with my old man and you never saw such horses. This Kzar is a great big yellow horse that looks like just nothing but run. I never saw such a horse. He was being led around the paddock with his head down and when he went by me I felt all hollow inside he was so beautiful. There never was such a wonderful, lean, running built horse. And he went around the paddock putting his feet just so and quiet and careful and moving easy like he knew just what he had to do and not jerking and standing up on his legs and getting wild

eyed like you see these selling platers with a shot of dope in them. The crowd was so thick I couldn't see him again except just his legs going by and some yellow and my old man started out through the crowd and I followed him over to the jock's dressing room back in the trees and there was a big crowd around there too but the man at the door in a derby nodded to my old man and we got in and everybody was sitting around and getting dressed and pulling shirts over their heads and pulling boots on and it all smelled hot and sweaty and linimenty and outside was the crowd looking in.

The old man went over and sat down beside George Gardner that was getting into his pants and said, "What's the dope George?" just in an ordinary tone of voice cause there aint any use him feeling around because George either can tell him or he can't tell him.

"He won't win" George says very low, leaning over and buttoning the bottoms of his pants.

"Who will" my old man says leaning over close so nobody can hear.

"Kircubbin" George says, "And if he does, save me a couple of tickets."

My old man says something in a regular voice to George and George says, "Don't ever bet on anything I tell you" kidding like and we beat it out and through all the crowd that was looking in over to the 100 franc mutuel machine. But I knew something big was up because George is Kzar's jockey. On the way he gets one of the yellow odds sheets with the starting prices on and Kzar is only paying 5 for 10, Cefisidote is next at 3 to 1 and fifth down the list this Kircubbin at 8 to 1. My old man bets five thousand on Kircubbin to win and puts on a thousand to place and we went around back of the grandstand to go up the stairs and get a place to watch the race.

We were jammed in tight and first a man in a long coat with a grey tall hat and a whip folded up in his hand came out and then one after another the horses, with the jocks up and a stable boy holding the bridle on each side and walking along, followed the old guy. That big yellow horse Kzar came first. He didn't look so big when you first

looked at him until you saw the length of his legs and the whole way he's built and the way he moves. Gosh I never saw such a horse. George Gardner was riding him and they moved along slow, back of the old guy in the grey tall hat that walked along like he was the ring master in a circus. Back of Kzar, moving along smooth and yellow in the sun, was a good looking black with a nice head with Tommy Archibald riding him and after the black was a string of five more horses all moving along slow in a procession past the grandstand and the pesage. My old man said the black was Kircubbin and I took a good look at him and he was a nice looking horse all right but nothing like Kzar.

Everybody cheered Kzar when he went by and he sure was one swell looking horse. The procession of them went around on the other side past the pelouse and then back up to the near end of the course and the circus master had the stable boys turn them loose one after another so they could gallop by the stands on their way up to the post and let everybody have a good look at them. They weren't at the post hardly any time at all when the gong started and you could see them way off across the infield all in a bunch starting on the first swing like a lot of little toy horses. I was watching them through the glasses and Kzar was running well back with one of the bays making the pace. They swept down and around and came pounding past and Kzar was way back when they passed us and this Kircubbin horse in front and going smooth. Gee it's awful when they go by you and then you have to watch them go farther away and get smaller and smaller and then all bunched up on the turns and then come around towards into the stretch and you feel like swearing and goddaming worse and worse. Finally they made the last turn and came into the straight-away with this Kircubbin horse way out in front. Everybody was looking funny and saying "Kzar" in sort of a sick way and they pounding nearer down the stretch, and then something came out of the pack right into my glasses like a horse-headed yellow streak and everybody began to yell "Kzar" as though they were crazy. Kzar came on faster than I'd ever seen anything in my life and pulled up on Kircubbin that was going fast as any black horse could go

with the jock flogging hell out of him with the gad and they were right dead neck and neck for a second but Kzar seemed going about twice as fast with those great jumps and that head out—but it was while they were neck and neck that they passed the winning post and when the numbers went up in the slots the first one was 2 and that meant Kircubbin had won.

I felt all trembly and funny inside, and then we were all jammed in with the people going down stairs to stand in front of the board where they'd post what Kircubbin paid. Honest watching the race I'd forgot how much my old man had bet on Kircubbin. I'd wanted Kzar to win so damned bad. But now it was all over it was swell to know we had the winner.

"Wasn't it a swell race Dad?" I said to him.

He looked at me sort of funny with his derby on the back of his head, "George Gardner's a swell jockey all right," he said, "It sure took a great jock to keep that Kzar horse from winning."

Of course I knew it was funny all the time. But my old man saying that right out like that sure took the kick all out of it for me and I didn't get the real kick back again ever, even when they posted the numbers up on the board and the bell rang to pay off and we saw that Kircubbin paid 67.50 for 10. All around people were saying "Poor Kzar. Poor Kzar!" And I thought, I wish I were a jockey and could have rode him instead of that son of a And that was funny, thinking of George Gardner as a son of a . . . because I'd always liked him and besides he'd given us the winner, but I guess that's what he is all right.

My old man had a big lot of money after that race and he took to coming into Paris oftener. If they raced at Tremblay he'd have them drop him in town on their way back to Maisons and he and I'd sit out in front of the Café de la Paix and watch the people go by. It's funny sitting there. There's streams of people going by and all sorts of guys come up and want to sell you things and I loved to sit there with my old man. That was when we'd have the most fun. Guys would come by selling funny rabbits that jumped if you squeezed a bulb and they'd come up to us and my old

man would kid with them. He could talk French just like English and all those kind of guys knew him cause you can always tell a jockey—and then we always sat at the same table and they got used to seeing us there. There were guys selling matrimonial papers and girls selling rubber eggs that when you squeezed them a rooster came out of them and one old wormy looking guy that went by with post cards of Paris showing them to everybody, and of course nobody ever bought any and then he would come back and show the under side of the pack and they would all be smutty post cards and lots of people would dig down and buy them.

Gee I remember the funny people that used to go by. Girls around supper time looking for somebody to take them out to eat and they'd speak to my old man and he'd make some joke at them in French and they'd pat me on the head and go on. Once there was an American woman sitting with her kid daughter at the next table to us and they were both eating ices and I kept looking at the girl and she was awfully good looking and I smiled at her and she smiled at me but that was all that ever came of it because I looked for her mother and her every day and I made up ways that I was going to speak to her and I wondered if I got to know her if her mother would let me take her out to Auteuil or Tremblay but I never saw either of them again. Anyway I guess it wouldn't have been any good anyway because looking back on it I remember the way I thought out would be best to speak to her was to say, "Pardon me, but perhaps I can give you a winner at Enghien today?" and after all maybe she would have thought I was a tout instead of really trying to give her a winner.

We'd sit at the Café de la Paix, my old man and me, and we had a big drag with the waiter because my old man drank whiskey and it cost five francs and that meant a good tip when the saucers were counted up. My old man was drinking more than I'd ever seen him, but he wasn't riding at all now and besides he said that whiskey kept his weight down. But I noticed he was putting it on all right just the same. He'd busted away from his old gang out at Maisons and seemed to like just sitting around on the boule-

vard with me. But he was dropping money every day at the track. He'd feel sort of doleful after the last race, if he'd lost on the day, until we'd get to our table and he'd have his first whiskey and then he'd be fine.

He'd be reading the Paris-Sport and he'd look over at me and say, "Where's your girl Joe?" to kid me on account I had told him about the girl that day at the next table. And I'd get red but I liked being kidded about her. It gave me a good feeling. "Keep your eye peeled for her Joe," he'd say. "She'll be back."

He'd ask me questions about things and some of the things I'd say he'd laugh. And then he'd get started talking about things. About riding down in Egypt, or at St. Moritz on the ice before my mother died, and about during the war when they had regular races down in the south of France without any purses, or betting or crowd or anything just to keep the breed up. Regular races with the jocks riding hell out of the horses. Gee I could listen to my old man talk by the hour, especially when he'd had a couple or so of drinks. He'd tell me about when he was a boy in Kentucky and going coon hunting and the old days in the States before everything went on the bum there. And he'd say, "Joe, when we've got a decent stake, you're going back there to the States and go to school."

"What've I got to go back there to go to school for when everything's on the bum there?" I'd ask him.

"That's different," he'd say and get the waiter over and pay the pile of saucers and we'd get a taxi to the Gare St. Lazare and get on the train out to Maisons.

One day at Auteuil after a selling steeplechase my old man bought in the winner for 30.000 francs. He had to bid a little to get him but the stable let the horse go finally and my old man had his permit and his colors in a week. Gee I felt proud when my old man was an owner. He fixed it up for stable space with Charles Drake and cut out coming in to Paris and started his running and sweating out again and him and I were the whole stable gang. Our horse's name was Gillford, he was Irish bred and a nice sweet jumper. My old man figured that training him and riding him himself he was a good investment. I was proud

of everything and I thought Gillford was as good a horse as Kzar. He was a good solid jumper a bay, with plenty of speed on the flat if you asked him for it and he was a nice looking horse too.

Gee I was fond of him. The first time he started with my old man up he finished third in a 2.500 meter hurdle race and when my old man got off him, all sweating and happy in the place stall and went in to weigh I felt as proud of him as though it was the first race he'd ever placed in. You see when a guy aint been riding for a long time you can't make yourself really believe that he has ever rode. The whole thing was different now cause down in Milan even big races never seemed to make any difference to my old man, if he won he wasn't ever excited or anything, and now it was so I couldn't hardly sleep the night before a race and I knew my old man was excited too even if he didn't show it. Riding for yourself makes an awful difference.

Second time Gillford and my old man started was a rainy Sunday at Auteuil in the Prix du Marat, a 4.500 meter steeplechase. As soon as he'd gone out I beat it up in the stand with the new glasses my old man had bought for me to watch them. They started way over at the far end of the course and there was some trouble at the barrier. Something with goggle blinders on was making a great fuss and rearing around and busted the barrier once but I could see my old man in our black jacket with a white cross and a black cap sitting up on Gillford and patting him with his hand. Then they were off in a jump and out of sight behind the trees and the gong going for dear life and the pari mutuel wickets rattling down. Gosh I was so excited I was afraid to look at them but I fixed the glasses on the place where they would come out back of the trees and then out they came with the old black jacket going third and they all sailing over the jump like birds. Then they went out of sight again and then they came pounding out and down the hill and all going nice and sweet and easy and taking the fence smooth in a bunch and moving away from us all solid. Looked as though you could walk across on their backs they were all so bunched and going so

smooth. Then they bellied over the big double Bullfinch and something came down. I couldn't see who it was but in a minute the horse was up and galloping free and the field, all bunched still, sweeping around the long left turn into the straightaway. They jumped the stone wall and came jammed down the stretch toward the big water jump right in front of the stands. I saw them coming and hollered at my old man as he went by and he was leading by about a length and riding way out over and light as a monkey and they were racing for the water jump. They took off over the big hedge of the water jump in a pack and then there was a crash and two horses pulled sideways out off it and kept on going and three others were piled up. I couldn't see my old man anywhere. One horse knee-ed himself up and the jock had hold of the bridle and mounted and went slamming on after the place money. The other horse was up and away by himself, jerking his head and galloping with the bridle rein hanging and the jock staggered over to one side of the track against the fence. Then Gillford rolled over to one side off my old man and got up and started to run on three legs with his off hoof dangling and there was my old man lying there on the grass flat out with his face up and blood all over the side of his head. I ran down the stand and bumped into a jam of people and got to the rail and a cop grabbed me and held me and two big stretcher bearers were going out after my old man and around on the other side of the course I saw three horses, strung way out, coming out of the trees and taking the jump.

My old man was dead when they brought him in and while a doctor was listening to his heart with a thing plugged in his ears I heard a shot up the track that meant they'd killed Gillford. I lay down beside my old man when they carried the stretcher into the hospital room and hung onto the stretcher and cried and cried and he looked so white and gone and so awfully dead and I couldn't help feeling that if my old man was dead maybe they didn't need to have shot Gillford. His hoof might have got well. I don't know. I loved my old man so much.

Then a couple of guys came in and one of them patted me on the back and then went over and looked at my old

man and then pulled a sheet off the cot and spread it over him; and the other was telephoning in French for them to send the ambulance to take him out to Maisons. And I couldn't stop crying, crying and choking, sort of, and George Gardner came in and sat down beside me on the floor and put his arm around me and says, "Come on Joe old boy. Get up and we'll go out and wait for the ambulance."

George and I went out to the gate and I was trying to stop bawling and George wiped off my face with his handkerchief and we were standing back a little ways while the crowd was going out of the gate and a couple of guys stopped near us while we were waiting for the crowd to get through the gate and one of them was counting a bunch of mutuel tickets and he said, "Well Butler got his all right."

The other guy said, "I don't give a good goddam if he did, the crook. He had it coming to him on the stuff he's pulled."

"I'll say he had," said the other guy and tore the bunch of tickets in two.

And George Gardner looked at me to see if I'd heard and I had all right and he said, "Don't you listen to what those bums said Joe. Your old man was one swell guy."

But I don't know. Seems like when they get started they don't leave a guy nothing.

*This is one "Shut Story" - only
a well told tale or a natural*

SEVEN CANDLES¹

By FANNIE HURST

(From *Cosmopolitan*)

THE wind had a long whizz to it. *Zeoww!* It raced around corners so that it struck Molla Ivanü broadside and jerked her breath away. It rose up under her hat and set it on end like a plate on a juggler's brow. It sent up spiral snow ghosts in front of her and blew flurries of them into her mouth. It caught at her skirts and tore up under, chapping her knees. It tweaked her ears until the lobes were red and swollen and shiny. *Zeoww!*

She was winded and twisted and her carpet bag hooked into burningly cold fingers when she finally staggered into a drug store. There was a pot-bellied stove with an iron fence around it. Her flesh began to sing. She cupped her hands against the warm sheet iron fence. All ten of her fingers, little bells ringing.

The chemist glanced up and shrugged softly.

"Worst blizzard in ten years."

"Yes," she said, with her mouth full of the chattering dice of her teeth.

"Where you going? Traveling? You won't get a train out of this town today. Worst tie-up in ten years."

"No. No. I got to go down to Front Street, where I got a aunt."

"Front Street? Docks, huh? You have as much chance getting down to Front Street as a duck has of swimming through snowdrifts."

"I got to go," she said.

He looked at her over his glasses. He had a Yankee face with a kick-up of beard.

"Where are you going, back to the old country?"

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"Back? I've never been."

"Ain't you a Finn or something? You look about as foreign to me as a samovar. Got some foreign streaks in you, I'll wager."

"Many—but I don't know—all mixed up——"

"Melting pot—eh? Well, it's a bad morning to have going anywhere on your mind. Worst in ten years."

"I'm yoost changing places."

"Oh—housework?"

"Cook, mostly."

"Who's firing a good hefty girl like you on such a morning?"

"Not fired. I got references."

"Say, I have a customer over on Fifty-eighth Street needs a cook—worst way! Small family. Good wages. I'm putting up these aromatic spirits now for the old woman. You might take it over for me and size up the place. Want the address? Good folks——"

"If you will please be so good——"

He ran his tongue over a label, smacking it on to the bottle. "No slip-ups on the way over. I'm taking a chance on you. My delivery boy wouldn't miss the chance of staying away for a snowstorm like this if he lived upstairs. Here's the name and address."

She took the slip with her thick, numbed fingers.

"Pal-es-tine——"

"Just around the corner. Tell them I sent you. He's the owner of the Sample Shoe Store on Thirty-fourth Street. You're a nice girl. They'll be lucky to get you. Wish I could afford you for the wife. Don't forget the package. It's spirits of ammonia for the old mother."

She picked up her bag and went out.

The wind met her with a swoop and a yell—standing her hat again up on end.

She bent into it, baring her teeth with the effort.

The Palestines lived on the fifth floor. Their living room overlooked the heads of the buildings opposite and took in a fleeting view of Central Park. A showy room of velour hangings with tassels. A handsome baby grand piano and

a lamp with an openwork brass shade. Paintings in shadow boxes, and incongruously enough, to fill in the narrow panel of wall between the mantelpiece and door, a few Japanese prints which Mr. Palestine had once been obliged to take over as part payment of a bad account. Cool and thin with the fine calligraphy of a minute and apparently emotionless art. Molla Ivanü liked to dust their impassiveness.

Evenings, when there was not a poker party around the dining room table, the Palestines lounged about this room in loose unexcited attitudes. Mr. Palestine reading the paper and yawning enormously with protracted shudderings as he turned the pages. He was a tall, heavy-set fellow with very black hair parted down the center and set on to his head squarely, like a toupee. His small straight mustache with the ends waxed up enhanced this squareness.

Mrs. Palestine, on these evenings when there was no poker game, uncorseted herself immediately after the evening meal, the soft white flesh running down the hill of her body. She was very blonde and wore her hair in elaborate tier upon tier of puffs. These puffs, made in rows of three, four and five, like hot buns, littered the house.

Whenever old Mrs. Palestine found one she picked it up gingerly as if it were a mouse by the tail and handed it in a scathing kind of silence to her daughter-in-law. "*Pfui!*" was how she felt about most things pertaining to her son's wife. But she sat, too, in the living room with the pair of them after dinner. There was an arch of shadow where the lamplight did not reach. Old Mrs. Palestine liked to sit back in that, idle and brooding and with dry old eyes like prunes.

She had to have a hassock because her feet did not touch the floor. Young Mrs. Palestine had a way of kicking the hassock savagely when her mother-in-law was not about, gritting her teeth with pain at her stubbed toes and taking a fierce kind of delight in that pain, and then kicking it again and again with her fancy tipped shoes.

Young Mrs. Palestine's shoes were eloquent. They were short-vamped, florid, and even after one wearing apt to tipple a little of run-over heels. Old Mrs. Palestine wore square-toed black bluchers with rubber insets, which she

polished herself every morning and set out on the fire escape outside Molla's window to dry. Her son, who was inclined to bunions, wore square toes too, but with the additional flourish of spats with the green or ruby of vivid hose above them.

Underneath the dining room table, their respective feet spoke volumes. The polished orthodox ones of old Mrs. Palestine on their hassock. The short-vamp champagne ones with the run-down heels. Palestine's rather stolid ones between the two.

Difficult, nervous meals of three kinds of silences. An old lady's aching one. A young woman's high-tensioned one. Palestine's tired one.

Sometimes it seemed to Molla Ivanü that the dining room of golden oak and swell of elaborate sideboard was filled with a gale of this silence, like one of those terrific arctic windstorms that old sea dogs dread because the water, in horrible phenomena, lies like glass under the gale, too wind-beaten to lift a wave.

"Pass me the butter, Pal." Scarcely the phraseology to rock empires. "Pass me the butter, Pal"; and yet when May Palestine said it, old Mrs. Palestine, whose skin was sapless at best, could seem to shrivel into the ancient parchment of the Torah.

She kept kosher. Valiantly. The forbidden combination of meat and butter might desecrate her daughter-in-law's board, but not the spirit nor the palate of the old lady. At her end of the table the sacred rituals of the "meat dishes" and "milk dishes" remained unviolated. There was a shelf in the kitchen, especially contrived by her son, for the kosher utensils, and a two burner gas stove in the corner for the personal and private preparation of her orthodox foods.

May hated that stove and the little whisper of garlic that hung over it. "Makes me sick to my stummick to walk into my own kitchen," was one of her *sotto voces*. "I'm Episcopalian, but I'd like to see myself frying myself Episcopalian pork chops. Good to their stummicks! Oh Lord! *Kosher* is another word for stummick love."

And Molla, hearing, would clatter pans and turn on the

spigot for the plunge of water into the sink, because sometimes the undertones percolated to the old woman's dim ears and then she would have one of her smothering spells or sinking fits, and spirits of ammonia would have to be administered. On one occasion Mr. Palestine, in the midst of a Monday marked-down sale of Oxford ties, had to be sent for, and all through the rush hours was obliged to sit alternating between holding his mother's hand in her darkened bedroom or pacifying his wife, who invariably expressed her frenzy by throwing articles of clothing into a traveling bag and then strewing them all out again.

"No. I won't be the one to go. Why should I? That's just what she's laying for, to break up this house. But she won't! She won't! Not while my dress buttons up the back with tiddlewinks!"

The last was a favorite aphorism of Mrs. Palestine. You could hear it from the poker table.

"I'll raise you two bones. You can't bluff me. Not while my dress buttons up the back with tiddlewinks."

A festive, painted phrase like the little pagoda all lantern-hung in one of the Japanese prints. Molla Ivanü liked it. Button up the back like tiddlewinks! It made Molla feel gay somehow just to repeat it to herself.

But generally there was little enough to feel gay about at the Palestines' with May and her tantrums so quick on the trigger or the broody old woman who on Friday evenings would light the candles in her room and keep open her door so that the sound of her weeping came in little bleatings down the hallway.

"She's putting on, putting on," May would singsong as she lolled *en déshabille* in the living room. She had a perpetually hoarse voice, full of fog. "When I feel like having a good cry, I go in my room and shut the door, and Lord knows there's enough reasons around here for having a good cry. Evening's diversion. Lord, how they love to cry! It's a wonder there's not an Atlantic Ocean somewheres made up of noisy kosher tears."

"I wish you'd leave my mother out of your gab, May."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well then, I wish she'd leave her gab out of my business!"

"Between you and your rows, you two women are driving me plumb raving crazy. At least if I was the youngest I'd give in to an old woman—an old tired woman like my mother with only a few years left to live. I'd humor her, May. Honest I would."

"Few years! Long enough to ruin my home for six years! Few years! With her digestion for the greasy meals she eats, she stands a good chance of ruining it for many years to come."

"May, you can't change a leopard's spots. My mother's old and she's grieving herself to death over things you're too young to understand. She likes you, May."

"A lot I care if she likes me or not. Nobody could live in the house with her. The dusting don't suit and the cooking don't suit and the poker parties don't suit and the number of petticoats I have in the wash don't suit. Molla is the first servant we've ever been able to keep in the same house with your mother, and if that hunk is human I'll button my dress up the back with tiddlewinks . . ."

"She's the best servant we ever had."

"Yes, but nobody but a great cream-colored elephant like her would stand for the old woman's butting in. She's got a hide not even your mother can break through. That's the way to be. Tough, so that they can stick things in you and you don't feel 'em. I'm sensitive. That's me. High-strung. I can't stand no yammering old hex in my affairs, and not get the pollywog jimjams."

"You eat those words that you just called my mother!"

"Eat 'em? I'll spit 'em out, you mean! Hex—that's what she is."

"By——"

"All right, hit me! Hit me! Lot I care—go in there and cry some kosher tears with her—I can't help it because your father died—I can't help it because garlic makes me sick to my stummick—I can't help it because a penny don't look the size of a sunrise to me. Hit me—hit me—but if you do—there'll be the greatest little smash-up around here this happy home has ever known. Hit me—I'd like to see you try it, sheenie!"

"You——"

"Ah—ow——"

Then to Molla, shuddering in the kitchen, the tormented frenzied tumble of him down the hallway, the slam into his room, and presently the violent sickness which these scenes never failed to induce in him.

Silence, with May lying swollen and wet-mouthed on the couch and the bleating from the old woman's room whimpering down into sobs.

Virtually, it was Molla who put the family to bed—additional blankets to be laid out, pillows fluffed. The hot water bag for the old woman's chilled spine. Ice for Palestine to suck. Spirits of camphor for the threat of fever sore on May's lips.

Yes, generally there was little enough to be glad about at the Palestines'.

In spring Molla wheeled the old lady out in her rolling chair. She had a hip bone complaint, and except in the house she seldom walked.

Molla liked wheeling her out in the spring. Usually she trundled her directly to the Park.

There was a tree there beside the lake with the swan boats on it that in April popped out in a delicate rash of leaves. It was down eight steps hewn out of natural rock and there was a bench beside the water.

Long, sedative afternoons with the old woman droning into them, and Molla, her hand joggling the chair as if it were a perambulator, watching the light bend around the lake. In repose, the look of tightness would seem to ease up in Mrs. Palestine's face like the flesh of a prune that has been dropped in water. The flesh softened up a bit and smooth little areas in her cheeks sprang out that usually looked sucked in.

Faces like hers, strong-skinned, high-boned, and the eyes a little fanatical with love, had kept the storm-blown flames of the seven-branch candlestick burning down through the ages.

When Mrs. Palestine wept for her son she wept for Israel, and that is why her eyes could sometimes seem dry as salt beds with bitter residuum.

Often, talking through the quiet afternoon, her lips would try to shape themselves for words too heart-twisting for her to speak, and so she would cry them, her mouth writhing back from the gums. "My boy. I don't care, Molla, so much that she has stolen him from me—every mother who loses a son to a wife must learn such pain—but, Molla—she's stolen him from his faith. Ain't that an awful pain, Molla, to have a son stolen like a baby from his cradle out of his religion? Away from his God to hers."

Here was that God business again. Why was Mrs. Palestine's God a better God than May's God? Why was not the God who made May the same God who made Mrs. Palestine? All this wrangling over your God and my God. May Palestine went out on Saint days to visit hers. Mrs. Palestine burned candles and kept her tongue free of the salt of swine in His name. One God, and yet all struggling over Him. Tearing Him to pieces and setting up each his shred. Mrs. Palestine refuting May's Shred for her Shred. Your Shred. My Shred. Yet all torn off the divinely bleeding and omnipotent form.

"A boy who was raised in such a home like his should go out of it to another religion! Not a Friday night in his life that he didn't see his papa and me light the candles for our *Shabbas*. I'm afraid to die. I'm afraid to die and leave him to face her God. I—Molla—Molla—an old woman like me—tired—tired—my husband waiting—my home broke up—my life a misery—so ready to go—afraid to die—afraid to leave my boy and go meet my husband."

Silently then Molla would jounce the handle of the chair.

"She's not right for him, Molla. How I prayed with him that night he came home from the dance hall where he met her, he should not go to such places—even before I knew where it would lead to. She ain't a helpful wife, Molla—like I was to mine. I stinted. She spends. I mended and washed and ironed. She plays poker and eats all day, chocolates. My boy works on his feet fifteen hours and she spends it faster as he can earn it. I can't stand to see it she should spend for manicures, money what it has hurt my boy to stand all day on his bunions to earn. He don't know it yet—he's in love. It ain't nice to say it—he's

in love with her body. No man can change his God for a woman's body—and have it last. She ain't the wife for him. I can't sit by and see it—can't—can't——”

Talk—talk—talk—through the long, sedative afternoons. Sometimes Molla dozed a little, coming up to consciousness for snatches of it and then slipping off again, her head over toward one shoulder and her hand automatically at the sedative jouncing motion.

“You should have seen, Molla—such a new suit as his papa bought him for *bar mizvah*—to get *bar mizvah* by us is the holy time when boy becomes a little man in his religion. His papa—how every night after supper, in the back of the store so sometimes the customers had to wait, my husband heard that child his *bar mizvah* lesson. A rabbi—that was what his papa wanted for him to be—a rabbi. But he didn't want it—he wanted to sell shoes—like his papa. All right, he should sell shoes! How his papa learned him from the ground up the shoe business. How we lived our whole lives for that boy. None but the nicest girls at our house for Friday night supper—maybe he should fall in love with one. There was one—Selma Rabinovitch—a wife we could have been proud of for him—four of her own beautiful children now and a husband in the mattress business.

“My boy should have missed that! And for what?—such a blonde *shickser* what don't do nothing except set him against his mother and his religion and throw out his money for him faster as he can make it. Blonde—*shickser*—Pal—my boy—gone! Thank God his papa didn't live to see it—maybe he blames me when we meet again. I couldn't help it, Julius. I tried—I prayed—she got him with her white flesh, Julius—blonde flesh like he wasn't used to. When a woman gets a boy that way—not even his God, Julius—can hold him back.”

And so on and on through the whimpering lips, until the copper band of light around the lake snapped out, and with a great pulling and tugging and sometimes the help of a passer-by Molla began to yank the wheel chair up the steps that were hewn out of natural rock.

That summer Palestine and his wife took a two weeks' holiday at a small lake resort upstate known as Becker's

Point. May's second brother ran what they called "the pickle boat" around the lake there. A small provision tug which puffed about all day, dispensing from landing to landing the tinned, the tabloid and the compressed foods of the summer colony.

"You would rather have your vacation, Pal, by Fleishmans in the Catskills where you're used to it, but lots she cares where you get your vacation just so she gets hers. Her brother with his store on a boat. We're plain but substantial people. In our family we got our stores on streets like it is legitimate. I pretend like I don't know it, but just the same I do know it that it is your hard earned money, son, put him in that business on a boat. And now my boy has got to go and see her brother lose his money in such a business what ain't even on land to pay taxes."

Palestine took his mother by the wrists and pressed his fingers into them until white areas sprang. "Mama, don't start anything with May now. I *do* want to go to Becker's Point. I need a rest. I'm nervous. Terribly nervous."

"I won't say anything, son, to her if I bust with it. I'm only saying it to you—I know how you like it at Fleishmans in the Catskills."

"I'll send you there, ma—Molla can take you."

"Me? I don't think on myself. I'm satisfied to stay home and do a little saving—but that you should have to lay around such a *goy* place!"

"Ma, if I hear that hateful word from you one more time! I'm worn out—I can't stand it—I'm nervous—you hear——"

"All right, son. Don't holler. Maybe I won't be here so much longer you should holler at me like that—if only I wasn't afraid to die and meet papa——"

He dropped to one knee, kissing her hand.

"Mama, mama, don't torment me, I love her, mama, and I—I hate her! That's torment for you—torment of Hell on earth. To love a woman at the same time you hate her!"

So for two weeks of an August that glared down upon the city until it was as bleached and polished as old bone, Molla and Mrs. Palestine had the flat to themselves.

Hot, motionless days and nights that seemed to sit still and brood like pyramids! For the time, Molla slept on a cot at the foot of the old woman's bed. She tossed a great deal and a little moan ran through her light snores, and sometimes she started up with short sharp cries.

"Son! Don't let her! Julius! It's *Pesach*. Son—don't eat that bread! *Shickser!* A *shickser* wife! No, no, papa—I tried—I begged. I prayed. The dance halls—don't be mad with me, papa . . ."

Often Molla had to get up and turn on the light.

"You bane dreaming, Mrs. Palestine. See. It's Molla. Here, let me fix your pillows—take a sip of water—so—there's nobody here but Molla."

"I thought it was *Pesach*, Molla—when my people must eat only matzoth—the unleavened bread of God—and she wouldn't let me. She stepped on them once," and up went the voice to the peak of hysteria that was so hard to quell. "She stepped on them once with her heels—matzoth—God's bread. I can't ever forgive her that . . ."

And so on and so on and so on through the burning deserts of these motionless August nights, and sometimes, of sheer exhaustion, Molla slept. Vastly.

One dawn a withered leaf fluttered down upon the heavy torpor of Molla. It was Mrs. Palestine's hand, plucking at her from across the footboard of her bed. "Molla!"

"Oh—what—yes, Mrs. Palestine."

"Molla, I been called home. I want to go, Molla. It ain't long now before I won't be here no more, and before I go—I want to go back down there. It won't be so hard I should have to face Julius if first I can only go home."

"Why, Mrs. Palestine, you bane home—here."

"Here is not home for me. Get me my foulard dress and my bonnet. I want we should start before the heat of the day."

"But your son will not like it."

A sudden slyness came curling out in the old woman's face.

"No, he don't like it if I go, Molla. It ain't stylish that

his old mother should remember old days, but, Molla, please, take me home. I want more as anything to go. Only down by Division Street."

"Mrs. Palestine—you can't walk——"

"Who says I can't walk? It is only when I ain't got no ambition that I can't walk. Take me home, Molla. I can walk there. I got to go. I can't stand it no more. The ache to go home. If you don't take me I crawl by myself on my hands and my knees. I ain't here long no more. I know it by my dreams. And I got to go home first. Look, Molla, when I got ambition, see how I can walk—see, Molla—please——"

And sure enough she began to limp about, outlandish in her nightdress with the rack of her old body shaking through, but her face thrust out ahead of herself like a lantern.

"Mrs. Palestine—your son—I promised to take good care——"

She was slyer and slyer, her eyebrows running up into little peaks and her cheek bones and chin jutting out into points.

"He don't got to know, Molla. Take me home, Molla, before I die. I'm going to die—soon. I hear it at nights underneath my sleep. And you know what it is, Molla, to hear things—that way. Because always you too are listening to something. I heard it again last night. Take me home, Molla, so I can get strength back to meet papa—I want my old home where we lived twenty years and where my boy learned his *bar mizvah* lessons behind the counter—I want to go back——"

And Molla washed the old face of its tear traces, brushed back the old hair into thin streaks that scarcely covered the scalp and fastened around her the decent silk foulard dress.

The August day came out at them like a parched and coated tongue as they started for Division Street.

The wheels ran and banged and a breeze blew through the street car. A breeze as curiously alive as breath.

It stood the little invisible nap of fine hairs on Molla's forearm up on end in an electric little rash, and it rushed against her ears thick with words that could not form

themselves out of the two dozen languages that the East Side exuded. A conglomerate breath, rich in nationalities, and that would one day find voice. Molla, somehow, knew that rich kind of muteness. It beat up against her so.

At Canal Street it was as if the sidewalks ran shouting to meet them. It was hard to steady Mrs. Palestine against the dizzying swirl because she was crying and through the dimness of tears wading her way eastward, her umbrella, which she carried as a steadying cane, waving out before her as if to clear the way of children and languid puffs of dirty newspaper and rinds and rinds of fruit.

"Ten years since I been home, Molla. How I worked when I was a young woman down here to get ourselves out of it, and now I got myself out of it how I eat my heart to be back in it. My boy was *bar mizvah* down here. My husband made us a living down here. My happiest days in my life I spent down here with my people—with my Shule—with my family—right over there. You see, Molla—Abraham Naftel—for twelve years every Friday morning of my life I bought pike and bass from him for my *gefüllte* fish. He remembers me, what you bet, if I go in? Hurry, Molla—I want you should see where my baby was born."

Old Mrs. Palestine, suddenly full of young little running steps, two long raspberry ovals of color out in her cheeks, the foulard dress ballooning as she hurried. Tears. Tears. Thick lenses of them.

The house in Division Street was as lean as a witch. Human bodies lax, like pillows over sills, dangling and shouting from windows. That dingy and perpetual banner of poverty, the family wash-line, kicking and writhing. There was a poultry store on the ground floor. Furious smells of chicken blood and hot fuzz, and on the high stoop, like a brooding conclave of the shawled women of the East, half a dozen old crones in white headkerchiefs, and burning back deeply in them—deeply, burningly back—tired Old Testament eyes.

Suddenly Mrs. Palestine's legs gave out under her. They would not climb that stoop. Twice with Molla's sturdy hand at her elbow she raised her foot for the first step and twice her knees doubled under, until finally she crum-

pled up on the first step, leaning her face against the railing to cry.

"I can't go no farther. I'm too happy. I'm home. This is my stoop. I don't know no more these faces, but this is my stoop."

And the snow of hot fuzz blew against her lips, and children gathered around, and the Biblical old women with their peering faces and dead leaf hands came down the steps. Then came an avalanche of words. Words. A torrent of words that were new and alien to Molla. Down off the chute of Mrs. Palestine's tongue, tumbling in Yiddish. Coal off a chute. Clatter. Clatter. And the circle of the old women closed in. And the day grew hotter and higher and the din ground itself against the flesh like grime and Molla sat by waiting. *Oi-oi*, the thin quail voices of the old women. The dry old women, past childbearing, with the dry eyes and the dry breasts and the dry tears. The jargon of Yiddish ran in a tide. The day was on the down side before she could pry Mrs. Palestine from the hot high stoop.

Through the heat dance all the lean houses seemed to have wavy walls and it was not easy to manipulate Mrs. Palestine back again on to the street car. But finally she made the hoist and plumped down inside.

Except for the sighs which blew and blew off the twisted old crags of lips, she seemed to doze, with her fist plunged deep into Molla's palm and throbbing there.

"You seen, Molla—my people—those are my people—and his—our people, Molla. Who are your people?"

"My people?" She looked at Mrs. Palestine softly, the wide lips falling apart to smile. "My people? Why, those are my people—out there," she said. Her eyes were very blue and her lips fumbled to say more. "Those are my people. Out there. Everywhere."

It was the last time the old woman ever left the house. August roared on and Palestine and his wife returned. The old woman resumed her long motionless watches in the shadowy arch between the folding doors. Sitting there during the long merriments of the poker game, her dry eyes forever focused upon her son, they would seem to smear into

a single tearless and reproachful orb in the center of her forehead.

"Gives me the jimjams—her sitting there," was a frequent *sotto voce* of May.

"Mama dear, don't you think you had better let Molla take you to bed? We're going to play a round of rudles yet and you must be tired."

"I'm all right, son."

Once a guest, a Mr. McGuire, who was a frequent visitor, swung around in his chair to her. "Come on, grandma, have one of these kosher ham sandwiches. They're kosher, ain't they, Palestine?"

Oh. Oh. Oh. The poor dried prunes of eyes in Mrs. Palestine's head. They seemed to have died there.

One January noon when there were pork chops snapping on the stove for luncheon, Mrs. Palestine was suddenly missing from her chair beside the window in her room. She left there less and less now and never without the hoist of Molla's arm.

"Mrs. Palestine—the old woman—she's not in her room! I can't find her!"

May was drying her hair in a great fan that spread in a patch of cold sunlight on the sill. "She's not far. No such luck."

Sure enough, Molla finally discovered her shivering and crying on the fire escape, where she had climbed with an agility that frenzy alone could have given her.

"Mrs. Palestine, you must come in from the cold."

"Let her stay out there, Molla. She'll soon get enough of it if she sees she can't spite me by one of her loony fits."

"Quick—come in right away. That is not nice to sit in the cold."

"I can't stand it. She should cut out my heart to get rid of me, but I can't stand it I should have to spend my days in such a household where my son's home is made every minute an insult to his religion. It's like my own heart was frying with them pork chops. She don't like pork chops, Molla. I've heard her tell it to the poker loafers

how she don't like them, but has them to see how excited I can get . . . That God should find me in such a house like this. Julius—who wanted his boy to be a rabbi——”

Molla coaxed her in, dragging her a chair for the step from sill to floor, and full of little urgings—“There—now—so——”

“It would be better, Molla, if I die tomorrow. Then I don't stand any more in my son's way or my daughter-in-law's.”

“No. No, Mrs. Palestine.”

“It's not good, Molla, a woman should got to stand between such a good son's happiness with his wife like I do. My poor son—he don't know which he should be first. My son or her husband. I'm in the way, Molla. Nobody knows it better as I do. I'm in the way . . . Molla . . . never leave me, Molla.”

She needed Molla so. Even the absurd fashion in which she pronounced her name was like a cry in the dark. A little winged sob that could beat its way and nest in Molla's heart, where it hurt. Sometimes at night, long after the lights were out, the cry would come through to her, and down she would tiptoe and curl up at the foot of the old woman's bed, ponderous as a mastiff.

Palestine was grateful. He had her come down to his retail store to be fitted for two fine strong pairs of bluchers, and as she went out with the package under her arm, he said: “Never leave my mother, Molla, and you won't regret it. She's a little peculiar in her ways and her ways aren't my wife's ways—but a better woman doesn't breathe. Never leave her, Molla.”

“Yah—sure—never——”

Poor Palestine. It was as if a wire cage had curved itself somehow about him, with the egress woven cunningly into the mesh. He was in and the two women with him, making a prison of what, with either of them alone, might have been a nest.

Constantly, as that winter dragged through, there were half-moons in May's hands where the finger nails bit in, and her toes in the showy short-vamp shoes were always climbing over each other in suppression of a nervous rage.

One day she ran from the luncheon table into the clothes closet in her bedroom. It was horrible. Because she bit at the empty sleeves of gowns hanging there, tore fabrics, jerked hangers from their hooks, trampled on Palestine's dressing gown, kicked until she bruised her shoes and toes against the wall and finally half collapsed in a hurricane of garments.

It had happened trivially. Something like this.

About noon a fog had descended over the city. One of those gray smothers that roll in off the sea. There was something extremely cozy about the indoors on a day like this. Molla prepared tea and fluffed up an egg omelette with a fusty sense of that warm indoor coziness. May had been stacking chips for a poker party that night. She was playing practically every afternoon now, losing large sums which were the subject of heated controversy with Pal, and five evenings out of the week there were games at the house, too.

This day she wore a pink flannel wrapper and her hair was in curl rags that rose off her head like a shriek. She had a headache, too.

"Got it too good," was the old woman's under her breath diagnosis of the almost daily ritual of cold compress or headache powder. Luncheon was a meal to dread, the two women alone, without the intermediary influence of Palestine.

When May in the pink flannel wrapper entered the fog-swimming dining room, she switched on the lights, seven high-power ones in the colored glass dome over the table.

"Give me a tablet in a glass of water first, Molla. My head's splitting."

Then old Mrs. Palestine came in, stiffly, in her black calico house dress dotted with white four leaf clovers and carrying a bowl of thick black lentil soup which she had warmed from a specially prepared crock of it that she kept.

"Say, May, since when have we got a stand-in with the electric light company? If I can find my mouth in the middle of the day, you should find yours with your younger eyes"; and with a good humor which she valiantly tried to

simulate for the trial of these noonday meals together, the old woman clicked out the lights again just as May gulped down the headache tablet. The almost reflex act of a woman who for a period of thirty thrifty years had run her own home; and with that same reflex of a woman bound in turn to run hers, May, with the fuzz of fog in a whirlpool of anger about her, sprang to the wall, clicking the lights back again.

"You dare," she cried with her lips lifting back dryly off her teeth, "you dare to dictate to me when I can have light in my own house and when I can't!"

The old woman had a way of appearing to shrivel and to yellow under the lash of her daughter-in-law's tongue. She seemed to recede to a point.

"Is that the way, May, a daughter-in-law should talk to her husband's mother, nearly three times her age, and who didn't mean nothing but a little economy?"

"Economy my hind foot! I'd like to see you or anybody like you tell me when I can have the electric light on in my house and when I can't. Not while my dress buttons up the back with tiddlewinks."

"Maybe, May, if you didn't know everything for yourself so well and would let an old woman three times your age help——"

"Not you! You can't tell me nothing I don't know already."

"I can tell you that a good dutiful wife don't squander her husband's money away on gambling debts and matinéés—a good man like him who stands on his bunions all day long earning it for you——"

"You keep your gab out of my affairs. You've done enough damage in this house as it is. My husband is my business."

"Your husband is my son!"

"More's the pity."

The shuddering, sucky, ligament-twisting cry of the mothers of sons bearing them. That was the kind of moaning noise Mrs. Palestine made as she went down into a little huddle on a dining room chair.

"Mrs. Palestine!"

"Let 'er alone, Molla. I'm used to those bluffs. I've seen her topple over into those fake faints for years now. Temper, that's all. She's tough as tripe."

"Oh, why don't I die?"

"The whine-fest will now begin."

"Mrs. Palestine—she bane old——"

"Let her alone, Molla, I said. Hands off! That's the trouble now. Her out there in the kitchen with you all day crying for sympathy. I'm sick of it. Pal's got to decide between her and me and pretty quick too. I wish to Heaven I could go off somewhere and live in one room and never have to clap eyes on the whole shebang again. He'll have to settle good and heavy on me, too—mind you that. Matzoth house, that's what I call this. Well, thank God, I wasn't raised no matzoth eater!"

"No, no. Belittle me. Belittle even my boy—but don't make little my religion—don't make little my God because he is not your God."

"God! Who said anything about your God? Matzoth is what I said, and I say it again. *Matzoth house*. Two stoves. Two sets of dishes. Matzoth crumbs all over the house so I have to be ashamed to have company at my own table for matzoth. Matzoth. He likes 'em too—dips 'em in coffee like—slop. Once a matzoth dunker always a matzoth dunker."

"Julius, my husband! Junior, my son! My men! I can't keep it shut up in me no more. I can't live here no more. To have to see with every hour I live everything what is sacred to me and to mine made little. Papa, where are you up there? Let me come to you. Help me, Julius!"

May swung heavily into her chair. She was like a storm, her eyebrows seeming to meet and click in a furrow above her nose.

"Well," she said, flopping the omelette, which had fallen, on to her plate and jabbing into it with her fork, "here is where I am let in for another pleasant lunch hour. It's a wonder I don't croak of indigestion."

"Oh—oh—if only my son would let me rent somewhere a little room off by myself where I can live alone and die alone!"

"Well, he won't, so what you going to do about it? Dutiful son! I wish he'd try a little dutiful husband on me."

"You say that! The woman for whose extravagances my son works day and night his fingers to the bone—a boy what never in his life played a card or took more as a drink of sassaparilla before."

"My ways suit my husband when you ain't around to poison him."

"Mark my word, May, the kind of love my boy has for you—it ain't the kind that lasts. The woman who puts by something of herself for the day when her husband gets tired of the flesh and has a big fine companionship waiting for him is the smart woman. I won't do nothing to come between you—but——"

"Oh no! Oh no! You only started by doing everything in the world to keep him from marrying me."

"Yes, maybe, because he was all mine then and I had the right to fight for what I thought was his happiness, but after he did it, never one word——"

"Hah—you make me laugh! You got the nerve to say that when you can cut the hate in this house with a knife! Who do you think your son is, anyhow? When I married him there was fellas wanting to buy my meal ticket that could buy and sell him six ways for Sunday. And they wasn't kosher meals, neither."

"I can't hear that word no more so abused! It's like salt in a sore. Oh—oh—oh—if not for my son, I would right away pack my things. Why did he pull me up away from my people down there? These ways ain't my ways—those are my people—he should let me go back."

"Well, no insinuations, but you can take it from me if he didn't always have you nagging him over to your ways I could make him a darn sight happier than he's ever been in his life before. He'd be a live one, that son of yours—if he dared."

"That just goes to show! A woman with her thoughts on her home and her husband's interest and—and children—don't got time for such shennanigan talk like her husband should be a—a *live* one."

"You're going to ram that children talk down my throat once too often. I'll have children when I get good and ready to have children and not before."

"A woman shouldn't put her time for it before God's time for it."

"If—if you weren't his mother and—old—I'd drive you out of the house for less than that."

"Why don't you? It would make it easier than I should walk out from my son's house on my own——"

"Well then—I do! You can't stay here day after day to devil the life and soul out of me. I won't stand it! I—now—you—go!"

"God—papa—God—son—no—no—it ain't possible I should live to see it—out from my own son's home——"

"Yes—yes—out of your own son's home—driven out by the devil in you——"

"Oh, Mrs. Palestine—she bane old—oh—oh—oh, Mrs. Palestine——"

"And you! Square-head! You! Lump! Who are you, anyhow? There's something about you gives me the jim-jams. For all I know you're one of those still ones that run deep. How do I know you're not taking sides with the old woman and running to my husband with lies? Go—the two of you—the quicker the better—go—go—go——"

It was then, because the words in her throat were a mere strangle and her hands were curved and spread out like claws, that May ran screaming to the clothes closet, dragging the garments in their avalanche of fury down about her, and gasping, choking, spluttering.

Toward dusk Molla began to try to feed the old woman soup out of a spoon.

"Can't swallow. Leave me alone, Molla. I'm an old woman put out from my own son's house. Where shall I go, Molla? No. No. I won't go. Nobody can drive me out from my son who needs me and who has lost his God."

There was no suppressing the mother of Palestine. Oppress her, yes, but the light of the children of Israel was like a campfire in her eyes and would not be ground out.

It was bitter to stay, and the lips of the mother of Palestine were twisted as old paint tubes with that bitterness.

The old woman slept finally. At seven Palestine would come. There was dinner to be prepared. Molla had a sly little procedure before dinner. It was to draw together two of the most comfortable chairs in the living room, chummily, as if two women had been sewing and gossiping there during the long quiet of an afternoon. The look of strain and of drain would run out of his face when he walked in on evidences of what might indicate that a day of rare tranquility had rolled over the household.

Molla dragged the two chairs together and they squealed on their castors. May was stretched asleep on the sitting room couch, her cheeks still wet and her lips flat and heavy, and always with the sensuous look of just having been kissed very hard—slightly, rather appealingly apart. One of her hands trailed to the floor and there was a pale scatter of freckles on her arm—great isolated ones, so large and far apart that Palestine could run his lips up it as if it were a flute, kissing them one by one.

When he finally did turn his key in the lock, it was as if May, so deeply simulating sleep, had been merely lying on the edge of it waiting, so quickly she pounced at him, the castle of her yellow puffs collapsed and down over one ear, and sure enough her right eye dragged upward from lying on it.

“May! My dear——”

“Yah, ‘dear’—you’d better ‘dear’ me—leaving me shut up here day after day with a lunatic. Well, you don’t need to go no further to hear her side of the story with her lies, lies, lies! You can hear it right here from me. Either that old woman gets out of this house—here—now—tonight—or I go! You can take your choice. As God is my witness—I’m through!”

All the little wrinkles came running into his face like sand over paper, and he tried to take her in his arms.

“Oh no, you don’t! Not this time. A few smooth words can’t make up for the all day hell of living in this house. That old woman goes or I go! I couldn’t stand

another day of it. You've been a long time choosing, but you've got to choose now! I've tried. I've bit my tongue in two trying—but I'm done."

"Why, May," he said in the sedative tone that must have worn a little rut along his vocal chords from the repetition of it. "I know that ma's not easy—and there's not a day that I don't think of my girl at home under conditions that aren't just right for her—but she's old, May, and she means well and—and good heavens, May—a man's mother is a man's mother, little eccentricities and all."

"No—no—we ain't going to argue any more, not while my dress buttons up the back with tiddlewinks. I've been over it all till I'm as crazy loony as she is. You gotta decide—this time it's me or her!"

His nose was like a blade, the nostrils sort of drawn in by the sharpness of his breath, and he stood under the hall light, growing paler and paler as the fatigue lines deepened.

"May—you've never been like—this. Has anything unusual happened? My mother—how—where is she?"

"Oh no! Nothing unusual. Just the usual. That's the devil of it! Just the usual—but the camel's back broke today. There's no argument. There's just for you to decide which of us gets out."

He looked at her and at the shine of her flesh up at him through the lace of her bodice and the old familiar trembling seized him, but he dug in his nails through his palms and his words were all crowded behind his teeth, which were clinching.

"Well then, by heavens—you go!"

It was as if he had stabbed her in the upthrust of bosom she could always dazzle him with, because she threw out her arms and stood like a great open fan with the finery of her sleeve drapes falling to the floor.

"Me!"

"You," he said. "Yes—yes—you——"

"You don't mean that—Pal."

"I do," he said, still with the jam of words behind his teeth.

For the first time her body sort of unwound itself of its tight theatricalism and she looked at him with her mouth

shaped to cry out, but it only quivered and formed a rhomboid.

"If anybody goes out of this house, it's not going to be my mother. Get that! I may be low—but not that low. She stays here!"

There was a pause that was full of their breathing, and then with a lightning gesture she darted out for his hand, but he was too quick for her.

"No," he said, holding it behind him. "No, none of that."

She darted again and he looked at her coldly and smiled, holding himself on a little oblique that eluded her.

"That don't go this time, May. I'm at the end of my rope here. You have been called upon to make certain sacrifices. I know that. And I don't say they have always been easy ones. But that's part of this game of marriage. Learning to take the hurdles. You haven't taken yours. There's no argument here. Between two women one of them young and able to take care of herself and the other seventy years old and—my mother—well, if it's a case of one of them having to go, it's not going to be my mother! Get that! Get that! Not going to be my mother! This is one of those deadlocks in marriage where there is no solution. A woman either gives in or she—don't. You don't!"

With his body thrust back from her, the words in her mouth were meal, and she knew it; and suddenly with a sinuosity that was rare with her she had her arms about his knees and her cheek to him and her sobs coming so that even through the fabric her warm breath reached him.

"Pal!"

He wrenched himself, but the vise of her arms was relentless, and so with his head held up and his body still tense he stood taut, feeling the tremor of her body and finally the wet of her tears—warm—warm—against his knee.

"Get up," he said, with his head back and his body away from her.

"Pal—Pal—don't—don't throw me off for her—Pal——"

"Off! Good heavens, what's a man to do—murder an old woman to get her out of the way of a young one?"

God—God—what mess have I let myself into! May—don't——"

"Pal"—her hands were up now against his waistcoat so that the shape of them burned through, and his face, which he kept averted, was reddening, a slow red that ran down into his collar.

"You can't get me that—way—any—more," he said and caught her two hands by the wrists and flung her backward; but she was too quick for him again, and as if from the momentum of the shove she was back again, with her arms about his neck this time, and her lips which were shining with tears straight and pat against his.

"No—no—May—none of that—no—I say—oh——"

Suddenly it was quiet, and when he lifted his head she was crouched in a cradle his arms made for her, and the tears were running heavily down his cheeks.

"I'm tired," he said, crying frankly and daubing his eyes with the back of her hand, "dog—dog tired," and sank down on a chair in the hallway. She dragged up a stool, an outlandish one on the four curved horns of a bull, and her arms were about his knees again and her shining lips always close enough for him to feel the breath.

"You love me, Pal—I love you. What's the use—you can't give me up——"

He beat his knees.

"God! God! Was ever a man in my plight? I can't give you up. Well, where does that get me? I can't give her up. My home a hades. I'm cursed with you and I'm cursed without you. Was ever a man in such torment? I can't come home—I'll be the one to get out—I'll end it—I'll be the one to get out——"

"Pal—Pal, that won't solve anything—that will bust it up for all three. I've got a way out for us, Pal—it's the old woman. I tell you—she's got to go!"

"And I tell you, no! My mother doesn't pine out her days alone in a rooming house——"

"No—no, Pal—you don't understand. Why, the old woman's sick, Pal—her mind's sick—the old woman needs a hospital—a fine, sunny, big hospital where they can take care of her——"

Her eyes were very round and glossed over with tears and her ten fingers very soft against his cheeks, and always her breathing so he could feel its fanning warmth.

"My mother's not sick. She's—she's old. She's orthodox and she believes so strong it makes her eccentric. She's not sick——"

"She is, Pal. Any doctor would say so. You don't see her all day in the house like I do. You're making me live with—with a lunatic, Pal."

"You—take that back!"

"You don't know it. But I do. She sits all day talking to herself. I'm afraid of her. I wouldn't ask you to throw her out, Pal—I'm telling you she's got screws loose—she can get violent any time and then you *will* have trouble. There's institutions—fine, sunny, clean ones. She ought to be committed. It's the only way, Pal—to save her—and to save us. You want us to go to hell over a—a loon. Lots of people go crazy on religion. The old woman, Pal—has screws loose. It's against the law not to give her medical treatment.

"There's plenty places, Pal—fine, clean places where they don't even know they're in that kind of a place where she can live in peace and we can stay here in peace. Pal, are you going to throw me over for a poor old woman that's lost her mind? I tell you she's crazy, Pal. What'll you have out of it if I get out and leave you here with a loon? You got to support me—no man can get away without doing his duty to me—you got her and you got me any way you look at it. If one of us got to go—the poor crazy old lady ought to be the one. Get her in a—a hospital, Pal—and that'll leave us here—in our home—together. Pal—poor, tired Pal—home alone—here with his May."

His head fell down against the little cove of her shoulder and he could feel her warm kisses through his hair, and finally when he looked up with the stricken eyes of a St. Bernard dog, the tears ran down over his words.

"I can't give you up, May. My poor mother—she's sick—she needs the best of care—best—institution. She's sick—and she's got—to—go——"

Tears. Tears. The dining room looked crazy through

the blur of them, and setting out the salt cellars and the vinegar cruet, Molla Ivanü could scarcely find the table. It waved up at her. Tilted. Ran in little ripples that the tears made. Tears. Tears. The old woman——

She ran down the hall. It shot off in a little ell and on the slant of wall was the door—the door that was between the old woman and the knowing. The bitter knowing that must presently creep toward it and under it like a terrible tide. Molla crashed through the door and stood trembling in the center of the room.

The night light was burning and the old woman flew up in her vast walnut bed with a cry.

"Son—who—*ach*, Molla, how you frightened me! I must have been dreaming. My son! my Julius—Molla—it ain't nice you should rush in so on me—you've made me a pain—here. What is it, Molla—nothing ain't wrong? Pal—home yet? Nothing ain't wrong?"

"Why—no—Mrs. Palestine—nothing—I yoost looked in a minute. Maybe you want something?"

"No—I—Molla—you shouldn't rush in so—a pain here—from the fright you gave me—such a pain—my heart—*ach*, no—Molla—I can't lay down. It's a knife in me. You frightened me so—my heart——"

Her face was so little, and back in the frill of her cap a pointed sort of receding look had set in, and she writhed up from the support of Molla's arm.

"My drops—quick, Molla—my drops—I—you shouldn't have frightened me—quick—my drops from the doctor."

There they stood, the little colorless phial of them on the table beside the bed. Five of them—Molla knew how—drop-drop-drop-drop-drop—in a tumbler.

"Molla—please——"

"No, Mrs. Palestine—no—yoost—lay still. No—no—drops this time—sleep—sh-h-h—no drops—sleep."

"I—my drops—pain—I—I'm so tired, Molla—hold me—you frightened me so. I was dreaming—my boy—she didn't get him—away from me. She tried, Molla—I dreamed—but she didn't—he wouldn't—my boy—he stuck to his mama. She's old—she's in the way—but he stuck.

Why don't you give me my drops, Molla? I—he stuck by his mama, Molla——”

“Yes, Mrs. Palestine—he stuck——”

“I—I was never so tired. My drops—you should give me my drops. Dark—Molla—yes, Julius—tired—he stuck—my boy—to his mama—not, Molla?”

“Yes, Mrs. Palestine—yes——”

“Tired—my drops—son—oh—God—ouch—oh—oh—ah——”

A sudden lurch forward in Molla's arms so that her torso rounded up and left an arch of space between it and the bed.

It was so hard to unbend it because the body had stiffened so, and with her cheek to Mrs. Palestine's heart Molla pressed gently until the little attitude of convulsion had straightened. It was so quiet there with her cheek to Mrs. Palestine's dead heart.

A doctor folded the brittle hands. Little gulls skimming the placid old breast. The preliminaries of death were set in motion. A soul had been set free and mortals were solemn. Almost immediately the shades somehow were down and there was a new odor. The odor of death. May had gone out like a flame. Her face seemed suddenly very small between the two enormous blobs of pearl earrings, and she had pinned up the flowing sleeves so that she had the plucked, necky look of a fine bird that has lost its feathers revealing the long pores of dingy flesh.

“Poor Pal! Poor Pal!”

He looked at her through tear-scalded eyes that did not see her at all.

“My mother—my poor little mother—gone without a word——”

“Lots of them go that way, Pal. My old woman died in her sleep——”

“What her poor little life must have been here alone in this room—nights. Mama, forgive me. Mama, forgive me.”

“She was a good sleeper, Pal. I used to hear her snoring and always tiptoe by the door—I was always careful not to wake her.”

May, craven with death.

He looked at her with his eyes twisted out of focus and kept repeating over and over again his phrases. "Mama, forgive me—poor little life—I knew what you suffered, mama—there wasn't an hour of the day or night it wasn't over me—I did it—I did it—mama, mama, forgive—why did you leave me?"

"Pal—you've got your May—poor, poor Pal—don't cry—ain't you got your May?"

He kissed her then wildly, his wet lips smearing over her cheeks, the twisted, crazy look in his eyes.

"Help me—help me to bear my remorse. I used to snap her off. I never had patience with her. We left her alone when we went to the country—alone here. She might have died like a dog. She did die alone—like a dog—alone——"

"No, Pal. No. Molla was with her!"

"Molla! Then why didn't she give my mother her drops? She let her die like a dog. That's what the doctor asked—why didn't the person in whose arms she died—give her the drops? Murderer—where is she? Get out—where is she? I want her to get out!"

And Molla, carrying, down the gloom of the hallway, the seven-branch candlestick for the foot of old lady Palestine's bed, stood hearing, her face picked out in light above the pointing flames. A white face, floating in shadow and shining out of the darkness that poured around it.

A clear, prophetic face above the seven lights.

It was then, gazing upon her, that Palestine turned on his wife and struck her three times on the very cheek that his lips had smeared.

"Mama," he screamed, "forgive me!" and smoking hot off his lips and trembling with fervor for them came words that had long since lain dead like dried rose leaves in his memory.

ברוך אלהינו שבראנו לכבודו

Then he turned around on May. He was laughing now, and she bent from that laughter in terror.

"You go," he said with his hands held out in talons and

his fingers curling inward to form little cages. "Go—go—while God gives me strength not to kill you! My mama—my God—my darling, heartbroken mama. You made me a traitor to her—you—you—you! My little mama—go—go—or so help me God—if ever I see you again—God strike me dead if I don't kill you!"

"Pal—don't—don't—let me loose—I'll go, Pal—leave me go, Pal—for God's sake—I'll go—Pal."

After a while it was quiet in the house. There was still the little frangipani scent of May in her room where she had fussed about in the hysteria of packing; it followed her trail along the hallway as she backed down it in terror, her little valise, with the twist of lace caught in the fastening, held out before her. Then the outer door—and out.

Quiet. With the light from the seven candles burning against the transom and out into the hall so palely and Palestine silent in there hour after hour, cramped up there against the bedside of his dead.

At midnight the first mourner sprang up—one of the Old Testament women off the stoop in Division Street; and from behind the closed door, when she slid in to join Palestine, her cry went down like a rapier into the heart of the silence.

A cry that stuck there to the hilt, and throbbed.

Toward morning the mourner slept on in a rocker at the foot of the old woman's bed. Palestine, who had never moved from his couch at the headboard, sprang up suddenly. His hair torn down over his face but his eyes clear.

"Molla!" he called and ran out into the hallway and into her room. "Molla—you—you knew—Molla—you cook! Who are you? Molla—Molla—come back—Molla—Molla . . ."

At that moment, in a dawn that ran thinly along the edge of the roofs, Molla Ivanü with her carpet bag hooked to her fingers was walking. East. A wettish wind, the wind before the dawn, blew her all forward. Her skirts. Some strands of her paling yellow hair and the terribly dilapidated old rose on her hat.

There were no pedestrians. Not even milk carts yet. Only Molla, walking before the wind.

timber, tragic things, powerful etc.

THE TODAY TOMORROW¹

By MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

(From *The Atlantic Monthly*)

I

STRANGER, you say you ain't been in the mountains of West Virginia so very long? Then I reckon you ain't heard all the tales the fellers tells about Tony Beaver, and that log camp of his'n up Eel River.

Well, *sirs!* Tony he cert'nly *is* a great cuss! And if you'll set a spell now, and spread your years, I'll pour a tale into 'em about how Tony hitched that powerful yoke of oxen he's got him up Eel River onto the wheels of time, and had time running all up and down the days, back'ards and for'ards, whichever way he said for it to go.

I reckon that was about one of the *most myrac'lous* things Tony ever pulled off—and dangerous too when you come to study on it; and yit he done it all for nothing in this world but to satisfy a child, what was jest a little feller going on five years old.

That little feller, he used to play round Tony's log camp. He had a crippled foot and couldn't walk so very good, so all the hands used to tote him; but his fav'rite riding place was Tony Beaver's shoulder, and I jest b'lieve he thought Tony pulled the sun up with a string in the morning, and let her run down agin at night. Seemed like Tony he tuck a dee-light in doing all sorts of onusual things to please that child. Maybe you've seen fellers take a bucket of water and swing it round so fast that never a drop will drap out? Well, Tony he went 'em one better'n that. When he got his bucket going good, he stopped it right *spang upside down* over his head, and not a drop spilled! I'll be dogged if *I* know how the feller done it! And the

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hands they was all jest carried away by the sight; but that kid, he never batted a eye. 'I knowed *you* could do it Tony!' he says. 'Yes, *sir*, fellers!' he says, telling 'em all, 'Tony Beaver *he* kin do it all right!'

Well, that little feller's faith in him tickled Tony right much. It was a kind of a offset to ole Preacher Moses Mutters, what was allus a-hanging round camp, and sing-singing out, 'You *can't* do it, Tony—it's ergin reason!'

Mutters wa'n't that preacher feller's real name, that was jest a way the hands all had of calling him, 'cause he was allus muttering round, and so gloomy like. That ole brother, he set a great store by reason, and he was mightily outdone by all the *on*reasonable jobs Tony pulled off up Eel River. So thar Tony was sorter betwixt the two of 'em. The preacher allus tuning up, 'You *can't* do it, Tony—it's ergin reason'; and the little feller, jest looking at him so trustful, and saying, 'I knowed *you* could do it, Tony!'

Well then, one day, that little feller he tuck down sick, and when Tony got the word of it, he jest fa'rly tore up Jack till he got ahold of the finest doctor in the county. The doc', he come up Eel River, and went up Flint Holler, whar the little feller lived in a log cabin with his mammy, and he looked the young-un all over, and had him to put out his tongue, and all like that, and then he dosed him some, and 'lowed he'd be all right tomorrow.

'I'll be all right tomorrow,' the little feller says, saying it after him mighty trustful like.

Well, Stranger, right then and thar was whar all the trouble commenced. The next morning when Tony went up Flint Holler, and round Hare Hill, to the little feller's cabin, he found the young-un all in a turrible fret.

Tony, he come right inside—though it's the truth, he don't like to go under a roof, or tromp on sawed boards—and steps over to the bed, whar the little feller was laying all kivered up under a quilt of the Rising Sun pattern.

'Hey now! What's the trouble, Buddy?' Tony asks him.

'I can't git better, Tony,' the little feller says kinder pitiful.

'Why, Honey, the doc' said you'd be better today,' Tony tells him.

'No, Tony! no!' the young-un says, all wrought up; 'he said I'd be better *tomorrow!*'

Tony he busts out with a great laugh at that. 'Why, Honey,' he says, 'today *is* tomorrow!'

'No, it *ain't*, Tony!' that little buddy answers him back. 'This ain't tomorrow—it's jest *today!* An—an—' he says, all filling up to cry, 'how kin *today* be tomorrow? We can't find tomorrow, Tony. Mammy and me been a-looking and looking all night for it, but today jest kep' right on, and on, and never *did* git to be tomorrow! I want tomorrow, Tony,' he says, crying; 'I can't git better till it comes.'

Thar you see how it was, Stranger—the young-un had got all balled up in his mind, and jest *couldn't* git it figured out that today was tomorrow. And when you come to study it over, you'll see thar was some sense in what he said, for it cert'nly is *so*, Stranger—today *ain't* tomorrow—it jest natcherly *can't* be! But if it ain't, then whar *is* tomorrow? Even watching it very close, a person can't hardly say when today quits and tomorrow commences. And it's the truth, I don't know myself if today ever *does* git to be tomorrow—so it wa'n't no wonder that sick child was kinder twisted up over it.

'No, Tony! No! Today's *today*—it *ain't* tomorrow!' he kep' on saying to everything Tony told him. 'I can't git better till it's tomorrow—*you* git tomorrow for me,' he says putting his hand in Tony's so trustful like; '*you* kin do it easy, Tony!'

Well now I reckon that was jest about the biggest job Tony Beaver ever had handed out to him. But he ain't never the feller to turn a job down 'count of it's looking big, so he scratched his head a spell, and then he says, 'Well Buddy, I'll do the best I kin.' And then he come on back to camp to figger how he was to do it.

Ole Brother Mutters 'lowed the way was to set up all night with the little feller, and when the clock struck twelve to tell him now it was tomorrow. 'That's the reasonable way of doing it, Tony,' he says.

'But the reasonable way ain't *my* way,' Tony tells him. 'And more'n that, you know I ain't never a hand to go under a roof and tromp on sawed boards.'

Howsomever the hands all 'lowed Brother Mutters was right, and they got Tony pusuaded to try that way, though he done it ergin his better jedgment.

Well, that night Tony he went up Flint Holler to the little feller's cabin, and fetched hisself in a big gray rock—what still had some moss hanging on it—to set on; for Tony he never will set in a cheer. And he told the little boy that tomorrow would be along late in the night, and he'd be thar to ketch it.

So the little feller went on to sleep mighty trustful and satisfied; and Tony sets down on his gray rock by the fire, and dozes along till it come nigh midnight. Then he tiptoes over to the bed, and whispers that tomorrow would be thar when the clock struck.

'*When the clock strikes!*' The little feller whispers back in a kind of a sacred voice, like he was at prayer-meeting. 'O Tony!' he says, 'let me set in your lap! I want to be setting thar when tomorrow comes.'

So Tony he wraps the Rising Sun quilt round him, and sets down on his gray rock, with the little feller on his knee—and I reckon it was a funny sight to see Tony Beaver setting under a roof!

Well, after a little bit, the clock commenced to wheeze like it was cl'aring its throat for sumpin big, and fetches out twelve strokes, and Tony hollers, 'Here's your tomorrow, honey!'

The little feller looks all about him, up at the joists, and down at the floor, and then back ergin at the clock, and seems like he was kinder blank, like he'd expected tomorrow to jump out from somewhares and be different.

'Is it tomorrow, Tony?' he asks, sorter doubtful.

'Yes, *sure* it is!' Tony says. 'And now today you'll git better.'

Well right thar Tony slipped up. He sure oughter of knowed better'n to say that today word.

'You said *today!*' the little feller hollers out, ketching him right up. 'And this *is* today, it *ain't* tomorrow! Tony, you *fooled* me!' And with that he busts out crying like his very heart was broke. 'Put me back in bed,' he says.

'You fooled me, Tony, I—I don't want to set on your lap no more.'

II

Well, that pretty nigh killed Tony, and he come on back to camp fa'rly raging. He give one holler that fetched all the hands out of the bunk-house on the jump, and standing up thar in the moonlight, looking powerful tall, he told 'em all what had happened.

'And *that's* what comes of *me* going under a roof, and trying to be reasonable! And *now*,' he hollers out, 'I'm *done* with reason! And by the sap of all the white oak trees running in spring, and by the breath of the gray rocks, I'll fine me a *on*reasonable way of doing it!'

You better b'lieve all the hands kep' mighty still at that, for they knowed better'n to cheep when Tony busts loose with them cuss words. But course Brother Mutters had to tune up.

'Yer *can't* do it, Tony! Yer can't put *back* the wheels of time, and yer can't put 'em for'ard neither!'

'I can't, can't I!' Tony hollers at him. And with that he let loose sech a blast of a look at that preacher, that I reckon it would of blowed him right off the bank, and down into Eel River itself, if Big Henry, what's one of Tony's stoutest hands, hadn't of seen it coming, and ketched aholt of the ole feller jest in time.

'Yoke up them oxen of mine!' Tony hollers out, and all hands jumped like he'd cracked a pistol.

Now, Stranger, them oxen of Tony's air jest about the *most* monstrous animals the world ever *did* see. Maybe you recollect a ole song that runs kinder like this,—

Tony Beaver had a ox,
I mind the day that he was born;
It tuck a jay bird seven years
To fly from horn to horn.

Well *I* jest b'lieve that's nothing in this world but a dog-goned lie. But I know them beasts must be all out of the common, or folks wouldn't tell sech tales about 'em.

Well, when they fetched 'em round, Tony he tuck a powerful stout log chain, and hitched one end of it to they yoke, and without saying nuthing to nobody, he went off into the woods with the t'other end. The chain it onwound, and onwound, and went crawling away into the bresh after Tony Beaver, looking like the biggest nastiest kind of a snake a person ever *did* see. After a right smart spell, the chain it quit onrolling and lay still, 'cept that every once in a while, it'd give a kind of a jerk, like Tony was fooling with it at the t'other end.

But whoop-ee!—all to onct that chain it give a powerful jump and commenced to run back outer the woods like the dogs was after it! Then d'rectly there come the awfulest kind of a battle betwixt Tony Beaver and that log chain. Course the hands they couldn't see nuthing 'cept the chain's end of it—but that was a plenty! The dog-goned thing it wriggled and wrestled, and lashed itself up and down, hither and yon, like it was fighting for all it was wuth to bust loose and git on outer them woods. And every now and ergin it'd hump itself up in the middle, like you've seen a inch worm do, and strain and strain to pull free that away. But in the end Tony he won, and after another turrible thrashing and lashing of itself, that jest natcherly cut the bresh all to pieces anywhares near, and even felled a couple of white oak trees, the chain 'peared to give up and lay still—'cept that it was trembling like a person with the ague.

And you better b'lieve all hands stood back outer the way, looking on with all the looks they had, for you *know*, Stranger, it must of been sumpin' mighty onnatural that would make cold iron carry on that away.

Well, after a spell, Tony come on back outer the woods, with the sweat jest a running off'n him.

'Thar now, *that's* fixed!' he says, kinder panting like.

And not a one of the hands dast to ask him *what* was fixed, for they knowed dog-goned well it must of been sumpin' turrible strange that would draw the sweat on Tony Beaver.

Tony looks around at 'em all, and he says, 'One end of that chain's hitched to the wheels of time, and the t'other's

hitched to them beasts—and *now* I'll have time going to suit me!'

And with that he spits on his hands and ketched aholt of his raw-hide whip, that's got a lash to it pretty nigh half a mile long, and he swirls it out and cracks it, *Pough!* And them oxen, they bowed their heads and heaved into the yoke. And they heaved, *and they heaved*—but nuthing didn't happen.

'Yer *can't* do it, Tony! It's ergin reason!' ole Brother Mutters sings out.

'Man! I'm *done* with reason!' Tony hollers back at him. And this time Big Henry wa'n't quick enough, and the blue-lightning look Tony shot at that preacher blowed him clean off'n the ground, and landed him down in a bresh pile a right smart piece away.

And Tony he cracks his whip ergin, and hollers 'Yer-r—*rup!*' at the team. The crack of that whip was like a thunderclap in cl'ar weather, and that holler of Tony's went bounding on down Eel River, chipping the rocks off from side to side, till it jest natcherly bounced out in the levels at the fur end. And *Great Day in the Morning!* Them beasts went for'ards, and the *wheels of time commenced to turn!*

Well, *sirs!* When that happened, Stranger, they say it was like the whole world had busted loose from her breaks, and it made the stoutest hand thar reel like he had the blind staggers—all, that is, 'cept Tony. It ketched ole Brother Mutters in the stomick, and he fell over acrost a stump, and commenced to give up his victuals.

'Whoop-ee! I got her going!' Tony sings out. 'By the breath of the gray rocks! I got time going to suit me now!'

But hold and below! It wa'n't more'n the shake of a lamb's tail 'fore Tony seen he'd slipped up bad. Dogged if he hadn't them beasts headed wrong, and what do you reckon! 'Stead of pulling down the tomorrow he was after, he commenced fetching up yesterday, and the day before, and then d'rectly it was last week, and in a nother pair of seconds it was last month itself! Well, *sirs!* that was jest a little more'n the hands could stand, and they all busts out hollering at Tony to quit.

Stranger, did you ever see the past fetched back into the present?

Well, I ain't neither, and I ain't craving to. You see like it is—we looks down the past through a kind of a haze, like them pretty blue mists you'll see hanging over the mountains in Indian summer weather, and everything looks mighty meller and nice through it. But when Tony set time to vomiting up them yesterdays that way, they come up into the cold light of the present all mother-naked as you might say, and it was a *turrible* sight to see 'em. Big Henry seen hisself drunk last month, and while he'd looked back on it as a kinder glorious event, when the world was all lit up, and him the biggest Mister Man in it, it didn't look that away now. When he seen that past of his'n laid right out thar in the present, he knowed that was one time he'd jest natcherly been a fool for want of sense. And the t'other fellers seen things too that made 'em all swaller powerful hard.

Every feller seen his own past, but couldn't see the t'other feller's; so didn't nobody know what it was ole Brother Mutters seen, but whatsoever it was, it sunt him off in a long explanation to the Lord.

Well, Tony he seen right off he'd made a big mistake, so he drawed them beasts to a halt, and then he had 'em to back, back, and he run all them yesterdays and last weeks down into place ergin, very keerful like. They tell me the hands could hear them past days falling back down the skidways of time, *Plup! Plup! Plup!* to wait thar for Judgment Day. They say as how it was a mighty strange and awesome kind of a sound—and I reckon it must of been, and not a sound that any common person would crave to hear.

Well, Tony he seen the trouble was he had them beasts headed towards the east, and course they was pulling up the west, which was whar all them yesterdays had went. So he turned 'em round westward; and this time when he cracked his whip, and hollered at 'em, it wa'n't but a minute 'fore they fetched into view jest the prettiest little tomorrow a person ever did see. But it was so all-fired skeery, it was nigh impossible to hold it. It wouldn't more'n peep over the edge of today, when, whoop-ee! it'd

run back ergin into its hole like a ground hog what had seen its shadder. Time and ergin them beasts fetched that tomorrow down, and time and ergin, strain as they would, it slipped erway from 'em. So in the end Tony seen he'd have to figger out a nother way of ketching it. And he knowed, too, he'd have to hurry, for by now it was right late in the day, and it wouldn't be so very long 'fore that tomorrow would be swinging into place at its natcheral time—and course that wouldn't do that little feller no good at all.

So Tony he studied a spell, and then he had the hands to git to work and sew a whole parcel of feed-bags together. And when they had a big lot of 'em fixed, and all spread out on the ground, Tony smeared 'em over right thick with tar, and then he went on back to his team.

This time he didn't crack his whip or holler at 'em; he jest whispered sumpin' right easy in the year of one of 'em. What that word was *I* don't know, Stranger, and I never seen a hand what knowed. All I know is that the minute he'd said it, and jumped back outer the way, them powerful beasts give sech a heave ergin the yoke, that they jest fa'rly fetched that tomorrow down with sech a run and a jump, that it bounded out head over heels, and landed down right spang in the middle of all them tarred bags—and *thar it stuck!* The tar it helt it, and when the team was drawed back by the turrible pull of time at the t'other end, that tomorrow it busted loose from the string of t'other days, and was left laying out thar flat in broad daylight.

Well, *sirs!* it was the fust time in all of they lives that any of them hands had ever seen a tomorrow laid out along side of a today, and they cert'nly was carried away by the sight. They jest natcherly had to hold they eyes in place, or they'd of popped right outer they heads and down into all that tar like a row of buttons. They looked, and they looked, and it's the truth they couldn't find nuthing 'cept cuss words to say erbout it.

Don't ask *me* what the dog-goned thing looked like, for I jest don't know, and you kin easy see I ain't no hand to make a tale up and pass it off for truth.

Well, after all hands had jest erbout cussed theyselves

dry over it, Tony had 'em to ketch ahold of them bags and tote the tomorrow up Flint Holler. Thar they spread it out in front of the little boy's cabin. Tony he went inside and fetched the young-un out in his arms, and the minute he laid eyes on it, his face all broke into a laugh. 'It's tomorrow!' he says.

It beats me how that kid knowed right off it was tomorrow, for it's the truth, Stranger, *I* wouldn't know tomorrow from last week—no, sir, I wouldn't, not even if you was to lay 'em out right side by side! But course you know children is different.

'It's tomorrow!' the little feller says, 'and *now* I'll be all right!' And with that he reaches his arm round Tony's neck right tight, and snuggles his head erginst him. 'I knowed *you* could do it, buddy!' he says.

So Tony he knowed he'd been right in picking the onreasonable way.

III

Well now, Stranger, you mought think after all that big to-do, they could of had some rest up Eel River; but you got to recollect that when any feller's so high-handed as to pull a tomorrow outer place like that, they's mighty apt to see trouble 'fore all's over; and I tell you, it wa'n't but jest a little bit 'fore all that crew run up erginst jest about the worst piece of trouble a person ever did see.

But not knowing what they was heading for, they lef' that tomorrow laying up thar in the holler for the little feller to git well on, and made for camp as onconsarned as you please.

Tony he went off in the woods ergin, and d'rectly that thar log chain commenced to squirm and jump erbout mighty oneasy like. And then all to oncet from 'way off somewheres, they heard Tony holler, '*Look out! Look out!*' And Great Day! That chain come a-lashing, and a-t'aring outer the woods like a black-snake racer—and you hear me, all them hands side-stepped outer its way in a hurry. Well then, Tony come on back, and he says, '*Now* we'll knock off and call it a day.'

So all hands tumbled into the bunkhouse early, and was

snoring along jest as pretty and nice as you please, when late in the night, ole Brother Moses Mutters sets up a turrible lamentation, groaning and moaning.

'What in the *Heaven's* the matter with *you!* Air you tuck in the stumick ergin?' Big Henry hollers at him, mighty mad at being waked up. Only it wa'n't *Heavens* Big Henry said, and he didn't use sech a genteel word as stumick neither, for he's a kind of a rough hand, and'll lay his tongue to any word he pleases, and be jest as apt as not to come right out and call a bull a bull, 'stead of a 'gentleman cow,' like any person what's been raised right knows it ought to be called.

'Big Henry,' says ole Brother Mutters, looking mighty wild and solemn with his hair all tousled up on end, and nuthing but his shirt on, 'Big Henry, git up from thar, and make ready to die—for the end of the world is coming at sun-up!' And with that the ole feller busts out with a turrible howl, and flops down on his knees. 'Lord, I never done it,' he says. 'It was all Tony Beaver's doing! Lord, this is me—Moses Mutters speaking. Do pray take notice *I* didn't have no hand in it, it was that crazy Tony Beaver—'

'*Quit that!*' Big Henry hollers at him, jumping outer his bunk, and jerking the preacher up standing. 'You quit telling the Lord tales on Tony Beaver, or I'll jest natcherly bust your head off,' he says. 'Now then stand up on your two hoofs, and tell the fellers what's the trouble.'

All hands was awake by now, sitting up in the bunks, kinder blinking in the lantern light.

Brother Mutters had to ketch his breath, and swallow some, 'fore he could git his words out, Big Henry'd jerked him up so sudden; but he layed it all out plain enough onct he got his wind.

'Don't you all know we're a-heading for tomorrow jest as fast as the world kin travel—and *there ain't no tomorrow thar,*' he says.

The fellers all stiffened up mighty pale at that, and commenced to cuss to theyselves.

'Well I reckon there's a plenty more tomorrows—Tony he only tuck one,' Big Henry says.

'Yes! He only tuck one!' the preacher hollers out. 'But he tuck the one we *got to have!* O my Lord! Tony Beaver's made a hole in the roadbed of time, and we're a-heading straight for it!'

One of the hands rips out a powerful cuss word at that. 'What'll happen when we hit the hole?' he says.

'She'll *drap*—the world'll drap right through it,' Brother Mutters groans. 'She'll either drap *away* from the sun, and all flesh will be froze to death; or she'll drap span into it, and all be burnt alive.'

Well, sirs! At that all hands bust outer the bunk-house, like logs busting over a dam, and made for whar Tony was laying out in the moonlight, with his head on a gray rock.

'Git up from thar, Tony Beaver!' they hollers at him. 'Git up 'fore the world draps!'

And then, turrible skeered, and all clammering at once, they layed out to him what they was all heading for.

'Aw, it'll be all right,' Tony says, gitting up and shaking hisself more like some kind of a wild varmint than a human.

But the hands kinder sensed that for all his bluff he was right oneasy hisself, and that skeered 'em worse'n ever. Some of the fellers was all for rustling round, and trying to run that thar tomorrow back into place ergin 'fore it was too late. But Tony he wouldn't hear to that.

'Any hand that wants kin take that thar log chain back in the bresh, and hitch it to what I had it hitched to,' he says; 'but you hear *my* horn, I'd as soon have the world drap, as to fool with *that* place ergin!'

And recollecting how that chain had carried on, there wa'n't a hand thar craved to take the job.

'More'n that,' Tony says, 'that thar tomorrow's jest natcherly ruined anyhow, and you couldn't run it back into place ergin, all stuck up with tar like it is.'

That 'peared to be sense, too, and it looked like there wa'n't a thing to do but jest set and wait for the world to drap.

Well, while they was all standing round waiting,—and a plenty of 'em was shaking like they had the buck ague,—the question come up, if the world was to drap, when would

she do it? Some fellers 'lowed it'd be at midnight, and some ergin said it wouldn't be till daybreak. So thar they had it back and forth, and all got so hot, that Big Henry, and Jim Sulivan, that's Irish stock off'n Piney Ridge, even squared theyselves off to settle it with they fists. But the t'other fellers made 'em quit, for they said it'd look kinder ornery, and maybe give the Eel River crew a bad name, if they was to go into Kingdom Come fighting. That ca'med the Sulivan feller, but Big Henry said he'd as leave go thar fighting, as to go any other way. But erbout then some feller had the sense to look at the time.

'Here!' he sings out, 'it's after midnight now, and she ain't drapped yit!'

'Then it'll be at sun-up!' ole Brother Mutters busts out. 'She'll drap at daybreak! O Lord! *I* never done it! Lord this is Moses Mutters speaking. It was all Tony's—'

'Didn't I tell you to *quit that?*' Big Henry hollers at him, dancing up to the preacher, and looking powerful dangerous. "You shet up now and forever!" he says, 'and more'n that, when we git across into the next world, if I ketch you up at the Golden Gate tattling out tales on Tony Beaver to Saint Peter, I'll jest natcherly bust you down to the t'other place,' he says. Only Big Henry laid his tongue to a stronger word than 'the t'other place.'

Well, that dried up Brother Mutters on that head; for skeered as he was of what was coming, he was more skeered of what was right beside him. So he went off on another trail, and commenced telling the Lord how it looked like a shame to have the world come to a end in sech nice fall weather. And that was kinder funny too, for heretofore, the ole feller was allus preaching erbout the world being a desert drear. But he tuned up different now.

'O Lord,' he blubbers, 'don't let the world drap in fall weather when the ground smells so good, and the trees is all colored up nice. If she's bound to drap, let it come in a cold spell in the winter, or along late in March, when the traveling's bad, and the mud up to the hubs of the wheels; but *do pray* don't let her drap *now!*'

That set all the hands off sniffing and wiping they sleeves across they noses. For if ole Brother Moses had to

tell the Lord how pretty it was in fall weather, he didn't have to tell none of *them*. They jest natcherly knowed for theyselves how the ridges looked, all colored up red and yellor, with the sun shining over 'em, and the squirrels barking up every holler on frosty mornings. 'Now jest look what Tony Beaver's done!' they says sniffing and using they sleeves: 'gone and ruined the world on a pretty day in October!'

Tony he told 'em to shet up all that foolishness, and he jest kep' a-standing up thar on his gray rock with his arms folded, and trying to make out like he didn't keer nuthing for nobody. But Big Henry noticed he was staring mighty hard at a pint off erginst the sky. 'What's that you're a-looking at, Tony?' he asks him.

'Well,' Tony says, 'I been noticing these last mornings, that the sun strikes right betwixt them two big pines jest as it tops the ridge. If she don't strike thar this morning, then we'll know that the world is kinder out of plumb.'

Well, *sirs!* That sunt the hands limp, for it looked like Tony hissself wa'n't so sure how things was going to be. And when Tony Beaver's oneasy, you better b'lieve it's time for any common person to be skeered outer his very gizzards. All the fellers bust loose into a turrible cussing and praying and clammering, like a gang of wild geese what had lost they leader.

By now it was drawing on towards dawn, there was a pale glimmer in the east, and them two pine trees stood up powerful black and strange-looking erginst the sky. All to onct Tony Beaver raised up his hand and says, 'Listen!' mighty solemn.

Every feller quit cussing, and ketched his breath at that, and over in the woods they heard a little bird cheep, and another answered it back, and then another and another. Not singing yit, jest cl'aring they throats to tune up. And that was a turrible awesome sound, for every hand knowed it was the forerunner of dawn.

And Great Day in the Morning! Jest that minute a strange kind of a dampness come out all over the ground, like the earth itself had broke into a cold sweat. And while they was all a-staring down at that, and listening to the

birds cheep, and knowing they was right on the edge of tomorrow, and *no tomorrow thar*—jest that minute the whole world commenced to tremble and to quiver, and to kind of squat down like a skittish horse what sees sumpin' turrible on in front.

'*She's drapping! She's drapping!*' Ole Brother Mutters screeches out, and fell over like he was dead.

The world give another kind of a long tremble, and then, *whoop-ee!* it give sech a powerful leap and a bound, that it knocked every feller thar right off'n his feet head over heels down on the ground—all, that is, 'cept Tony. For a pair of seconds it seemed like they kind of hung on the edge of sumpin', and then thar was another kick and a scramble, and after that the world settled down like it was over all right.

'She made it! She made it!' Tony busts loose. 'By the breath of the gray rocks, she made it all right!'

Jest that minute the sun come up over the ridge, and hung right spang betwixt them two pines, and all the little birds tuck a big mouthful of song, and commenced to pour it out. The hands set up on the ground looking round kinder dazed; and thar was jest about the prettiest fall day a person ever *did* see, with the long blue shadders laying over the frost, and the mists smoking off'n the mountains that was all red and yeller and joyful.

'Tony,' Big Henry says, gitting onto his feet weak like, 'what happened?'

'Why, you big *idgit*,' Tony says looking him squar in the eyes, 'don't you know this is a *Leap Year*? Do you reckon,' he says, 'I'd be sech a fool for want of sense, as to pull a tomorrow outer a year what couldn't leap the hole, and what had a extry day to spare anyhow?'

Big Henry looks at him for quite a spell, and then he says, 'Well, I *will be dogged!*' kinder awestruck.

Well, Stranger, you jest can't make *me* b'lieve Tony had it all figgered out as fine as that, for he ain't no kind of a forelooker, and if he wanted a tomorrow, he'd help hisself to it and never stop to think; and I b'lieve him happening to hit a leap year wa'n't nuthing in this world but his dog-goned luck. But it was all too much for ole Brother Mutters, and they laid *him* out for dead till nigh sundown.

*a most dilly-dally, charming fantasy
told in a most delightful manner!*

THE CONTRACT OF CORPORAL TWING¹

By SOLON K. STEWART

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

TWO men sat on a sandstone ledge, looking out across the desert. Behind them stood a third.

To the north, just visible over the edge of the dun-hued cliff, two hawks wheeled and circled in the cloud-flecked sky. These, and the figures on the ledge were the only life in the compass of hills and bluffs which ringed them round on every side.

It was that transitional period when—the last of the snows a month gone, the terrible heat of Mesopotamian summer weeks in the future—the upland valleys of the Jebel Hamrin still bloom like a garden, their fragrance riding down the wind even past Deli Abbas far out on the desert, already parched and burning under the ardent sun.

The country was such as would have delighted the eye of the scenic painter: the long, serrated ridges of crumbling sandstone, the broad swales, the grass- and flower-grown valleys between the bold, upstanding cliffs, an occasional flaring patch of scarlet poppies giving a touch of color to their towering drabness.

At their right, its spidery legs asprawl on the rock, the steel ferrules firmly wedged in a natural fissure, and two holes drilled for them, the tripod of a signallers' glass was standing, the telescope pointed through the break in the escarpment four miles away, where the Mosul road debouched from the hills, meandered across the desert to Deli Abbas; and, crossing the Khalis, straggled on through Baqubah to Baghdad, sixty miles away.

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The smallest of the three had the air of one intently watching, his hands clasped about his bare knees, the iron heel-plates of his heavy ammunition boots braced in a jagged crack of the rock. The other seated figure, his face shaded by the peak of his *topee*, was setting down, letter by letter, in carefully-made block capitals, the message repeated by the man whose eye was glued to the lens of the telescope.

The desert spread its immensity before them.

Far away to the southwest, a dark smudge of cloud against the dancing horizon showed where Abu Saida and Abu Jezra, the most advanced outpost of the British, across the Diyalah, lay baking under the brassy sun. A blue-green island in the tawny sea betokened Deli Abbas; the caravan routes, threading their way hither and yon across the vast emptiness, looked for all the world like streaks of foam left on the placid surface of the unrippled ocean by some vessel long since hull down over the horizon.

Here and there, attracting the eye rather by motion than color, a black bar, like a water-logged spar, bespoke a random Arab; his *aba* merging into the desert background as soon as motion ceased. Brown patches, as of floating seaweed, resolved themselves into camel-hair *khayyams* of Bedouins; their scattered flocks like schools of slow-moving fish.

The men were silent, impressed by the dreary majesty of the scene unrolled like a map before their feet. The garish sun beat down out of a brazen sky on the tortured world. Under its rays objects five miles away were well-nigh as distinctly seen as if half a mile distant in a less clear atmosphere. So it was that the *askari*, crouching in the shelter of a great upstanding dun-colored boulder, was able to make the shot he would otherwise never have attempted.

For more than an hour, moving with infinite caution, he had made his way along the narrow, sand-covered bench, a quarter of a mile distant. It was the only spot in the immediate circle of hills from which a rifle bullet could reach the ledge occupied by the signallers without coming in range of the machine-gun standing with legs wide

aspraddle a few feet from the glass. His *tarboosh* was laid aside, his head wrapped in a strip of khaki, the same tint as the standstone ledge along which he crawled. His *khundaras*, the heavy, hob-nailed Turkish marching boots, had been removed, and his feet wrapped in a pair of puttees. His buttons were blackened in the fire, every bit of metal about his rifle sandpapered, and covered with khaki paint. For the Turkish snipers left nothing undone to insure success when stalking their human prey.

Taking advantage of every projection in the dun-hued wall, crawling flat on his belly, lying for long periods absolutely motionless, he gained the nearest point, on the desert side of the valley. So skillful had been his approach, that the sharp eyes of the seated cockney, ceaselessly moving up and down the valley, narrowly scanning the face of the opposite bluff from time to time, had failed to notice him.

Reaching the narrowed end of the ledge, where another foot's advance would have plunged him over the edge, to go hurtling down two hundred feet to the rocks below, he carefully thrust forward his rifle, moving with infinite slowness and patience. He knew the range; and carefully adjusted the telescope sight, which he extracted from the padded case strapped to his side under his armpit. Resting the muzzle on the edge, he took aim. Holding his lungs half full, his sinewy forefinger curling about the trigger with a steady pressure instead of a pull, he fired.

As the echoes reverberated in avalanches of sound, flying back and forth from wall to wall, filling the gorge with thunderous roars, the seated figure sprang to his feet, threw his arms aloft with the jerky motion of a marionette, and half spun about on his toes. Then he plunged, face downward on the scorching surface of the rock, his head striking with the sickening crunch of bone. His splaying fingers clawed the rock, his body gave a convulsive twitch, and then lay still in the garish sunlight.

Instinctively the two remaining men threw themselves flat beside the gun.

"From across the valley," whispered the man who had been looking through the telescope. "Right through the chest. It couldn't have come from any other direction."

"Yuss," answered his companion in a hoarse, broken voice. "Bli-me! That Johnny can shoot. Poor ole Perkins—"

In far-away Deli Abbas a heliograph was twinkling, and the signaller's voice trailed away into tense silence, as he read the pregnant dots and dashes.

A A A Message received A A A If can hold out till dark relieving party leaves Deli Abbas hr past dark A A A Repeat back for confirmation if recd A A A

The cockney uttered a crackling oath, snarling in savage anger as he turned to his companion.

"Much bloody good it'll do us, the bleeders starting an hour arter dark. 'owever, we'll 'ave to bloody well acknowledge their—message. Gawd's truth! You'd think the barstards was in barricks, pipe-claying their belts and a-polishin' of their—buttons, they're that cashul like.

"Gawd stri-me pink! British Harmy? Mob of perish-ing—!

"Watch out for that there Johnny, an' fire at anything wot moves; 'e 'as 'imself wrapped in khaki, more'n likely; but 'e must rise to fire, an' you'll see 'im move."

Waiting till his silent companion had the gun adjusted, the muzzle trained tentatively toward the opposite bluff, the signaller cautiously raised himself; and, with lowered head, advanced slowly to the helio. A puff of smoke sprang out from the ledge, and he fell flat on the rock beside the instrument, uttering a string of lurid obscenities as the bullet struck within six inches of his head, ricocheted, and hummed down the valley like some angry giant fly.

As an echo to the thunderous roar of the Turk's rifle, the gun's prattle sounded like the ripping and tearing of some gigantic fabric. The steel stream swept the wall a quarter of a mile away. In the clear air they saw the sniper stagger half way to his feet, claw wildly at his chest, and spin over the edge, his body twisting round and round before it struck the bottom with a sickening crunch which carried to their ears.

Once more the cockney rose. He made a lightning adjustment, and flashed back the RD signifying they were alive, and the message received. He did not dare stand upright long enough to repeat the message back, not knowing what unseen eyes might be watching from some concealed niche in the rocks. As he threw himself down, his blue eyes darting up and down the valley with quick, terrierlike glances, he reached out a scrawny, sunburned hand and drew his rifle toward him. The other raised his head slightly, and sent a long, searching look in the direction of the Sakaltuton Pass, seven miles away. He started to speak. His eyes wandered toward the break in the escarpment; and he remained silent, as his eyes ranged the vast expanse of drab desolation. Insensibly, he yielded to the influence of the wonderful prospect unfolded maplike before him. No one can look for long at the desert and remain unresponsive to its subtle quiescence.

The rock became hotter and hotter as the morning advanced, and the sun climbed toward the zenith. From time to time puffs of dead, sterile wind blew over them, making the flesh tingle where the drenched flannel shirts clung to them like plaster. The metal work of the gun was almost unbearable to the touch; and their spine-pads were heated as if by the blast from an open furnace door.

"Gawd bli-me!" the smaller man's voice broke the pervasive quiet, the tones, for all their sharpness, sounding dead and flat in the still void. "Saint Peter fryin' on 'is bleedin' grid was 'aving a chill to wot we're getting 'ere, along of roasting on this—rock, and blistering under this bloody sun, wiv no water to drink between nah and sundahn.

"Gawd's curse on this country, and them as wants to tyke it! Let Johnny keep it an' be damned to 'im! The whole damned Mespot ain't worth the life of one Tommy—such as 'im," and he choked suddenly, as he indicated the motionless form of their mate, face downward on the scorching rock; above which two *tayaaras*, the Mesopotamian vultures, were already slowly circling high in the blue emptiness.

"Well, well," the other answered, his voice, quiet, grave, deep-toned, sounding in strange contrast to his companion's

querulous, hysterical speech, "swearing never did any good yet, that I could see. Keep your pecker up, and carry on. We only have to sit tight, and keep our eyes open, and they'll be here before midnight.

"Though God knows—"

The cockney interrupted with a snarling laugh.

"Oh, yuss! Of course Gawd knows all abaht it, no daht. But a bloody lot 'e cares for the likes of you and me. 'Ere's you, an' me, and 'im," with a convulsive movement of the throat, as he indicated the quiet form, "we're blinkin' Christians—or so our crime sheets an' medical 'istries says. Rahnd in these yere 'ills is the bleedin' Turks, wot worships Aller, and their bleedin' Mahomet. They're tykin' pot shots at our—Christian 'eads, like narsty little boys shyin' cocoanuts on 'Ampstead 'Eath August bank 'oliday, every time we raises our nappers. Garn! You give me the pip. The ruddy chaplains say the cross'll prove triumphant over the blinkin' crescent. But—wot price the cross, with us a-grillin' like two—kippers, 'ere on this sizzlin' rock?"

"If we only trust—"

"Yah! You gospel *wallahs* is all alike. You give me the bleedin' sick, wiv your trust and bloody faif. We 'ad faif and trust in our bleedin' officer; an' 'ere we walks plumb into this *nullah*, wiv the Turks pottin' us from every rock, till there's only me an' you an' poor ole Perkins 'ere, waitin' till some sniper sends us West. Arf the Turkish harmy between us an' Abu Saida, an' you tell me to trust.

"If Gawd knows we're 'ere, why don't 'e stretch out 'is hand, an' bloody well get us aht of it; or at least go *arsty* wiv the 'eat of the ruddy sun."

The other did not answer. His long, lean figure, asprawl on the rock, looked like some fantastic mannikin; thrown carelessly down, its part played out. The spidery supports of telescope and heliograph looked too tenuous to be real. The squat gun was like some great toy beetle, the stumpy tripod fixed firmly in the fissured rock giving it a maimed, one-sided appearance, as if one of its legs had been torn off in the drama just played.

The cockney continued, after a brief pause. His voice

was low and far-away, the monotonous sing-song showing that he talked as much for his own satisfaction, as for the other's ears.

"Elijah Twing. Elijah! That's me: signaller corpril, passed aht at Canterbury, expert signaller, wiv two flags up, and droring proficiency pay. Gawd bli-me! Wiv a monniker like Elijah—an' the 'eathen Turks a-chasin' of me through these perishin' 'ills, leavin' me 'ere a-grillin' on the rocks.

"The sparrers fed Elijah in the wilderness, an' took 'im up in a bleedin' chariot of fire—w'ich couldn't 'ave been pleasant, if it was arf as 'ot as this sun on my backside, and the rock a-scorchin' of me in front. And Joshua 'e told the sun to stand still. Why? 'e was a blinkin' genril. 'E 'ad a bloody E. P. tent to sit under the shyde of. Wot did 'e care—grantin' it's all true—if 'is—men 'ad to march in the 'eat, carryin' their rifles an' baynits, *an'* their bleedin' packs. 'E was a perishing officer. It's them as always 'as the best of it. 'ere's us—roasting. Does the officer oo got us into this mess 'ave to lie 'ere an' bake? Nah. 'E cops it peaceful-like, an' leaves the likes of you an' me to be roasted, an' baked, an' potted, w'ile another officer, miles away across the bleedin' desert 'eliographs to us to trust in 'im—'e'll bloody well get us aht of it.

"Yuss; they'll get us aht of it—w'en we've snuffed it, and the—wild 'ill Arabs 'as cut an' 'acked us, an' took our clobber off, and left us nakid 'ere for the . . . jackals to sniff and gnaw at.

"An' you a-wantin' to snuffle a yimn. Oh yuss, I know. Me favver an' me muvver was bible punchers same as you, always a-tellin' of 'im an' 'is ways. But 'e's always for them wot has. I've seed it since I came 'ere to the East—always on the side of the officers. The Tommies? Bli-me! They can shift for themselves: Gawd's busy lookin' out for the officers, an' the bloody Turks.

"*One* of us must be right. You're C. of E. I'm chapel, Perkins there was R.C. One of the three must 'a been Christians. But w'en night comes, the 'eathen Turks'll come, led by this Aller they worships, an' 'oo'll be better off—me, as trusted my officer, you oo trusted to Gawd,

Perkins oo went to mass last week, or Johnny, as trusts to Aller—an' cops the bloody lot of us?"

The low, monotonous voice droned on. Under garish light of Eastern midday, death ringing them round, death beating down from the unclouded sky, to strike them down with a touch if their heads were for a moment uncovered by the pith *topees*, he droned of his home in the London slums, the life of hardship and semi-starvation, the years in the board school, the voyage, the return to the slums, the enlistment to escape the prospect of a quick old age, the workhouse, and the potter's field at the end. The war came; and he looked on death in every hideous form, never to see the shielding, guiding hand of God, though every Gospel *wallah* and bible puncher told of His mercy and loving kindness.

He laughed cynically.

"So," he concluded, "'ave it as you like. Gawd or no Gawd, I'm 'aving none in mine. A signaller corpril I am, Elijah Twing wot rose from the ranks by 'is own 'elp, knowing that if 'e must trust somebody, it was 'imself, signaller corpril Twing."

He had said it all before, in barracks, on the transport, in camp on the desert's outermost rim. It was long familiar to the man at his side, who gave no heed, his eyes incessantly sweeping the valley's length.

Watchful as he was, he did not see the figure six hundred yards away, clinging like a fly to the sheer wall, up which he had been working for an hour past.

The ledge on which they lay commanded the knife-cut in the hills known as the Abu Hajar Pass. To gain the desert and Deli Abbas, the Turks must run the gauntlet of the gun's murderous fire. Alone of the outpost of twenty men, Twing and Carson had been able to gain it; where they remained, straining anxious eyes toward Deli Abbas and the supporting column. The Thirteenth Turkish Army Corps, and the British Thirteenth Division were speeding toward the pass; one from the plains between the Jebel Hamrin and the Persian frontier, the other across the desert from the railhead at Abu Saida. British and Turkish planes had plotted the hills, engaged in battle, returned to

their commands to report. The British outpost had arrived first in the pass, been surprised, wiped out with the exception of the men on the rock. And in their hands, an unbelieving, ignorant cockney, and a deeply religious, taciturn clerk, was the fate of two armies. So are the destinies of nations decided.

The climbing *askari*, like his luckless precursor, gained the seemingly inaccessible peak, uncoiled the rope wrapped about him, fastened it to a pinnacle of the rock. Half-screened by the shoulder of the cliff, clinging to the rope as they climbed, a dozen Turks swarmed up, to find ample footing. The machine gun was hoisted, assembled, trained on the unconscious figures on the lower ledge.

Twing was about to resume his monody of unbelief when the valley once more resounded with the tattoo of machine-gun fire, and the steel struck the rock about the two signallers, whirring down the stony corridor like a flight of insane bumble bees. The tall man gave a sudden, sharp cry, half-starting from his recumbent position. Then he collapsed and lay still, the stain on the rock telling its own grim story.

There was a slight depression a few feet away. To it the corporal dragged his wounded mate. His first-aid kit was torn open, and the hurt, a ragged groove across the chest, quickly and skilfully dressed.

"Right-O, matey!" and one who had heard the blasphemous utterances would not have recognized the voice, its tones soft and gentle as a woman's. "Right as a top, my old brancher. Lie doggo, w'ile I give the bleeders wot for."

Clinging like a limpet to the rock, he moved cautiously forward, an inch at a time, till he could reach the ankle of the dead signaller. He pulled the body forward till it lay, a parapet of flesh and bone, along the edge of the depression. With a sudden spring and rush, he reached the gun, picked it up, and slid into the depression, the bullets from the Turks' weapon singing about him like angry wasps. With quick and capable hands he adjusted the piece, straightened the belt.

Many and long were the hours when, cursing the ser-

geants mentally, filled with hot, blind rage at this intangible, compelling something called discipline, his eyes burning, his face grimy with sweat and powder-smoke, his throat smarting with the pungent fumes, he had fired at the butts on Salisbury Plain. Now he thanked whatever gods he worshiped that the sergeants had been men who knew their work, that he had learned it well, hateful though it was.

The smoking muzzle just clear of his mate's dead body, he sent a tentative shot or two droning up the gorge. The range found, the tap-tapping of the gun quickened to the steady roar of the weapon served by expert hands. The Turkish fire died away, as the crew threw themselves down to escape the steel messengers of death.

As soon as their fire ceased, he ceased in turn, watching the ledge cautiously, above the dead body.

Telescope and helio had been smashed, but the night lamp, safe in the depression, had escaped injury.

The heat grew and grew as the sun reached the meridian, and began sliding down toward the Tigris and Lake Shari. The wounded man, unprotected, burning with the raging fever induced by a gunshot wound, had not uttered a complaint since that first sharp cry. Twing raised his head, and rested it on his knee, placing his own body so that it would shade the other somewhat.

The long afternoon dragged its seemingly interminable length across the brazen sky. Now and again the Turks, perched on their dizzy pinnacle, sent a desultory shot in the direction of Twing and his wounded companion. Each time it was received with a snarling curse, and answered by a withering stream of fire which made them throw themselves flat for safety on the rock.

Once, the party in the pass attempted a sudden rush, thinking to catch him unawares, and gain the shelter of the fallen sandstone slabs, just inside the mouth of the pass. This done, they could have held it against any force from the desert till their main body, five hours' march away, came up.

At the first echoing sound of the iron-heeled *khundaras*, which carried far through the somnolent air, Twing depressed the gun, traversing to the left. As the *askaris*

dashed into the open, the gun spat fire, the bullets ricochetting from the rocky bottom; the bent and twisted steel inflicting wounds more terrible than direct hits. Followed by the cries, the groans, the calls on Allah from their stricken fellows, they crowded back into the shelter of the rock.

Carson was delirious, the burning fever of the gunshot wound increased by the terrific heat. There was nothing Twing could do to ease him. Their water was gone, spilled from bullet-struck bottles in the night. That in the casing of the gun was all but boiling, impregnated with oil. His ears tortured by the ceaseless moaning, which was occasionally broken by wild cries as his mate strove frantically to rise and dash away in search of a cooling drink, the little corporal sat huddled behind the gun, his body interposed between the sun and the raving man. He cast his eyes toward the desert, and stiffened in every fiber, as his eyes swept the far-away horizon.

Far away, almost at the desert's rim, something was moving. Out from the smudge which represented Qualat al Mufti, midway between Abu Jezra and Deli Abbas it came, skirting the Serajik Marshes: a long, slow-moving snake, crawling toward the hills.

"Oh, yuss!" he said hoarsely; his broken, discolored teeth showing in a snarl like a dog's. "You're a-comin' for us—arter we're done in by these bleedin' Turks. And I 'ope they don't arf mess you abaht, afore you drives 'em aht of it."

Both tripods were smashed by the Turkish bullets. But, "grouse" as he might, the instinct of discipline was strong within him. He reached out with infinite caution, and drew the brass-bound telescope to him. It drew a shot, which he automatically returned; and the torrid silence once more settled down. Luckily, the lenses were unbroken. He focused the glass, resting it across the dead man's haunches. Yes, the long column, advancing slowly, determinedly, was heading straight into the escarpment. As he looked, the helio at Abu Jezra twinkled, and he caught the CC signifying a code message. He read. It was to the effect that the column was to rest at Deli Abbas an hour upon arrival.

The men already there were to fall in as soon as darkness fell, take the pass, relieve the party established there, hold the position till the supporting column moved up.

"Oh, yuss! But would the bleeders be so bloody anxious if they knew all that was left of their party was us, and—this! This, wot was poor ole Perkins? Tell 'em? I don't think!"

Mile by mile, as the sky became overcast with the afternoon's banked-up clouds, the column wound its way across the desert while the unprotected corporal held his sun-tortured body before his mate. Had the summer been at its height, he would never have lasted the day. As it was, the crest of the heat passed, leaving him weak, spent, half-crazed with heat, thirst, and anxiety.

The western horizon dimmed, and faded, as the sun drooped low behind Lake Shari and the Tigris. The flamboyant colors of the Mesopotamian sunset flaunted their chromatic splendors across the sky, which purpled, flamed into saffron and crimson-gold, faded into pink, to pearly grey. Then the all-pervading purple wrapped the world in mystery. A lone jackal yapped once, somewhere far off in the twisting maze of gorges and valleys.

As the darkness settled, Twing sent a tentative shot wailing down the gorge, to warn the Turks that he was watching, always watching. There was no answer; the hills were as quiet as the desert.

The night lamp was uninjured and again discipline asserted itself. He adjusted it. Then taking off his shirt, he wrung out the sweat, and rolled it into a cushion for Carson's head. Rising, he stretched his cramped limbs, drawing in deep breaths of the keen night air. With night, coolness came with a suddenness almost startling. In ten minutes, though the rock was still almost unbearable to the touch, he was shivering, his teeth chattering.

He had thought the day long. He did not know the seconds could drag so slowly by, as he sat down again, straining tensely in the dark; now to hear a rumor of the British approach, now to discern some stealthy sound telling that the Turks were stealing down the pass. For eighteen hours he had been without water, the greater part

of the time under the fiercest heat in Asia. He had heard his mates struck down in that wild *mêlée* in the dark, and had barely won his way by stealth back to the ledge where Perkins and Carson were left with the instruments. Their fire had stemmed the rush of the Turks, uncertain what strength was there. The last to die had done so, horribly, within reach of his outstretched hand—and he unable to do a thing.

Through the day he had had something to watch, on which to concentrate his mind. The care of his wounded mate engaged his attention when he was not watching the Turks. Now, Carson slept. And, stark and stiff, the body of Perkins served him as a back rest, as he sat, legs asprawl straight out in front of him.

The mysterious night noises of the hills, intensified a hundredfold by the echoes, filled the air with vague, unreal whisperings, as if the dead walked through the night, whispering to themselves and him. His head throbbed from the sun which had beat down on him all day. He broke into a sweat, despite the chill; felt himself cringing with unnamed dread, greater than any fear ever experienced when he looked Death in the eyes, smiling and unconcerned. A sudden tinkling sound caused him to spring frantically to the gun, and sear the darkness with the flashes from its muzzle. Whether or not the Turks had ventured into the open, he did not know.

"My Gawd, my Gawd! will the bleeders ever come!" he cried aloud; and then shrank within himself at the sound of his voice, thin and flat in the pervasive stillness. And he had not noticed till then how very still it was, as if the whispering dead ceased for a moment, listening to his cry.

"Bloody well balmy; off my chump," he muttered, getting control of his jangled nerves.

He had thought it quiet. Now, he knew that never, in London's busiest hour, had he heard so many sounds, so many whispering voices, unseen, but close at hand.

Carson awoke with a moaning request for water.

"Yuss, yuss, matey. I know its cruel 'ard. But there just ain't a drop. I'd drain my 'eart's blood, if that'd 'elp. But wot can I do, nah; wot can I do?"

"Oh my God, water, water—just one drop," and the wounded man's voice trailed off incoherently; though ever and again Twing caught the one word, "water!"

"W'en they come," Twing began, pausing as a sudden thought struck him. "Wot if . . ."

Bending low, he lit the night lamp, adjusted the shutter, trained it toward where he thought the break in the escarpment to be. If they could see, if they had hearts, they would hurry, hurry, bringing water to his wounded mate. Again and again he sent the cry for help, peering into the darkness desertward for the flashed RD which would tell him his message was caught. It was useless; and the hours dragged by with no sound from Turks or British.

The noises of the hills again began their chorus. Carson woke calling for water in a weak whisper, fainter than before. The sound wrenched Twing's heart. With proper care, Carson's wound would not be fatal. But, burning with fever, two hours under the morrow's sun would end in raving madness, and ghastly, searing death. Unless . . .

He cast a quick glance upward at the spreading, thickening canopy of cloud—the same overspreading blackness that the leading files of the British column, lying among the rocks outside the pass were watching, as they awaited the supporting column.

"My word!" the speaker seemed to have uttered the exclamation without volition. "Lightning—and at this time of the year."

The words drew a sharply-whispered reprimand from the nearest sergeant. But it drew the men's eyes aloft. And as they watched with an interest which deepened into wonder, the flash on the clouds was followed by a series of shorter ones, resolving themselves into the preliminary of a message, flashed by the shutter of a signal lamp.

The signallers among them read, repeating word by word the message dashed and dotted against the cloud-screened sky; a message the column heard with a rustle of amazed whisperings, which the officers did not think to stop. Slowly and evenly the dots and dashes followed each other in measured, ordered sequence, filling them with an emotion they could not have expressed in words.

A A A God this is corporal Twing expert signaller passed out Canterbury A A A I here on bloody rock my mate private Carson wounded A A A Rest of us gone West Some of them will get to you A A A God I said I didn't believe in you I don't now A A A Get my mate out of this bleeding mess and I believe in you A A A It's a bargain A A A God it ain't for myself I say this A A A It is laid down that NCO at all times see to comfort and safety of men in their charge A A A So I got to get him to British lines A A A It's a damn hard job A A A God give me the guts to carry on what I'm a doing of and carry on

Corporal Twing signaller.

and there followed the VE signifying the end of the message.

There was no order given to the leading platoons. The platoons, as disciplined bodies of men, for a space were non-existent; for a space were stricken from the rolls of the British Army. There arose a murmur, which grew and strengthened to the deep-chested, roaring cheer of the English going into action, the wild yells of the Irish, the sullen shouts of the Highlanders, the eerie screeching of the Gurkhas, their sworn blood-brothers. There came the clatter of accouterments, the scraping of iron-shod heels on the rocks. Instinctively opening out, they moved at a run, straight toward the dark, sinister mouth of the pass. Their officers shouted at them unheeded, unheeded beat them with their fists, menaced them with a drawn revolver here and there. They went forward steadily into the menacing darkness. Far up the pass sounded a shot, a rocket streaked up, burst into a blossom of flame, illuminating for an instant the dun, drab walls of the Abu Hajar. Then came the steady prattle of a machine gun.

"Damn your eyes, then!" a boyish voice sounded above the clatter of feet, as a subaltern cursed his men with fearful blasphemies. "Come along, and see if you're as willing to carry on as you were to start."

They answered according to their nature. The English and the Scots fixed bayonets as they ran; the Irish clubbed their rifles; the little Gurkhas threw theirs clattering on the rocks, drawing the curved, wicked *kukris* dangling against their buttocks.

The Turks, too, had seen the message flashed on the clouds. Not able to read it, they had taken it as a signal to advance; and, reinforced by the rapidly arriving companies, started down the pass to meet the British.

Jammed in the narrow gut, they met breast-on in the dark; and, pressed forward by the eager men behind, were crushed so closely together, straining, grunting, swearing, sweating, neither side able to raise arms with which to strike, till the Gurkhas, wriggling between the legs of their brothers, the Highlanders, ham-strung the foremost Turks, or ripped their bellies with the murderous knives. Stumbling and sliding, their weapons freed from the pressure by the fallen Turks, the British advanced a pace, swung their bayonets with the "hay-maker's" cut, uttering a sobbing "hu-uh!" as the steel struck home. The Highlanders cut and stabbed cannily in dour silence. Here and there a dull thud told when an Irish rifle crushed a Turkish skull. The Gurkhas yelped incessantly, as they plied their *kukris*, like eager hounds pulling down their prey.

Brought up hurriedly from the rear, a machine gun was mounted on a jutting ledge, and its streaming fire went above the advancing men into the Turks massed at the turn of the pass.

The Turks fought bravely. But the pressure of the British was irresistible. Their foe retreated slowly, sullenly, fighting doggedly, as is their habit. The turn of the pass was reached; and as the gorge opened into the broader valley, the leading files opened out, and sent a scattering volley into the rearmost companies. As more and more men came up, bringing the machine gun, the fire increased, and the retreating Turks moved faster and faster, back toward the heart of the hills, followed by the exultant, triumphant British. Through the range, till they streamed out onto the plain of the Nahrin.

The open country before him, dimly seen as a blue-gray shadow, vague, unreal under the stars, the British commander gave an order, and a bugle shrilled the recall.

When the sun came up behind the towering, snowclad Pusht-I-Koh, the mighty Persian Hills, and the day flamed suddenly into the Abu Hajar, the Thirteenth moved up,

company by company, to occupy the coveted pass. The search party was already afoot before dawn; but it was not till day made clear the configuration of the pass that Corporal Twing was found.

He was lying at the foot of the steep, tortuous path leading up to the ledge where he had made his bargain. Creeping down, the unconscious Carson on his back, he was caught in the jam, knocked off his feet, trod upon alike by Gurkha, Scot and Turk. Throwing himself on his prostrate mate, he saved him from the tramlings of the iron-shod press. When the pressure lessened he was able to struggle back a few feet, dragging Carson with him. Once clear of the *mêlée*, his exhausted body could do no more. He drifted into unconsciousness kicked, bruised, terribly punished. He was restored to consciousness by the ministrations of a sergeant of the R. A. M. C.

As an officer, regarding him with wonder, kindliness, an abashed self-consciousness at the memory of the message he had read, gave orders to carry him to the rear, Twing spoke, his voice tremulous and weak, but a certain doggedness in his tones.

"Begging your pardon, sir. But might I arsk a favor, sir?"

"Yes, corporal. What is it? Certainly. Anything that's possible."

"Well, sir; you see, sir, it's like this here. I didn't know you was comink, so I made a contrack."

"Yes?" the officer asked, as the other paused.

"Well, if it's possible, sir, I'd like the sergeant to 'elp me up to that perishing ledge. My dead mate's up there—Perkins. Privit Carson'll pull through, sir."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I been a bit of a rotter—but I bloody well 'ave to keep a contrack, bein' a N. C. O., 'aven't I?"

"Could you, sir?" and his drawn, haggard cheeks were suffused, as a shamefaced expression flitted across his face, to leave his jaw set doggedly. "I'd like to stay there arf a mo by myself, sir, afore they tykes me to the bleedin' orspital."

"I want to kneel by my mate to say me—prayers."

decidedly thrilling war story full of interest and drama

BY DUE PROCESS OF LAW¹

By F. J. STIMSON

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following story is based on actual facts, though purposely altered somewhat and changed in places to avoid too close identification. The original tragedy may be found recounted in the late Colonel Waring's volume of war reminiscences entitled "Whip and Spur." For the vindication of the common law of English-speaking lands, besides the general history of England since (and before) the Bill of Rights, the reader need only be reminded of the trial for the Boston Massacre, the decisions of our Supreme Court during the Reconstruction period, the Dow case, of stealing silver in Louisiana tried years afterward in Maine, and the decision whereby the family of General Lee recovered Arlington.

THE actors in this drama are now all dead. And I think the drama should have permanent record. The memories of our Civil War itself are now overlaid by those more poignant, far more terrible, memories of but yesterday. All the more is it needful for us citizens of our republic to vivify in our minds the understanding of our heritage of English law, and still more so for our citizens of alien birth; for the law of their birth-lands was of world-wide difference. Not too soon, nor too often, can they be taught that difference. And our women too, recently enfranchised, now must hasten to the study of those birthrights which their sex has made unnecessary hitherto. The Prussians have just given us the object-lesson of their system; this story will remind you of our own.

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In the June of 1862 John Brandon—for so I shall call him—was finishing his first year at Harvard College, where his father and grandfather had been before him. His father, though of Massachusetts birth, was possessed of large plantations in the State of Mississippi, where he made his home. Although the war had begun the year before, in view of John's extreme youth (he was then hardly fifteen) he had seen no reason for changing the plan of sending him to college there. The boy was in a Northern preparatory school when the war broke out, and was too young to fight, even if then prepared to take sides. Augustine Brandon, second of that name, was of course of Northern sympathies, but regarded himself as a citizen of Mississippi; and he was far too old for martial service, John being the younger child of a marriage he had, late in life, contracted with a beautiful young girl of New Orleans, whose father he had befriended. He had died, leaving his orphan daughter to his care. She also had died, in giving John birth, leaving also John's elder sister, Rose Mary, his senior by some seven years. Rose Mary was blond and of very gentle nature, sharing her mother's creole blood; he, on the contrary, was black-haired, determined, and of Northern, Norman type, sharing, as it were, the vigor of both Norman-French and Norman-English ancestry. But, as the family is now quite extinct, these facts are perhaps of little importance, save that he loved this sister with a love that is rarer perhaps in purely Saxon natures, while he adored his father with a reverence that had in it something Roman.

It was to Rose Mary that was due his early homecoming, without waiting for the Commencement festivities. It was still possible—easily possible for a gentleman of Mr. Brandon's position—to get letters through to the North. The Federal troops were already in possession of New Orleans, under General Butler; but without using that channel, it was quite easy for Mr. Brandon, an old gentleman over seventy, living on his estates and highly respected though known to be of Northern sympathies, to have his family letters passed through the Confederate lines to the North, with a mere pretense at censorship. And her letters of late

had grown increasingly anxious. It was not only their loneliness and isolated situation and her father's age, nor fear of the blacks (in that belt of country perhaps the most primitively savage still in all the South), nor of course of the soldiers themselves—it was more than this, something she could not explain, yet something evident in all her letters. Her young brother light-heartedly attributed it merely to the loneliness, however. Perhaps it was; at all events he was glad, at any call of Rose Mary's or his father's, to come home. And there was another secret reason still. It was his fixed resolve after his return to the North to enlist in the Northern army. Next year he would not be too young. But it was necessary to have his father's consent, to win that of his sister (in whom he suspected some Southern sympathy), and then, most of all, to get them away from the old plantation, so far within the Southern lines, and he a Northern soldier.

Furnished with military passes, Brandon had little trouble in making his way as far as Corinth in northern Mississippi. That was the southernmost point of the Northern line. But the main military operations lay to the eastward of his way beyond that point, and he was assured that the country was practically free of soldiers, Northern or Southern; in any case, the latter, being of his State and neighbors, would give him little trouble. Relying on this, he had made no effort to get passes through the Southern lines, as his own route lay to the southwest, the great plantation of his father being on the southern slopes of the very last head of the great Appalachian chain that runs unbroken from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the lower Mississippi. Here the cultivation of rice begins to be possible, as well as cotton and the more Northern staples; and here his father had settled as a young man, and devoted his life to the cultivation not alone of the fields but of the neighborhood. Around Laurel Hill there were schools, the negroes were kindly treated; it was a little oasis of civilization on the very edge of the "Black Belt."

Railroad communication ended at Corinth, and young Brandon had little difficulty in procuring a horse on which to finish his journey. Although nominally all the horses

had been seized for use of the Confederate army long before and he had no personal acquaintance in Corinth, his name and need sufficed to bring to the hotel door a fairly well-fed farm horse, in charge of a smiling ducky, "to be returned at his convenience." He lost no time in mounting, as he was anxious to get home. His few belongings were soon bundled and strapped behind the saddle, and, throwing a gold piece to the ducky, he was off.

Almost immediately on leaving the town behind him he entered the woods: the vast sparse growth of oak or pine that clothes these last Northern uplands. The road dwindled to a sandy track, and then a trail; and after a few miles he left it altogether, as the country grew familiar to him, for the forest was scanty and moreover carpeted, on hard sand, by that pretty herbage which we of Alabama call clover—though clover, of course, it is not, but a pleasant footing it makes for horse or man. He had started in the mid-forenoon, determined to get home that night, and was anxious to arrive in still more familiar surroundings ere the dark. The distance—some seventy to eighty miles—his horse was said to be good for with one rest. This he took, with a meal, after sunset; waiting for all twilight to fail and the stars to become bright before he started again. The moon was in its last quarter.

It seemed a very happy ride to him. What journeys can be more so than those of youth, in its first freedom, upon a horse, no care behind and home ahead? "Journeys end in lovers' meeting," how old a catch is that? And though there was no lover in the case, it may be questioned if the love of boy for a single and older sister be not deeper still.

He had met no one so far in all his journey. The few roads (which mainly ran westward toward the great river) when he had crossed them were unpicketed, showing that the country was not under military occupation; nor had there been a sound of distant gunfire nor a light of falling shell. One or two negro cabins he had passed, but they were deserted; the negroes evidently fled either to their master's protection, southward, or northward to join the invading army. But the boy had been told at Corinth that it was probable that the present offensive of the Federals

had ended; indeed, it had been hinted to him that their next movement might be a retreat.

He was getting very near home now. The country was quite familiar. Beyond that pine-clad height where the last rock cropped out he should see a long range of gentle hills whose slopes were already reclaimed to farming. These were his father's outlying plantations, mostly "truck" farms, given to the favored negroes, whence the supplies came to the great house. And beyond this long last range of hills lay the valley of home, on the farther side of which, on a gentle acclivity in the edge of a fine grove, rose the great mansion house where he had been born, two-storied, with wide veranda framed in high pillars rising to the dormered roof. Beside it his sister's favorite flower-garden; in front, the great lawn slanting to the lake that had been the sea of adventure of his boyhood, Rose Mary always with him, she just enough older to accompany him in all adventure, not so much older that he did not feel himself the protector, as any man should be. Rose Mary! Rose Marie—it was the old creole name his father had chosen for her. Himself had been plain John.

The light of the setting moon still lingered in the western horizon. It was strange how long it stayed. He thought he should lose it as he plunged into the last wood; but no, it was still there. Was it all the light of the moon? Clapping spurs to his horse, he galloped up the last acclivity from the summit of which, he knew, he should see his father's house. But he was never to enter his father's house again. Long before he reached the hilltop he saw that the light was not of the moon alone, but the redder glow of fire; and when he got to where he could look down across the valley he saw that it was his father's house that was burning.

The fire had apparently started in the servants' quarters, for the "offices" and household servants' cabins to the westward of the main house were already wrapped in flames, in the light of which the great façade now shone like marble, gleaming white, as yet untouched. No figures appeared on its broad veranda, and there was still light in the bedroom windows.

Brandon dropped the bridle and drove the spurs into his horse. So he fell down the mountain, and spurred across the lawn by the little lake. Then as he dashed upward through the jasmines and magnolias, the house now already on fire, he saw the great door open, both wings thrown inward, and his father, followed by his sister, appear on the veranda. At the same moment his horse stumbled, his bridle was seized, and he himself thrown to earth and held. The boy struggled, though he saw that they were Union soldiers, when the event occurred which made captors and captive motionless for the moment. "That's the Cossack!" one of them had said. A squadron of cavalry had been drawn up in front of the house, and the man who seemed to be in command had shouted, "—— you, come out!" and his father had come in his black coat and hair gleaming white; Rose Mary in her night-dress, her blond curls still unbraided; she seemed mad with fear or anger, the old man calm. He saw some of the family servants, armed but white with fear, behind them. "Don't speak to the villains, shoot them down," he heard his sister cry. It was at that moment and before he could wrench him free that he heard the man they called the Cossack give the order Fire!

He saw his father fall, riddled with many bullets; his sister, too. The shots seemed to come from every side. He struck at one of his captors with the hand he had struggled to free and the butt of his pistol, and the other struck him down with the clubbed gun, unconscious.

They left him there; and in the morning, a long time after sunrise, the negroes, his own servants, found him and brought him to. The house was now in ashes. Some of the negroes had gone away with the Northern troops, but his sister, they told him, was being nursed by the old mammy, her foster-mother. They seemed strangely loath even to tell him this, though voluble as to the other events of the night, the raid (for such they had discovered it was) of the Union cavalry; how they said they had come to take massa as a rebel spy, but had, after killing him, packed up and taken off with them all the silver. "But take me to Rose Mary," he cried, he ordered—and at last they did, and he found her struggling in her old mammy's arms—raving mad.

Rose Mary never recovered her reason. For a year or more John Brandon hardly left her, day or night. He got her North, to his nearest relations, in Massachusetts. Then, when all the doctors assured him that her case was hopeless, he enlisted in the Northern armies.

In the May of 1874—it was the Sunday before May 31, Decoration Day—the town, or rather, as it called itself, the city, of Centreville, situated in what is known as the Black Belt of southern Illinois, lay under a particularly hot sun even for that time of year and in that latitude. Main Street lay almost deserted, save for a few hogs that roamed at will through its miry centre (for there had been recent rains), and were only prevented from invading the plank sidewalks by the elevation at which these were set above the mud—or perhaps that the centre street made better hunting for refuse from the houses or, worse, in the gutters old peelings or tomato-cans. Centreville was not a new town; and the plank sidewalks that stretched up from the railroad depot in long perspective were old and worn, in some spots out of repair, so that a jump was necessary; and it looked as if this condition had lasted a long time. The houses that faced the sidewalks were for the most part wooden, too; though the Bank was of brick, and the Court-house. The Opera-house, however, was of wood, and so were the two rival churches that faced each other with crossless spires at the upper end of the street, and the only building that had more than two stories was the Centreville Hotel. Indeed, most of the shops had but one, but this was often eked out by a false front above with an elaborate wooden cornice, thus making an imposing façade and justifying Main Street's metropolitan pretensions. There were few dwelling-houses upon Main Street, the price per front foot not justifying their improvement for merely domestic uses. For one corner lot in the post-war boom times had been reported sold at \$200 the front foot, a fact which other lot-owners (though all were mortgaged, and all but one for sale) had never let escape their memory.

This one lot not for sale was covered by the most modern structure in all Centreville. Of brick, with Indiana stone

facings, it occupied the corner across Lincoln Street from the Centreville Hotel, just opposite the Soldiers' Monument in the park. In it was there lodged the I. O. O. F. and the Masons, and here were held the meetings of other fraternal or charitable societies; for the one that was proprietary was hospitable, one might add generous, not to say thrifty, and willingly let out for evenings that were not its own lodge nights its halls to more houseless organizations, or to Chautauqua lectures, or even to political rallies or caucuses not so big as to necessitate the city hall—the more secret arcana on such occasions being temporarily removed. Here also had its headquarters and met, when it met, the local post of the G. A. R.

That was not very often. Comparatively few soldiers had gone from Centreville, and fewer still had returned. Then there had been some disagreement about the Post's leadership. Its titular leader was, of course, dead, and the present head was the proprietor of the Centreville Hotel, a burly, black-haired, coarse-grained Hoosier whose name was Max Conrad, not, however without much of what is called magnetism, and distinctly a good "mixer." Only, it was charged by his enemies, that he mixed too much; and that the meetings, post or lodge, held too lengthy adjournments around the iron stove's railing in his bar.

Today, of course, being Sunday, there was no formal meeting of the Post; nor ordinarily would many of them, on that day, have congregated after meeting about the Centreville Hotel bar. But tomorrow was Decoration Day, their great day of the year. It was a spectacle then; it is perhaps more touching now—to see the survivors of those who saved the Union marching once a year in their worn uniforms to the graves of their dead comrades, feebler, each year with more halting steps, in fewer numbers and with more graves to deck. But in that year, 1874, they were husky still and strong, and as an organization would march to their brass band, proudly, with all the consciousness of a great political power. Particularly in these remote and still rather primitive Western towns, where life offered few diversities and not so many counter ambitions, the local post leader was apt to become the political one, at least of one

party. And what the G. A. R. said, went—as the saying goes.

“And where would they be but for us?” concluded Conrad, bringing his hairy fist down on the counter with a crash that caused the glasses to ring. They were discussing the subject of service pensions then already being agitated. Conrad was the oracle of his own bar, and there was no dissent. “That’s the talk,” said “Heinie” Wagner, his sycophant and understudy, approvingly. Grimes Walker, the local lawyer and candidate for Congress, nodded his head. “What do you think, Tom?” continued Conrad.

Tom Rymer, the person addressed, a sunburnt, delicate-featured farmer, his black clothes still reddened with the dust of the prairie road through which he had driven in to church, had been Conrad’s rival for the local leadership, and the latter lost no opportunity of setting him at a disadvantage. But it was evident that the others held him in some consideration, for they waited without interruption for the reply. Only “Al” Hicks, visibly the worse for liquor, spat noisily in the ashpan encircling the stove.

“It seems to me,” said Rymer hesitatingly, “the country first should more fully compensate those who are disabled or sick. We healthy ones can wait our turn.”

Conrad banged open the hinged rail and came out from behind the bar. “And what do you think, sir?”

The form of address was so unusual that all turned with some curiosity toward the person indicated. He was a stranger, obviously an Easterner, who had been sitting a little back from the stove, watching the others.

“Oh, I forgot,” Conrad continued. “Gentlemen, this is Mr. —, Mr. —. He only came in this morning. Mr. —?”

“My name is John,” said the stranger.

“John? John what?”

“I said my name was John,” said the stranger in a voice that left no room for further discussion.

“The Scripture said call this man John,” interposed Charley Baker, the popular member.

“That’s so! and the drinks are on me!” answered the jovial host. “Well then, Mr. John, give us your own opinion.”

"Why, I would only add the widows and orphans—and perhaps, after a time, old-age pensions. We did not fight for money."

"And that's right, too! A member of the Grand Army, sir?"

"I am." And then, as if fearing he had been too curt or uncommunicative, John Brandon added: "The Thirty-. . . .th Massachusetts."

"Well, have a drink on that. To be long in Centreville, sir? You must come to our Post meetings." And Conrad drew forward a couple of black bottles.

"Thank you very much," said Mr. John. And, as all the others except Tom Rymer crowded up to the bar: "But as for the drink, you must excuse me."

"Well, if you won't—Tom Rymer?"

"You know I never drink, Conrad."

"I was just going to say you would keep Mr. John company."

"The Thirty-. . . .th Massachusetts? I remember the Thirty-. . . .th Massachusetts. It saw some fighting."

"Not so much as we of the West, though," said Conrad.

"Not so much as we Westerners," echoed Wagner.

"I was in at the very beginning, under Grant. At Fort Donelson—at Pittsburg Landing. Hardly ever saw a Yankee regiment."

"Hadn't much use for the Bluebellies," said Hicks.

"Except for that Louisiana expedition when Mr. Rymer saw us, I was in the Army of the Potomac all the time," said Mr. John.

"Fighting behind trenches," hiccoughed Hicks. But Charley Baker hastened to add an explanation.

"Of course the Army of the Tennessee saw more open fighting at the start. But we all came to trenches in the end."

"You should have seen Pittsburg Landing," persisted Hicks.

"And Chattanooga," said Charley Baker.

John Brandon turned to the hotel-keeper. "What was your regiment?"

"The Hundred andth Illinois. But I left before

Chattanooga." And Brandon, who was watching the party closely, thought he saw a half-smile on some faces. Conrad went on hurriedly: "Them first days were the best. Pittsburg Landing won the war."

"Them was the days," nodded Wagner. He was now almost as drunk as Hicks was.

"I thought we might 'a' moved on Vicksburg then," went on Conrad, with an air of mastery. "But the Old Man wouldn't."

Wagner nodded, with an air of drunken gravity. "His staff was bum. Why, we got miles beyond him, to Corinth and beyond. The country was all open to us. Cossack, you remember?"

At this word, "Cossack," John Brandon could not prevent the slightest possible start. To cover it he rose from his chair. Conrad made no reply to Wagner's question; only he asked the stranger if he knew Corinth—"in Mississippi," he added.

"I told you I was in the Army of the Potomac," Mr. John replied. Tom Rymer was going to the door, and he joined him. "Must have a bit of air before dinner."

Max Conrad looked after him suspiciously. But the others went on drinking.

It was the evening of the following Fourth of July. The day had been very hot and exhausting to all members of the Centreville G. A. R., who had joined in the procession and listened to the oration, all save "Cap" Conrad, and were now collected in his barroom, the civic centre of Centreville, partaking of well-earned refreshment. Thence they were to go for their annual election to the Post hall, across the street. Hicks and Wagner had been drinking heavily, and Conrad had joined them rather more than was his wont. Rymer was also there, and Charley Baker, and Sam Jackson, an old veteran of the Hundred and . . . th, who had recently returned from California. The door opened, and in walked he whom they knew as Mr. John. Greetings were exchanged; none too cordial on the part of Conrad. "Ain't seen you since you lit out last Decoration Day," he said. "Rather sudden, wa'n't it?"

"I had business in the South," said John.

"The South, eh? Thought you said you was an Easterner——"

"My business was in the South, this time."

"Come to stay a while this time? Put up with me?"

"No. I have a room in the town."

"We had hoped to see you at our Post meeting," interposed Charley Baker.

"I intend to come tonight. I only dropped in to have a word with Colonel Rymer."

Tom Rymer had been brevetted lieutenant-colonel after the war, a rank which ever rankled in the thoughts of Conrad, who had never got beyond that of captain. But he had not re-enlisted after the second year, whereas Rymer had served the war through. He got up as "Mr. John" spoke, and after a word or two more they went out together, John interchanging a glance with Jackson as they went, a thing which did not escape the notice of Conrad. "Known that feller before?" he said.

"Never saw him except once until I met him in New Orleans on my way back from California," said Jackson simply.

"What d'yer come back for?" queried Conrad bluntly. He got no answer to his question, and there was an awkward pause.

"I never cottoned to that feller," said Hicks.

"Nor me neither. But I can't stand Bluebellies." It was Wagner who spoke. "What's he doin' hereabouts, anyhow?"

"You may search me," grinned Conrad. "All I know is he lit out that next mornin'. But he paid his bill."

"And where'd he come from this time?"

"He blew in on the Central Limited from New Orleans," said somebody.

"Excuse me, fellers, I must go. I've got an old aunt still living in this burg. See you tonight." It was the man called Jackson who spoke, and as he spoke he left, giving no opportunity for further questions. Baker went with him, while the others remained to drown their curiosity in another round of drinks. All drinks were on the house this

day; for it was the annual election for Commander of the Post, and Conrad was again a candidate. Some of the members took to sleep, others to throwing dice. Hicks and Wagner became incapacitated from going to the hotel supper, and were shown to rooms upstairs by Conrad himself, cheerfully assuring him that they "would be all right in the evenin'." But to make assurance doubly sure, he dowsed a pitcher of cold water over each as he left them.

The contest at the election was close. Conrad seemed to have lost some popularity during the preceding year. John was there, but of course took no part in the voting. The election was determined only by the vote of Jackson, who cast his for Tom Rymer. Conrad, who had alternately bragged of the benefits he had conferred on Centreville and blustered of his record in the war—his loud voice in this giving him great advantage over the quiet Rymer—could not control his rage.

"I have my own opinion of fellers that don't care a damn about the town, or the Post either, and only skulk back in time to vote," he yelled, glaring at Jackson. "And of damned bluebellied interlopers," he hissed, almost in John's face. "The rest of ye can come and take a drink."

The latter made no reply, but Jackson did.

"It was necessary for the good name of the Post."

"The hell it was! Well, come along, you others."

But now Brandon stepped forward, a paper in his hand.

"Stop where you are! You cannot go back to your hotel. You are arrested on a charge of murder. I have extradition papers from the Governor of Mississippi."

"Murder? That's a good one! What the hell—" blustered Captain Conrad.

"Of murder—of Augustine Brandon, in Jackson County, Mississippi, in June, 1862."

Conrad still threatened, with a purple face, but Hicks and Wagner blanched.

"By God, Cossack, you remember—the night we burned that ranch—the old man *was* killed——"

"What if he was?" roared Conrad. "A damned rebel, and a spy!"

"A civilian and no spy, I am sure," replied John.

"Anyhow it was war time, and under orders!"

"You can try that out in a court of law."

"And how do you know? Who the hell are you?"

"I am his son," said Brandon.

There was a moment of tense silence in the hall. It was a strange scene. The gaunt, bare room with its scattered insignia and its torn flags behind the platform, on either side of a crude lithograph of General Grant; the startled group of men, many still in their old service uniforms; and calm among them all; this Eastern comrade come to beard their braggart leader in his very den. But after one tense minute, he began to swagger again.

"Well, young feller, I'm sorry. But he was a damned spy just the same. And, anyways, it was the fortune of war. Come on, boys——"

"Stop!" It was Brandon who threw the door open. On the stairway were two men in police uniform, with them an old negro dressed in clean black. With his white hair and dignified bearing, he looked like some ancient body-servant or butler. "Marshals, take your prisoner!" And Brandon pointed his finger at Conrad. The two policemen stepped forward, one of them jingling a pair of handcuffs. Jackson joined them.

"I am the messenger of the Governor of Mississippi, charged with the arrest and extradition of Max Conrad, indicted there for the murder of Augustine Brandon in June, 1862. These officers are under my command. And here is the extradition warrant signed last week by Governor —— of Illinois."

As Conrad whipped a pistol from his pocket he was seized. "Will you go quiet, or shall I have to put the handcuffs on?" said one.

"Go quiet? Hell! Fellers, comrades, will you stand for this? A couple of damned rebels from a rebel State come and take a citizen of Illinois?"

Up to that moment the members of the Post had stood quiet, spellbound; but this appeal moved them. There were several cries of No!

"We'll see them in hell first!" "Raise the whole city!"

"Hold the train!" "Mob them! Mob them!" cried Hicks and Wagner and several of the others. But then, unnoticed in the excitement, Wagner bolted down the stairs, and it was Charley Baker who spoke.

"It may be right—I don't know the law—but how do we know he'll have a fair trial?"

"In Mississippi—hell!" said Hicks.

"Why can't he be tried here?" suggested another.

"They tell me that can't be," said Brandon. "It must be in the State of the crime. Of course he'll have his habeas corpus here, if he wishes, and he can get a lawyer."

At this moment was heard a clamoring at the door below. It was a number of excited citizens, led by Wagner. The chief marshal looked at Brandon inquiringly.

"Let him up," said he quietly. "Let them all up." And the crowd pressed into the hall.

"There he is! There's the feller!" shouted Wagner, pointing to Brandon. "Wants to take our captain down to Mississippi to try him there on some cock-and-bull charge of murder in the war, twelve years ago! In the war! D'ye ever hear o' such a thing? I never did in Germany, and I was a soldier there too. Will ye stand it, men?"

There was a general murmur. It seemed evident that they would stand by their comrade.

"I have an extradition charge against you, too, if your name is Wagner," said Brandon. "But it is not for the murder, though I know that you were there, and it might well have been. It is for stealing silver."

There was a little laughter at this, but the effect was to enrage Wagner still more, though now he spoke in fear as well as anger. "I say we'll stand by one another against all the blasted rebels in the South. Captain Conrad won't get no court trial down there—they'll just lynch him, that's all."

There was a very general assent to this. Many shook their heads.

"Gentlemen, I have come here to have this man duly tried. I should be glad to have the trial take place here, anywhere, where he could have a fair trial. Many, nearly all, of the witnesses are here. But all tell me it is impos-

sible. But I promise you, I give you my word of honor, as a gentleman, as a comrade, that there will be no lynching." Brandon's words had effect, but only with some. He had a whispered conference with Jackson, the marshal, and Rymer. Then he turned and faced the hall, already crowded, and others still pressing up the stairs.

"Gentlemen, I have no authority to propose this. No authority under the law. But you say you will oppose the extradition of this man. It is not only that I want to avoid rioting, possibly bloodshed—I want first and only to convince the members of this Post, loyal soldiers in the war to save the Union, that this man should stand his trial. I have said the witnesses are here. [Conrad gave a start again at this, and looked furtively around, but seeing none but friends he forced a smile.] I propose we hold a trial here. It can have no legal validity, of course. Whatever be the result I shall do my best to carry the prisoner away. But it may determine you in your resolve whether to oppose it. Our train does not leave until tomorrow morning. We will have no lawyers, just the facts. We will have it here, in this room, and now."

"Tonight," said somebody.

"Now," said Brandon. "Do you agree?"

There was a long pause. Conrad looked puzzled and dubious. Baker nodded his head. All seemed to wait for some one to speak first.

"It seems fair," said at last the oldest member of the Post.

"It can do no harm," assented another.

"Trial be damned," yelled Wagner. "Trial for what? I tell yer there ain't no offense. I say we pack the marshals down to New Orleans and ride the damned Bluebelly on a rail out o' town!"

Hicks assented loudly, and one or two others; but Conrad was silent. The sentiment, even of the Post, seemed to favor the proposal.

"Shall we let the people in?" asked Rymer, who had not yet spoken for or against the strange proposal.

"I have no objection," answered Brandon.

"I think it matter for the Post," said the oldest member.

"We can advise the people afterward." And so it was agreed.

Then, for the first time, the prisoner spoke. "Take these damned things off," indicating his handcuffs.

Brandon looked at Rymer and the oldest member. A glance of understanding passed between them. Brandon turned back to the marshal.

"Take them off," he said. "I am sure they will attempt no rescue here." The handcuffs were removed, and Conrad shook himself, and sank heavily upon a chair. It was announced that there was to be a Post meeting, and strangers were requested to vacate the hall.

The crowd behind the benches, murmuring or stilled, grew speechless as they saw Rymer mount the rostrum and seize the gavel. He struck it but twice. "Those not members of the Post will please withdraw. Marshals, make way—you may bring your witnesses to a front bench."

The white-haired negro, trembling, took a seat there, and with him Sam Jackson.

"I—I want a lawyer—" Conrad spoke with dry lips.

"This is a Post matter, not a lawyer's trial," said Rymer. "However, Comrade Grimes Walker is a lawyer. He will act for you."

The candidate for Congress looked uneasy. He held a whispered colloquy with Conrad. The two officers in blue coats had resumed their place at the door, and the women and children that Wagner had led in were marshalled out reluctantly. "I object," shouted Walker. "I object to the presence of Federal marshals. Illinois is not a State under reconstruction."

"Those are not United States marshals, but officers commissioned by the State of Mississippi to carry out this extradition." It was Brandon who spoke, but Rymer interrupted.

"The colonel's point is well taken. This is a Post matter. The officers will please leave the room." Brandon signalled them to go. Meantime Hicks had returned to Conrad with a glass of whiskey. He drank it neat, and his voice was heard.

"You mean to say they can try me for anything I did in the war?"

Walker hushed him, as he began to bluster, and turned to Rymer, presiding, with a touch of his professional manner. "My client," he began, "would like to know who is prosecuting this case, what the charges are, and to be confronted with the witnesses."

"I am." It was Brandon who spoke. "That is, in so far as there is a prosecution. I am here to bring my father's murderers to justice. The State of Mississippi has indicted this man Conrad. But so far as the Post is concerned, this is but a private inquiry among gentlemen to discover the truth and decide them whether they wish to intervene."

"The State of Mississippi," sneered Walker. "Where are your witnesses? That State doesn't allow a white man to be convicted on the testimony of one old nigger."

"I have other witnesses. And they are men of this Post."

Conrad started. He looked hastily around. Hicks could be trusted. Wagner had vanished. None others of those present he remembered in his company that eventful night. "Put on your nigger."

"Stand up, Cæsar."

The white-haired old servant stepped forward, and made a courtly bow to Rymer as president, another to the score of members present of Post No. —, Grand Army of the Republic in the State of Illinois. Though made up of farmers, mechanics, traders, one or two professional men, they were not a motley group. Black coat or shirt-sleeves alike were covered by the old blue coat; in speech, in thought, in ideals they were alike; poor with the poverty of a southern Illinois town before its underlying seams of coal were opened; product of our common schools, they were, in our now much-abused phrase, more truly than "one hundred per cent American."

"Your name?"

"Cæsar Brandon."

Rymer interrupted. "Will you have him sworn? Comrade Baker, fetch the Bible."

"This is no court trial. An oath would be meaningless. This is just an inquiry among gentlemen. But he can be sworn, if you wish."

Conrad leaned eagerly forward and whispered to his coun-

sel. Hicks took a swallow of his own glass of whiskey. "The damned nigger doesn't understand the nature of an oath," said he.

Grimes Walker nodded. "I agree with the—er—prosecution that an oath would be meaningless. These—irregular—proceedings can have no binding force."

"None at all," assented Brandon. "You were body-servant to the late Augustine Brandon?" The ancient negro nodded assent, his voice failing him.

"Any relation?" sneered Conrad, and Hicks snickered, but no one else responded. The negro wiped his eyes, but now his voice came clear. "It is the custom, sir, among us colored people that have been many generations in the service of the older families in the South to take our masters' names. And I was born on the plantation only a few weeks before my master."

"Tell us what happened on the 28th of June, 1862."

The old negro had bent his head to hear John Brandon's question, but now he stood erect and addressed the Post.

"My old master, and Miss—Miss Rose Mary," he sobbed, "were expecting Massa John."

"You mean John Brandon, now here," Tom Rymer interposed. The old negro nodded. "And Rose Mary?"

But the aged negro had sunk upon his chair. Charley Baker hurried to him with a glass of water.

"Rose Mary is my sister," John Brandon said for him.

"If the Post has no objection, we will allow the witness to testify seated," said Rymer. No one had any objection.

"I was in the great hall, givin' orders for the dinner to be ready. We done expect young massa home from the North by horseback from Corinth, that very night, but just naturally we don't know when he like come. It might 'a' been an hour after sundown. Sudden, I hear a rifle-shot. At first I thought it might 'a' been young massa signalling. But then quick come others, many others. And pretty soon, the niggers, they come a-rampin' and a-rushin' up to the great house. And the windows was thrown wide open down to the piazza, and I see the blue-coat soldiers come out from the woods in front and from the right where the

nigger quarters were, and I see their houses all in flame. And master come in, and Miss Rose Mary in her nightgown, and now I see the house was burning, and she say, 'Shoot the villains,' but he say——"

"I object," shouted Grimes Walker.

There was a murmur of disapproval. The lawyer took backwater. "As you say, this is not a court of law, you may say what he said after she said, 'Shoot the villains.'"

"The massa he just put his hand upon her mouth, and say: 'They'm Union soldiers. They'll not harm an unarmed old man.' And he step out on the veranda, and he say: 'What do you want? We make no resistance.' And I think he say he was for the Union. But just then some one holler 'Fire!' and we had no guns, and the massa he fall and the niggers run away and Miss Rose Mary she and I lift him up and he tell us how he free we all niggers and then he kiss Miss Rose Mary and we carry him and he die on his own bed while the house done burn."

"That is all," said Brandon. There was a long pause. At last Grimes Walker got up.

"I see nothing to connect this—sad story—with the . . . th Illinois."

"Young massa tell us when he come to next mornin'. I find him in the woods myself, and he was gagged and tied and knocked down senseless." The lawyer, taken aback, muttered something about "hearsay," but was evidently unprepared for the old man's quick response. "They soldiers pass the night, all robbin' and plunderin', and I see the number on their caps."

"I submit, *Judge* Rymer, that there is nothing to identify—to connect this unfortunate occurrence with the pris—with Comrade Conrad."

There was a pause. Then Rymer spoke kindly. "Can you tell us, Cæsar, who was in command of the Union soldiers that night?"

"That man." Cæsar pointed to Conrad.

"You mean to say you see that officer once in the dark ten years ago and you come here and swear to his identity?"

"I see him twice—once in the mawnin', after I lay my old master out. I kill him then, but I have no gun."

"Gentlemen, you will observe the animus. Now this old negro——"

"He will tell the truth," interpolated Brandon.

"I hope so. Now, Cæsar, tell us this. Do you know who gave that order, Fire? Was it the prisoner?"

"I do not know, sir."

Grimes Walker turned triumphant to the members of the Post. "And yet you heard the lady give the order shoot. Why don't you bring her here!" He spoke to young Brandon, but it was Cæsar who answered.

"She can't remember, sir. She lost her mind. When we took her father's body out of the burning house, she ran away to find her brother, so she said. But we found her, the other servants and I found her, the next mornin' in the woods. And she was ravin' mad."

There was dead silence in the Post-room of the . . . th Illinois. The old negro had placed his hand upon the Bible. From their frames on the wall the likenesses of Lincoln and of General Grant seemed to look down on the proceedings. Walker made no effort at further cross-examination. At last John Brandon rose.

"I may be permitted to corroborate the witness to this extent, that there was no defense on the part of the people in the house, and I too heard the order given, Fire! though I did not then know from whom the order proceeded. As for my sister, I have letters from the superintendent of the asylum showing that she has always been insane; I presume the Post will take my word for it. Samuel Jackson!"

"I submit that nothing sufficient is proved. The marshal——"

"I don't call him as marshal, but as witness," said Brandon dryly. "You were there?"

Conrad started up and scanned the stranger closely. "You were no member of the . . . th," he said.

"No, but of the 77th. I was with your company that night. I had come to see the fun."

"Did you hear who gave the order, Fire?"

"It was after the old man had quieted his daughter. He was telling us that he was a Northern man and that all his

house was at our service; and the order was: 'God damn you, fire!'"

"How many shots did you hear?"

"Only a few—perhaps half a dozen—and I saw some men aim into the air."

"Who gave the order?"

"Captain Conrad."

There was a long silence in the hall. Conrad was consulting with his lawyer. From down the street, where some band was still practising for the Fourth of July, came the blare of the refrain "Marching through Georgia."

At last Grimes Walker stood up. "It is yet to be proved who fired the fatal shot," said he.

"Not necessarily, I believe," said Brandon. "Still—" He turned to the door. No one had heard any knocking, but it opened, revealing "Heinie" Wagner, drunk but frightened, in the grasp of Charley Baker. Brandon went on, as if determined to suffer no interruption. "Corporal Wagner, Jackson has testified that it was Max Conrad who gave the order to fire on Augustine Brandon, an unarmed old man, that night when you were with your company beyond Corinth, Mississippi. The house was being burned and looted, but he—and you—are not now being tried for that. This case is murder. The question is, who fired the fatal shot——"

"It was him! It was him!" cried Wagner. "He grabbed my gun, and fired himself."

Conrad made a lunge at Wagner, but was held tight by the officers. There was another long pause. Again it was Brandon who broke the silence.

"It is for the defense now."

But Grimes Walker was silent.

No one laid hands upon Wagner. But the cold sweat beaded on his brow as he cowered behind the two marshals. Conrad made an effort to rise.

"Do not let him go!" shrieked Wagner.

"Schweinhund!" shouted Conrad; then, turning to Rymer, "Have I right to speak?"

"Surely."

Conrad controlled himself. He ceased to bluster.

"Comrades!" He looked around. "Listen to me, comrades!" He looked in vain. No friendly eye would meet his. Even Hicks affected to be busy with his glass of whiskey. "All what I did was sacred under the laws of war. You have heard, she give the order, shoot. I was acting captain of my company. Of this Post." Failing other encouragement, he looked at the old lithographs of Grant and Lincoln on the wall. "Perhaps I saved their lives. And the life of a Union soldier is more important than any damned old rebel."

It was his climax. Nothing came.

"You cannot try me for what I did as a Union soldier." He wiped his forehead. He sat down. Still nobody spoke.

At last an old man—he was lame and poorly clothed—rose awkwardly and limped slowly down the aisle. He went through the door, and they could hear him stumbling down the stairs. He was the oldest member of the Post. Another followed, then another. They emptied the hall, until at last there remained only Conrad and the drunken Hicks. For Wagner, too, seeing that he was not restrained by the officers, had slunk out unobserved.

"Marshal, take your prisoner," said Charles Rymer, presiding.

At early dawn the next morning as the C., St. L. & N. O. limited pulled up at the Centreville station two handcuffed men were placed in the caboose by two men in sheriff's coats. They made no resistance; one seemed cowed, but the other with a fiery eye looked up and down the long platform as if for succor. But there was no one visible save two men who were guarding either exit of the station with rifles in the hollows of their arms. These wore the uniform of the G. A. R.

*Certainly an immoral story, and
a good one. The plot line is well
laid and developments well contrived.
It is a dramatic climax.*

RENTERS¹

By RUTH SUCKOW

(From *The Century Magazine*)

CROPS were looking fine around Concordia this year. Oats were rather light, but corn was already tasseling out in early July. June had been hot, with plenty of rain; muggy, steamy "corn weather." Grass was rich and thick; weeds along the roadsides—milkweed, sweet clover, ragweed, thistles—were a perfect thicket.

July was starting in a trifle dry; things had already lost their tropical exuberance. There were little sparse, brown patches in the green grass on the lawns. Dust made the roadside weeds look gray. Over the sloping pastures the blue of vervain seemed to float like a dim haze. Still, things were promising. Farmers were saying, standing about Peterson's department-store in Concordia, while their wives were buying groceries, on Saturday nights, "Well, if this dry spell don't keep up too long, if it don't turn into a drought before we know it—" That was a good deal for farmers to admit.

On the old Hunt place, which was largely planted with corn, there was going to be a bumper crop. Farmers driving past the fields filled with the tall, dark-green, rustling stalks, with their rich milky smell, said, "Well, Fred and the old lady both ought 'o make something this year."

That was when corn was bringing a good price.

§ 2

Fred Mutchler was the renter on the old Hunt place. He had been there for four years, had come a few years after old man Hunt had died and the old lady moved into town. Old lady Hunt found fault with him; she had found fault

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with every man who had ever worked for her. But Edwin Foster, her son-in-law, admitted that Fred was pretty good as far as renters go.

Yes, as far as renters go. Fred could have told more about that from the renter's side. As far as owners go, was what he could have said of old lady Hunt and Edwin Foster. If they had had some experience of renters, he had certainly had some of owners. He had been renting now, more or less, ever since he had been old enough to take to farming. He was still more or less hoping what he had hoped at the start, that he could some day scrape enough together to get a place of his own.

Fred had not had much of a start. That was one reason why it had taken him so long to get ahead, he said; and it was true. His father had left him nothing. And in these days, when the land was all taken up and brought such prices as a young fellow starting in for himself couldn't hope to pay, it was not like it used to be. The lucky ones were the fellows whose fathers had left them a good fat piece of land, like Ed Kirschner, with that three hundred and twenty acres of his; like Roy Lempcke, who already, although he was a hearty young man, had been able to leave his farm to renters and move his family into town. No, there wasn't much in it for the renter. Still, he kept on. He liked farming. He was "cut out for a farmer," his family had always said. And he was still hopeful in general. Other fellows had managed to pay for their land. Maybe he could.

If his father had given him more of a start! His father had been a harness-maker in Ohio. He had come out to Iowa and taken to farming for his health. But he had never made much of a go of it. He had lost the land and everything he had put on it; had had to move to town, and his wife had taken in washing in the later years to help out. There had been a big family of them, of course. They were still, most of them, scattered about Concordia. The boys had all had to help. Fred had wanted to farm. He had first earned board and room by "hiring out" to old Hiram Woodside, east of town. After that, when he was a

young man, he had worked for Rob Burke in the Irish colony near McGuire.

That was where he had met Beth. She had been working for Rob Burke's wife, "helping in the kitchen." Before the summer was out, they had got Rob Burke to lend them his two-seated surrey one day, and had driven into town with Fred's brother Lew and Lew's girl to be married at the Methodist minister's.

They had had nothing, of course, to start on. The first baby was born some time before he was properly expected. But they were hopeful of getting along. They were going to rent, they said, and then some day have a place of their own.

Then began the succession of farms. First, Fred had worked for Diggs, the stock-man, who imported fine Belgian horses. That had seemed like a pretty good place. On the strength of it, he and Beth had bought some furniture and a nice clock. No one had thought that Diggs would go bankrupt the way he did. Fred had found himself out several months' wages, and part of his furniture not paid for and another baby coming. And then there was all that terrible affair—Fred going into the barn and finding Diggs hanging from the rafters.

They had had to take what they could get. Fred worked for another farmer for the rest of the summer. They were behind. Beth was pretty sick this time, and that made more expense. They lost the baby.

It took Fred another year or two to get straightened out again. He worked in Concordia for a time at whatever he could find to do. They lived in a little old, ramshackle house that had been left behind in the business street.

Next, wasn't it Gus Niederfranck he had worked for? He had rented one of Gus's farms; had done pretty well for two or three years. It was while they were there that Harold had been born, and little Ben. But this renting business had seemed so slow! Fred couldn't see that they were getting anywhere. Land in Iowa was too high; a poor man had no chance there. Suddenly he had "picked up" and taken the whole family into Dakota.

That had been an unfortunate move, as plenty of people

had predicted. They had had one failure after another there. After a few years of it they had been glad enough to come back to Wilson county and get another farm to rent. They had taken one of Doc Slater's farms. They weren't quite so particular now.

The Dakota venture had put them behind. And then they had another run of ill luck—the luck that pursues renters and under dogs. Fred had cut his foot on a rusty nail, and blood-poisoning had set in. They had gone still deeper into debt for his doctor's bills. Little Ben had had infantile paralysis; it had left him with a crippled leg. They had lost another baby. And then Doc Slater had been angry at the trouble and loss involved. He had seemed to blame Fred for it; there was a rumpus. The Mutchlers found themselves without a farm to rent, and needing everything.

Then they had rented the old Hunt place. The Hunt farm was one of the best in the neighborhood of Concordia, a beautiful two hundred and fifty acres of rich, rolling land, with a wide green pasture through which Soldier Creek ran under low-hanging willows. It had once been the show place of Soldier Creek Township. People had driven out from Concordia to see the grove, with its evergreens planted to form a circle, and its "May-pole tree" sent from England. It was one of the old farms of the county. The house had been built in the days when a man expected to make a home of his farm. It was a big white house, with deep shuttered windows and three porches. The large front yard, with its lilacs and syringas, was inclosed in a fancy wrought-iron fence. There was a smaller house for the renter. And the land was good, every inch of it. A renter ought to make something here, if he could anywhere.

The Mutchlers needed it; they were all "out of everything." When they moved there, the children hardly had decent clothes in which to go to school. What furniture they had left after moving out to Dakota and back was in dreadful shape. When they began to think of the things that they needed, they didn't know where to stop: they wanted to take Ben to Des Moines to the children's hospital; there was "that pain" that Beth kept having, to which

they dared not pay much attention; Fred's teeth— But then his teeth would have to go. Old bills "from away back." There was one thing that they had to have—a car. Fred had succeeded in getting on the track of an old third- or fourth-hand one through his Brother Jay, who worked transiently in garages.

They drove into town in that, a rickety old contraption, with the top gone, the spring gone from the front seat, not much left of it but the skeleton. But old as it was, it required petting. There were always repairs for it, Beth said bitterly, always whenever she wanted anything at all.

A shabby country family. Fred, a lank, skinny fellow, with thin, light hair and bad teeth, several of them gone; a good-natured, ingenuous face that was getting vaguely cynical; yet with still an indefinite look of youth about him. Beth was at the same time stocky and thin, with the worried-looking face of the driven mother. When she went in to the grocery store to do her buying, she stood back among other rather silent, bashful women, the baby in her arms, Ben and Harold hanging near her, in an ancient rough, brown coat, an old thick, dark-blue knitted tam pulled down over her head, a few light wisps of hair escaping. She never felt like pushing forward to the counter. The Mutchlers were not "good pay."

Sometimes she and Fred went through old useless arguments.

"We ain't ever going to make anything. Why do we keep on? Why don't we go into town and quit trying to get anywhere farming?"

"What better off would we be in town? Whad da yuh think we'd do there?"

There was no answer to that. But she would think of all the things that needed to be done. She would get wild sometimes. She would nag Fred about it, although she didn't know what good that would do. He could not make more than the farm would bring in. Fred worked hard; he did his best. But she raged inwardly; it seemed, if *she* had it to do— Little Ben, was he to go through all his life a cripple? And was she never going to have anything that she needed in the house? The county nurse had sent word

that Harold and Ben were undernourished and that Harold's tonsils were bad. There were so many other things that needed to be done that they couldn't even think of that.

Fred would answer her back. Yet he was patient. It would all come down to this:

"Well, I know as well as you do what all we need, but I got ta get caught up before I can start in anything more. Where do you suppose I'm going to get the money to do all that? Ain't I working now as hard as I can? And then the most of it goes to some one else."

That was what embittered both of them. They might work as hard as they pleased, and still the most of it went to some one else.

§ 3

But they had had to live a good deal from hand to mouth. They had the faculty of being cheerful when things were going well. Now that they were on the Hunt place, they settled down, hoping to stay for a while. At last they seemed to be getting somewhere.

Some of their old bad luck had followed them. They had lost the only cow in the herd that was their own, a good Holstein. Of course that had had to be the one that was struck by lightning. There was that bad summer when the weather wasn't hot enough to ripen the corn. There was sickness as usual.

But, on the whole, things were better. They settled back for a breathing-space. Last year's crop had been pretty good; they were beginning slowly to "get caught up" a little. They dared hope for nothing more until that was done. They didn't talk much about a farm of their own now.

And this year things were going really as they should. Early in the season Fred had talked as he always did: "You wait and see. Something will happen. Has it ever failed?" But when May was over, and things still looked promising, he began to say non-committally: "Well, we'll wait and see; I don't trust it. We won't say anything yet." Now, although he would sometimes ironically suggest that

it was about time for one of them to get sick, he was dropping that cynical manner that he had adopted as a kind of armor against pursuing misfortune.

It kept on being a good season. Beth did not say anything yet, but she began to think about things they would do. If they once got caught up— She couldn't think any further. Pretty soon she would say something about Ben's going to the hospital. She even began to think about what they needed in the house, about clothes, although she knew they couldn't have everything at once. They were just beginning to get caught up on their back bills.

Now that there was some hope of getting somewhere, Fred really worked. He began to straighten up, to get a different look. Often he got out of bed before four, when the sun had not yet tinted the east, leaving Beth asleep, with her arm around the hot, moist, white-fleshed body of the baby, in the little down-stairs bedroom, with the shades down to keep out the morning light. He had not done that before. He had got up early enough, but he had said he wasn't going to kill himself.

He made the boys work, too. Elmer, the eldest one, could help him a good deal, and there were some things that Harold could do. Elmer wasn't any too much inclined to work, unless it was pottering around that old car.

Fred had got up early this morning. Beth awakened to find his place empty, the sheet thrown back, a little dusty hollow in the pillow where his head had lain.

She withdrew her arm from under the baby, who rolled and made a little cry. She put on a dark-blue bungalow apron and stole barefoot out of the room. She sometimes did that; she had got used to it out there in Dakota, where she had actually been without shoes for a while.

She did not see Fred. She went around to the front of the house and stood on the porch, screened with thick wild cucumber-vines. A still country morning, with the smell of coming heat scorching through the coolness. Dew heavy, like a gleaming crust on the long grass, on the freshly opened nasturtiums along the edge of the porch. She had planted those this spring. The evergreens in the grove were motionless, the drive to the road was mysterious and

hushed. The sun was a fire-red ball, round, like a harvest moon, just above the sky-line in the east.

She stood there a moment. She felt something good in the beginning of the day, something that she hadn't felt for a long time, with the need to hurry from the minute she got up, constant exasperations that she couldn't help.

Fred crossed the road from the big barn. She called out to him:

"Where *you* been?"

He came around to where she was.

"I went out to the barn to take a look at that Jersey. I thought she was kind o' off her feed last night."

"Well, how was she? All right?"

"Yah. Oh, I thought she would be, but then I wanted to see. I don't want the old lady to be able to say I've lost any of her cattle for her."

He sat down on the edge of the porch. Beth felt like sniffing a little because he had got up early to look after the old lady's cow; but, then, how could she, when she was always urging him to do more and make more? She couldn't help resenting the old lady Hunt.

Fred said meditatively:

"Gosh, Beth, things do look good. You ought to see that west forty. I'd like to have old mother Hunt take a look at it."

"What's she know about it?" Beth asked contemptuously.

"Well, I'd like to show her what kind of a crop her farm can raise when it has to."

"She'd raise the rent is about what she'd do."

"Oh, she's a kind of cantakerous old piece, but I've always got on with her pretty good," Fred said tolerantly.

"Well, you ought to. You work hard enough for her. She knows she wouldn't get another such renter in a hurry," Beth said jealously. "You're always willing to do anything for anybody you work for."

That was an old bone of contention. Beth thought that Fred was too easy. He didn't stick up for his rights. He let the owner walk over him.

She looked across the drive at the big house. It stood empty. Old lady Hunt, who was known as "particular,"

had not been able to stand the thought of having renters in it. Beth, who had no time to keep the thirteen rooms of the big house, with their light wainscots and window-sills, clean, was yet secretly pleased to see, when she looked through the big blank, small-paned windows, that the wall-paper was dangling from the ceilings, and the floors rotting in the musty damp. She kept Fred rigidly away from the front yard inclosed in the iron fence, as specified in the lease. He would good-naturedly, for the sake of the yard, he said, have set Harold or Elmer to cleaning up some of the fallen branches, as the old lady hinted. He said it hurt him to see a fine old place like that going to pot. Beth would not have it. The fence was rusting, and the gate, with an elaborate scroll top, such as the gates of cemeteries have, hung desolately forward. The yard was a wilderness, and the grove, which was also specified as "hers," because she was afraid the children might want to play there, was full of the branches of fallen evergreens.

"She'd better come out and live in her wonderful house herself if she don't want it to fall to pieces," Beth muttered. "I don't know that we'd have hurt it much more than standing idle's done."

Although she felt at home in the little house, she was even resentful when old lady Hunt and her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Foster, invited themselves in.

Fred said, yawning and stretching:

"Well, I better get the boys up. I want Elmer to take the car and go over to McGuire for that lumber."

"Yah; and I'd better be gettin' breakfast."

He started across the yard, a little somber.

"Gosh, I hope nothin' happens now. I hope we get some rain when we ought to. If things turn out as good as they look now, maybe we can get caught up a little."

"Yah, and then how much farther along would we be?"

"Well, we'd be that much farther."

"There's so much needs to be done," Beth said hopelessly. She did not feel hopeless. But, then, they never both talked hopefully at the same time. That would have been like asking too much of fate.

"Well, we'll see," Fred answered. "Maybe we'll have something yet."

He had a different look about him when he went out to the field after breakfast. He looked as if he knew what he wanted to do, as if there were some use in it. He was beginning to look ahead.

Beth felt hopeful, too, after he had gone. Light and easy, somehow. Now she could dare to plan a little again. She could draw a free breath. She heard Ben's iron brace on the bare floor. It did not send quite that old hopeless dull ache through her. Now she began to feel that maybe they could do something for him some day. She did not get so exasperated at having "nothing to do with." Not when there was some hope of having something.

It was almost like a holiday. Elmer was gone, Fred and Harold had gone out to the south forty to mend fence. They had taken their lunch with them. There would be only Ben and the baby and herself for dinner.

That nice free feeling stayed with her. After dinner she took some sewing out on the lawn under a maple-tree.

The place looked so pleasant. She realized that she had come to feel at home. She thought of their shack in Dakota, out on the burning treeless plain, of other places where they had lived.

A mourning-dove called from the lonely over-wooded grove, making the stillness more still. A little light breeze rattled among the glittering leaves of the big cottonwood at the end of the drive. The shining white chickens were all crouched in a snowy group in the hollows they had made in the dry bare earth beside the house. The big house across the drive stood in a hot mysterious silence, hollyhocks burning pink against the wall. Over the pasture-land at the west the blue of vervain seemed to hover, to waver and shimmer a little, like a haze in the heat. The baby, its plump, damp legs bare, crept around over the long grass near Beth's chair. Ben sat near her on the grass.

"Ma," Ben was saying, "now you didn't let me drive to McGuire with Elmer, and you got ta make pa take us in to the movies, then, Saturday night."

"Well, maybe," she said.

They went sometimes, but always Beth had a feeling that they were going defiantly, that they oughtn't to do it when they hadn't even their bills paid. But she thought maybe they could go Saturday night.

She heard an automobile in the road and leaned forward to see if she could make out whose it was. Then it turned into the drive. A big black car, Mrs. Edwin Foster's! There she was in the back seat, and old lady Hunt! The girl driving was Cornelia Foster. Beth rose, thinking:

"Why did *they* have to come today?"

She was suddenly aware of the enormity of sitting here sewing, not canning or out helping Fred, as she supposed they thought she should be.

The car stopped near the windmill, and Mrs. Foster called out cheerily:

"Hello! hello! Any one here?"

"They saw me," Beth thought. She went slowly up to the car.

Mrs. Foster leaned forward, smiling.

"Hello! Just thought we'd drop in and see how things were getting along."

She was a thin, over-cheerful, over-smiling woman, dressed with elaborate girlishness in a bright-colored overblouse and a satin skirt. She had dry, frizzled hair, prominent teeth, and eager eyes with scanty lashes. Old lady Hunt sat far back in the corner, as if she had been carefully put there to stay. She was very old, very frail. Her ponderous head kept shaking. But there was something about her small eyes, in their sagging pockets of yellow, purple-tinged flesh, that warned one to be careful. Cornelia sat with her capable, tanned hands on the wheel, staring coolly and impersonally ahead. Beth noted her face under the small, white sports hat, round, firm, plump, with a fine skin, a fringe of dark hair on her smooth, moist forehead, cool, gray eyes set in flesh as pure and unblemished as a child's. Beth felt defiant before old lady Hunt and Mrs. Foster, but Cornelia's cool, unseeing presence abashed her. She was just a part of the landscape, the renter's wife. She could not help keeping a veiled gaze on Cornelia's fresh black-and-white sports suit, her white-shod foot touching

the brake, the detail of the black leather wrist-watch on her firm, round arm.

"Stopping?" Cornelia asked impersonally.

"Oh, yes; I think so, dear, now that we're here." Beth could see that Mrs. Foster was a little anxious and conciliatory with Cornelia. "We want to see Mrs. Mutchler a minute."

Cornelia curtly shut off the gas.

Beth asked doubtfully:

"Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Mutchler; yes, I think we will to get cooled off a moment. Coming, Mother? Shall I help you out?"

She stepped out, Beth noting her thin ankle in its silk stocking and the elaborate buckle on her pointed slipper. Old lady Hunt sat, looking significantly around, as she always did when she came. Well, there was nothing that was wrong, was there? Beth defied her to find fault. But she could not help an unreasonable feeling of guilt when she saw the old lady glance at the big house, with its wild lawn and unkempt grove. That was her own fault, but Beth could not help feeling responsible.

"My! Place looks turrible to pieces," the old lady mumbled.

"Getting out, Cornelia sweetheart?" Mrs. Foster asked.

"No, I think I'll stay here," Cornelia answered carelessly. She gave Beth a slight nod.

Beth did not want any of them to come in. Yet her thought beat angrily and helplessly at that attitude of Cornelia's, not even thinking it worth while to get out of the car.

Beth looked at Mrs. Foster's thin, corded arms stiffened and raised to lift her mother out. The old lady got to the ground with difficulty. She had a thick, shapeless, sunken figure, and she wore, as always, a black dress and a little ancient black, crushed hat, with a bunch of flowers at the side, that looked as if some one might have sat on it. Mrs. Foster guided her carefully toward the house, she erect and stalking on her high heels, looking about with bright eyes and a smiling flash of prominent teeth.

"Will you sit out here or come in the house?"

"Well, you are cozy out here; but I think mother feels the sun, perhaps, and we'd better go inside."

"Wants to see how I keep things," Beth thought.

She opened the screen door, with its fringe of faded pink paper at the top to keep out flies. She had not yet got Elmer to mend those holes in it. She was doubtful, stiff, feeling shabby and poor again beside Mrs. Foster's girlish finery, with Cornelia sitting out there cool and perfect in the car. They were easy, feeling themselves the owners, Mrs. Foster smilingly patronizing, old lady Hunt more frankly looking around.

"I haven't cleaned up very good this week," Beth said. She whisked a little piece of Ben's underwear from a chair.

"Oh, it's all right," Mrs. Foster assured her, graciously; but her eyes were traveling over the room.

It was bare, a farm-house room. There were no curtains at the windows; just the green shades, with little pin-pricks through which the sharp sunlight came. The old battered, scanty remains of furniture showed up pitilessly clear. Clothes, stockings, were scattered about, although the place was not dirty. But it was evident that no one had much time to spend on it.

"My dear, I *wonder* if we could have a drink of that lovely cold water," Mrs. Foster gasped. "Will you bring us some?"

Beth went out to the windmill. She glanced at Cornelia, sitting in the car with knees crossed, her gray eyes cool and remote, not looking up. Beth felt humble as she pumped the water. Cornelia's manner was not even insolent. She didn't see Beth at all.

Beth brought in the water in her best glasses, heavy tumblers with a horseshoe on the bottom. There was a little chill mist on the glasses that made her hands damp.

Mrs. Foster exclaimed and enthused.

"Oh, this wonderful water! *None* in town tastes like this. I wish we had it still. This will cool you off, Mother."

The old lady drank in short sucking gulps.

Beth carried the glasses out to the kitchen. Why need *they* be so hot, just driving around in that big car?

The old lady had been pondering for some time. Now she got out thickly, trying to point:

"That window-glash broken."

"The storm broke it," Beth said briefly.

"Looksh awful' bad."

Mrs. Foster asked cheerfully: "Well, how are the crops coming?"

"Pretty good, I guess."

"They look fine. Mr. Jensen has *wonderful* corn, I noticed as we drove past."

"Fred's looks just as good," Beth said.

"Where is Mr. Mutchler this afternoon?" Mrs. Foster asked brightly, carelessly.

Beth stiffened with instinctive wariness as she reached down for the baby.

"He's out at the south edge, mending fence. Did you want to see him?"

"Oh, no; no, no. Just wondered—"

"What shay 'bout fence?" Mrs. Hunt demanded anxiously.

"He's mending it, Mother. Mending it," Mrs. Foster repeated distinctly, nodding and smiling.

"Why, was it broke'?"

Beth said nothing. She crushed down the feeling of anxious humility and propitiation that made her want to answer and explain. She smoothed the baby's light, fine hair.

"Oh," Mrs. Foster exclaimed, as if with a sudden inspiration, "I wonder if there are any raspberries now."

"I thought they wouldn't forget those," Beth thought. There were only a few, just enough to make another mess for supper; and of course they would have to come and get them! She said:

"Yes, there's a few ripe again."

There was a waiting silence. Beth kept her lips resolutely shut. She was not going to rush out in the heat and pick the berries, as she had done the last time. They had legs just as much as she had. Let them go and pick the berries if they wanted some.

Mrs. Foster raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Well, perhaps we can go and pick some," she said, with a significant look. "It's very warm, especially driving."

Beth sat silent.

The old lady mumbled something about the house.

"House, Mother? Oh, yes; you want to go through the house now? Yes, in a moment. Mother thinks so much of the old house! It's falling dreadfully into decay, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," Beth said.

"Well, Mother, shall we go over? Oh, yes, have you something we can put the berries in? Well, that's pretty large to carry. Yes, *that* would be better. Mr. Mutchler can stop for it sometime when he comes into town." She gave a hard, bright smile. "Good-by. Good-by, my little man." She flipped the baby under the chin.

Beth watched them cross the drive and go up the grass-grown path to the back door of the big house. "Don't you want to come, darling?" she heard Mrs. Foster call. She saw Cornelia leap down from the car and lounge up the path, yawning. She paid no attention to her mother and grandmother, who kept calling and appealing to her. She seemed to find interests of her own—the hollyhocks, and then the grove into whose dark wilderness she presently disappeared. The others examined the windows, the cellar-door, which was rotting away. Beth watched them, looking remote, dramatic, as if in some picture, as they moved about on unknown errands about the old white house in the burning sunshine. They went inside. Beth could seem to hear the hollow sound of their steps as they walked through the empty, high-ceilinged rooms.

She went back into her own house. She felt safer there. She was always uneasy, on the defensive, when the owners came. She hated the sense of patronage in their air: the hard, bright way in which Mrs. Foster looked about her, authoritative, never forgetting that "it would all be hers some day"; the cool, dreamy, unconcerned way in which Cornelia helped herself to flowers or berries or whatever she happened to see; and then the snooping and fault-finding of the old lady.

Beth saw the two come out of the house and go about the

lawn, "taking in everything." There was an anxious search for Cornelia until she finally sauntered back through the grove. Then they started out for the raspberries, the old lady, too, although she could hardly totter. "But she has to see everything," Beth thought.

It was like them to run off with her milk-pail, and then tell Fred to go after it. Cornelia was carrying it, swinging it carelessly by the handle. Of course it didn't occur to them that it was the only good pail that Beth had, and that she might need it. And it would not have occurred to them to bring one of their own. "We can get one at the farm," they would have thought.

What had they really come for, if they didn't want to see Fred? Just to go through the old house? Or for those few raspberries? That might have brought them.

Finally they came back to the car and drove away. Beth murmured:

"Well, thank heaven!"

§ 4

But she could take no more comfort in this day. Their visit had spoiled it, whether they had really been "after anything" or not. She couldn't feel the same toward the house, feeling still their roving proprietary glances, which said so plainly that everything belonged to them. She was just there at their will. What was the use of planting nasturtiums and things about their house?

What if they did get caught up? They would still be only renters, still subject to old lady Hunt and Edwin Foster. What was there ahead? The place was pleasant, the best they had had; but how could she take an interest in it when they might drop down any time, as they had today? She didn't trust that visit. There was something back of it. "Glash broken"—as if she could help the storm! She had wanted Fred to tell the old lady about it, to ask to have it repaired. He hadn't wanted to just then, had said that there was always so much that needed doing worse than that. Now she thought angrily, "We're not going to pay for that ourselves, we're not going to patch up their house!"

They had come driving out in their big car. It seemed to her that they had everything they wanted. And who did the work? Fred. What did he get out of it? Scarcely a bare living. Think of the way he'd got up this morning! Would the old lady thank him for that? She would take it all for granted. Where did the Fosters get their money? They would never have had it if old man Hunt had not left them so much land. This was only one of his farms. He had had them scattered all over the county. He had bought them in the early days when land was cheap, he and his father and brothers, the whole Hunt tribe. But the Fosters and old lady Hunt had done nothing to get that land.

She blamed Fred, too. Why was he so good-natured, why did he always let people impose on him? Why didn't he grab all he could and give them as little as possible? That was the way people got things.

Ben was pleading:

"Ma, let's go down to the crick."

"No!" she snapped crossly.

She could not stand the sight of little Ben in that iron brace.

All her old wants and desires burned in her as she went about the kitchen. She banged pans and cupboard doors.

She was frying the potatoes when Fred came in. He went straight to the wash-basin and began to scrub his face and hands. She could tell from the very stoop of his back that something was wrong. Had old lady Hunt been after him?

She did not question him right away. She, too, had her grievance to work out. She would do it by telling Fred that "they" had been here, by complaining about the cool way that they did things. She would work some of it off on Fred. The stoop of his shoulders made her angry. She was angry at his face, with all those teeth gone. She wanted some assurance of being equal to the Hunts and Fosters.

But she felt uncertain as he ate silently, propping himself by one arm on the table. She could not begin as decisively as she had thought she would,

"Well," she began, "I had some visitors today."

"I know you did," he answered without interest.

"How did you know? Did you see them? Who were they?" she demanded incredulously.

"Oh, the dear old lady and her dear daughter," he said bitterly.

"How did you see them?"

"How? Because they drove out to see me."

"They did?" She had known it, somehow, but she didn't want to believe it. "Why, she asked where you were, and said she didn't want to see you. Did they drive 'way over there?"

"Yes, they did."

He got up, left the table.

"You didn't eat your pie," Beth called sharply.

"Don't want it. Hustle through now, Harold. You know what chores you've got to do."

She heard him go tramping through the rooms and out to the front step.

"What did they want of papa? D'you know?" she asked in a low voice of Harold.

He shook his head.

Elmer came home. She warmed up more potatoes for him.

"You boys do the milking tonight," she said. She felt a foreboding. She tried to think that old lady had just rubbed Fred the wrong way with her fussing.

It was late when she finally went out to the porch. Fred was hunched over on the step, gloomily smoking his pipe. He had let the boys look after the chores, had not even been out to the barn. The porch was a little box of a place. The cucumber vine, which had grown heavy and thick-leaved, shut it in in a dusky sultriness.

"Well," Beth finally demanded, "what did the old lady say this time to upset you?"

Fred knocked his pipe viciously against the post. Beth knew that brooding, sullen look of his.

"Well?"

"Well," he replied, with a bitter laugh, "just told us to get out, that's all."

Beth stared. Fred laughed with savage enjoyment of her dismay. He began to speak very distinctly and impersonally, with a measured, calm bitterness:

"Oh, she didn't say it. It was Mrs. Foster, darling daughter. Thought she'd tell me before I made any plans for next year. As if she didn't know I'd already made 'em, and right with her and Ed Foster, too. Dear Nephew Milton thinks 'he would like to try his hand at farming,'"—he mimicked savagely,—“and so they felt they ought to let him come here on their own lands.”

Beth was too full of the other thought to even notice this.

"Yes, but how can they tell us to get out?" she demanded "Didn't you have an understanding with Edwin Foster that you were to have the farm again?"

"Understanding!" he echoed bitterly. "Of course I did; but what's that? He won't pay any attention to that if he don't feel like it, long as I can't prove anything."

Beth said wildly:

"Well, why didn't you have it fixed so you could prove something? You always let people run over you."

"Yes! Didn't I say I'd do that fence-mending and put in that new clover crop if I was sure I'd be here long enough to make it worth my time? And he told me to go ahead. He's told me a dozen times I could stay as long as I give him good returns in crops; that he was darn glad to get some one that would."

"Well, then, see him about it. Make him hold to what he said."

"Make him hold to it! I'd like to see any one make a lawyer hold to anything he don't have to."

Beth was fighting breathlessly for what she had had.

"How can he go and do that now? What made you trust him, anyway? Ain't they satisfied with what you've done here? What more do they want?"

"Oh, it ain't that," Fred said, lapsing into gloomy listlessness. "You ought to have heard Daughter Minnie honey around about all that. I've got this place into good shape, and you bet they're smart enough to see it and take advantage of it, too. I've worked this place this year—" He gave a dazed look around. "Yah, been better for me if

I hadn't. Now it's in good shape for Milton Foster to let it go to the dogs."

"Milton Foster!" Beth exclaimed.

"Sure. Didn't you hear me tell you they wanted it for him?"

"Him! What's he know about farming?"

This was the worst of all. Milton Foster! She had seen him in town, a thin, pimpled boy who wore colored silk socks and spent his time aimlessly hanging around the pool-hall and the soda-fountain. He farm! Every one knew what he was except the Fosters and the Hunts, who must always keep up the fiction that no member of their own "tribe" could ever do wrong. He was the son of Perry Foster, Edwin Foster's brother and law partner. Beth had often heard the tales about him, with a certain gladness at discovering fallibility in old lady Hunt's family—how he "ran with" those tough Snyder girls, how he had been "requested to leave" Gunter College, how he had never been able to keep any of the jobs that his father had found for him. Now he was to have the old Hunt place!

"They just want to get that Milton out here where folks can't see what he does with himself," she cried.

Fred gave her a sick, hopeless look.

"It's just that he's a Foster," he said. "That tribe all runs together. They're a clannish bunch. I knew they grudged me the little I've made off the place. I tell you, the old lady couldn't stand it, nor daughter neither, to have any one outside the family getting a little something out of this. Just like they'd rather have the old house fall to pieces than have some one in it. But they waited," he cried bitterly—"they waited until I'd worked and got the place in shape to really do me and them some good."

Beth sat angrily silent, not ready yet to admit the defeat of her hopes, to acknowledge that they must go back to the same old scraping and doing without again.

"They all do that way," Fred said. "They lay up a wad and move into town, and then they expect some one else to work their farms for them, and they can still get all they used to get. They expect a man to take care of it like it was his own, and then any time they can send him off.

Well, I ain't gona do it. I ain't gona work any of their farms for 'em again and get the little end."

"Aw, you will, too," Beth muttered.

"I won't, I tell you!" He fell to bitter brooding, said with cynical hopelessness: "Oh, well, it's their farm. They can do what they please with it, I s'pose. Anyway, no one can stop them. If they'd told me this spring, even. But they were afraid I mightn't work just the same. And I wouldn't have, either. There's a hundred things I'd never have done if I'd dreamed I wouldn't be on the place next year, and all right if I hadn't, too. They wouldn't have told me now, but they're all going off on a trip to Colorado. Don't see how the old lady dares get that far off."

Beth thought:

"And here they come for raspberries and took my only good pail!"

For a moment this seemed worse than anything else. Then she broke out into angry denunciation of Fred.

"Why do you let 'em treat you like that? How can we ever do anything if we have to pick up and start all over again? You say you won't rent. You will rent! And it'll be just the same again. I thought we were getting ahead a little this time." Her voice broke into rebellious sobs that were loud in the still country night.

"So did I think we were," Fred said. "Do you think I'm pullin' out of my own accord?"

"The teacher said Harold had bad tonsils," she accused him. She could not even speak of Ben. She clung wildly to the bit of hope that she had had.

"Well, is that my fault? Don't I want 'o do things as much as you do?"

"Yes, but you never will while you just go on renting farms of folks."

She looked at Fred. He made her angry. Under the savage bitterness of some of his words there was always that something appealing, something childish, and ready to trust people in his eyes. Oh, he was a good worker and he was honest, but it needed something more than that to get ahead. Something hard, was what it needed. Old lady Hunt had it, and Mrs. Foster showed it in that bright, glit-

tering, mean smile she could turn upon you. Why wasn't Fred like that?

Already he was getting used to the idea of having it all to do over again. She hated his patience. She threw words against it in angry rebellion.

"What did she say?" she demanded.

"I told you what she said."

"You needn't take everything any one says."

"It's their farm, ain't it? They can do what they like with it."

"I s'pose—" She asked jealously after a moment, "What did the girl say?"

"What should she? It wasn't none of her lookout." Fred went on: "What's a fellow gona do? He works and does the best he can with the land he's on, and then they want it for some one else. And if he don't work, he has to leave. He has to leave anyway. There ain't nothing in it for the renter. There's nothing unless a fellow owns the land he's on."

"And that we'll never do," Beth said bitterly.

What was the use of talking? She felt herself going back, back into dark depths of old hopelessness that she had known before. She needn't have hoped; she might have known. Why should they have anything? She could smell the rich ripening corn in the hot night. It swelled her bitterness. The farm belonged to the others. They could send her off if they chose. She had nothing, was nothing. Work didn't matter.

Fred sat with his elbows on his knees, his head sunk into his hands. She looked at him curiously, half bitterly.

"Well, if you ain't gona rent, what are you gona do?" she demanded. She waited.

"I don't know," he muttered after a while. "What is there to do?"

They sat silent. Crickets shrilled somewhere in the damp. They could smell the corn. The grove was a patch of blackness. A calf moored. What did they have to do with it all? Fred rose heavily. He was going off to the barn. Chores, the same old chores. Beth listened to him go. She made no move to stop him. She was silent, but

her lips moved in bitter soundless comments. Easy, was what he was. He would still work for them. They would be renters all their lives.

More a biography than a short-story.
Hardly satisfactory, though a fair
true and realistic description of the
life history of the average renter.

BLOOD-BURNING MOON¹

By JEAN TOOMER

(From *Prairie*)

UP from the skeleton stone walls, up from the rotting floor boards and the solid hand-hewn beams of oak of the pre-war cotton factory, dusk came. Up from the dusk the full moon came. Glowing like a fired pine-knot it illumined the great door and soft showered the Negro shanties aligned along the single street of factory town. The full moon in the great door was an omen. Negro women improvised songs against its spell.

Louisa sang as she came over the crest of the hill from the white folk's kitchen. Her skin was the color of oak leaves on young trees in fall. Her breasts, firm and up-pointed like ripe acorns. And her singing had the low murmur of winds in fig trees. Bob Stone, younger son of the people she worked for, loved her. By the way the world reckons things he had won her. By measure of that warm glow which came into her mind at thought of him, he had won her. Tom Burwell, whom the whole town called Big Boy, also loved her. But working in the fields all day, and far away from her, gave him no chance to show it. Though often enough of evenings he had tried to. Somehow, he never got along. Strong as he was with hands upon the axe or plow, he found it difficult to hold her. Or so he thought. But the fact was that he held her to factory town more firmly than he thought for. His black balanced, and pulled against the white of Stone, when she thought of them. And her mind was vaguely upon them as she came over the crest of the hill, coming from the white folk's kitchen. As she sang softly at the veil face of the full moon.

A strange stir was in her. Indolently she tried to fix upon Bob or Tom as the cause of it. To meet Bob in the

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canebrake as she was going to do an hour or so later, was nothing new. And Tom's proposal which she felt on its way to her could be indefinitely put off. Separately, there was no unusual significance to either one. But for some reason they jumbled when her eyes gazed vacantly at the rising moon. And from the jumble came the stir that was strangely within her. Her lips trembled. The slow rhythm of her song grew agitant and restless. Rusty black and tan spotted hounds, lying in the dark corners of porches or prowling around back yards, put their noses in the air and caught its tremor. They began to plaintively yelp and howl. Chickens woke up, and cackled. Intermittently, all over the country-side dogs barked and roosters crowed as if heralding a weird dawn or some ungodly awakening. The women sang lustily. Their songs were cottonwads to stop their ears. Louisa came down into factory town and sank wearily upon the step before her home. The moon was rising towards a thick cloud-bank which soon would hide it.

Red nigger moon. Sinner!

Blood-burning moon. Sinner!

Come out that fact'ry door.

2

Up from the deep dusk of a cleared spot on the edge of the forest a mellow glow arose and spread fan-wise into the low-hanging heavens. And all around the air was heavy with the scent of boiling cane. A large pile of cane-stalks lay like ribboned shadows upon the ground. A mule, harnessed to a pole, trudged lazily round and round the pivot of the grinder. Beneath a swaying oil lamp, a Negro alternately whipped out at the mule, and fed cane-stalks to the grinder. A fat boy waddled pails of fresh ground juice between the grinder and the boiling stove. Steam came from the copper boiling pan. The scent of cane came from the copper pan and drenched the forest and the hill that sloped to factory town, beneath its fragrance. It drenched the men in circle seated round the stove. Some of them chewed at the white pulp of stalks, but there was no need for them to, if all they wanted was to taste the cane. One tasted it in factory town. And from factory town one

could see the soft haze thrown by the glowing stove upon the low-hanging heavens.

Old David Georgia stirred the thickening syrup with a long ladle, and ever so often drew it off. Old David Georgia tended his stove and told tales about the white folks, about moonshining and cotton picking and about sweet nigger gals, to the men who sat there about his stove to listen to him. Tom Burwell chewed cane-stalk and laughed with the others till someone mentioned Louisa. Till someone said something about Louisa and Bob Stone, about the silk stockings she must have gotten from him. Blood ran up Tom's neck hotter than the glow that flooded from the stove. He sprang up. Glared at the men and said, "She's my gal." Will Manning laughed. Tom strode over to him. Yanked him up, and knocked him to the ground. Several of Manning's friends got up to fight for him. Tom whipped out a long knife and would have cut them to shreds if they hadn't ducked into the woods. Tom had had enough. He nodded to old David Georgia and swung down the path to factory town. Just then, the dogs started barking and the roosters began to crow. Tom felt funny. Away from the fight, away from the stove, chill got to him. He shivered. He shuddered when he saw the full moon rising towards the cloud-bank. He who didn't give a godam for the fears of old women. He forced his mind to fasten on Louisa. Bob Stone. Better not be. He turned into the street and saw Louisa sitting before her home. He went towards her, ambling, touched the brim of a marvelously shaped, spotted, felt hat, said he wanted to say something to her, and then found that he didn't know what he had to say, or if he did, that he couldn't say it. He shoved his big fists in his overalls, grinned, and started to move off.

"Youall want me, Tom?"

"That's what us wants sho, Louisa."

"Well, here I am—"

"An' here I is, but that ain't ahelpin' none, all th' same."

"You wanted to say something. . . ?"

"I did that, sho. But words is like th' spots on dice; no matter how y' fumbles 'em there's times when they jes won't come. I dunno why. Seems like th' love I feels fo'

yo' done stole m' tongue. I got it now. Whee! Louisa, honey, I oughtn't tell y', I feel I oughtn't cause yo' is young an' goes t' church an' I has had other gals, but Louisa I sho do love y'. Lil' gal I'se watched y' from them first days wen youall sat right here befo' yo' door befo' th' well an' sang sometimes in a way that like t' broke m' heart. I'se carried y' with me into th' fields, day after day, an' after that, an' I sho can plow when yo' is ther, an' I can pick cotton. Yassur! Come near beatin' Barlo yesterday. I sho did. Yassur! An' next year if ol'e Stone'll trust me, I'll have a farm. My own. My bales will buy yo' what y' gets from white folks now. Silk stockings, an' purple dresses—course I don't believe what some folks been whisperin' as t'how y' gets them things now. White folks always did do for niggers what they likes. An' they jes can't help alikin' yo, Louisa. Bob Stone like y'. Course he does. But not th' way folks is awhisperin'. Does he, hon?"

"I don't know what you mean, Tom."

"Course y' don't. I'se already cut two niggers. Had t' hon, t' tell 'em so. Niggers always tryin' t' make somethin' out a'nothin'. An' then besides, white folks ain't up t' them tricks so much nowadays. Godam better not be. Leastwise not with yo'. Cause I wouldn't stand f' it. Nassur."

"What would you do, Tom?"

"Cut him jes like I cut a nigger."

"No, Tom—"

"I said I would an' there ain't no mo' to it. But that ain't th' talk f' now. Sing, honey Louisa, an' while I'm listenin' t' y' I'll be makin' love."

Tom took her hand in his. Against the tough thickness of his own, hers felt soft and small. His huge body slipped down to the step beside her. The full moon sank upward into the deep purple of the cloud-bank. An old woman brought a lighted lamp and hung it on the common well whose bulky shadow squatted in the middle of the road, opposite Tom and Louisa. The old woman lifted the well-lid, took hold of the chain, and began drawing up the heavy bucket. As she did so, she sang. Figures shifted, restless-like, between lamp and window in the front rooms of the shanties. Shadows of the figures fought each other on the

grey dust of the road. Figures raised the windows and joined the old woman in song. Louisa and Tom, the whole street, singing:

Red nigger moon. Sinner!
Blood-burning moon. Sinner!
Come out that fact'ry door.

Bob Stone sauntered from his veranda out into the gloom of fir trees and magnolias. The clear white of his skin paled, and the flush of his cheeks turned purple. As if to balance this outer change, his mind became consciously a white man's. He passed the house with its huge open hearth which in the days of slavery was the plantation cookery. He saw Louisa bent over that hearth. He went in as a master should, and took her. Direct, honest, bold. None of this sneaking that he had to go through now. The contrast was repulsive to him. His family had lost ground. Hell no, his family still owned the niggers, practically. Damned if they did, or he wouldn't have to duck around so. What would they think if they knew? His mother? His sister? He shouldn't mention them, shouldn't think of them in this connection. There in the dusk he blushed at doing so. Fellows about town were all right, but how about his friends up north? He could see them incredible, repulsed. They didn't know. The thought first made him laugh. Then, with their eyes still upon him, he began to feel embarrassed. He felt the need of explaining things to them. Explain hell. They wouldn't understand, and moreover who ever heard of a Southerner getting on his knees to any Yankee, or anyone. No sir. He was going to see Louisa tonight, and love her. She was lovely—in her way. Nigger way. What way was that? Damned if he knew. Must know. He'd known her long enough to know. Was there something about niggers that you couldn't know? Listening to them at church didn't tell you anything. Looking at them didn't tell you anything. Talking to them didn't tell you anything,—unless it was gossip, unless they wanted to talk. Of course about farming, and licker, and craps,—but those weren't niggers. Nigger was something more. How much more? Something to be afraid of, more? Hell no. Who ever heard of being afraid of a nigger? Tom

Burwell, Cartwell had told him that Tom went with Louisa after she reached home. No sir. No nigger had ever been with his girl. He'd like to see one try. Some position for him to be in. Him, Bob Stone, of the old Stone family, in a scrap with a nigger over a nigger girl. In the good old days . . . Ha! Those were the days. His family had lost ground. Not so much, though. Enough for him to have to cut through old Lemon's canefield by way of the woods, that he might meet her. She was worth it. Beautiful nigger gal. Why nigger? Why not, just gal? No, it was because she was nigger that he went to her. Sweet . . . The scent of boiling cane came to him. Then he saw the rich glow of the stove. He heard the voices of the men circled round it. He was about to skirt the clearing when he heard his own name mentioned. He stopped. Quivering. Leaning against a tree, he listened.

"Bad nigger. Yassur he sho' is one bad nigger when he gets started."

"Tom Burwell's been on th' gang three times fo' cuttin' men."

"What y' think he's agwine t' do t' Bob Stone?"

"Dunno yet. He ain't found out. When he does—Baby!"

"Ain't no tellin'."

"Young Stone ain't no quitter an' I ken tell y' that. Blood of th' old uns in his veins."

"That's right. He'll scrap sho."

"Be gettin' too hot f' niggers 'round this away."

"Shut up nigger. Y' don't know what y' talking 'bout."

Bob Stone's ears burnt like he had been holding them over the stove. Sizzling heat welled up within him. His feet felt as if they rested on red hot coals. They stung him to quick movement. He circled the fringe of the glowing. Not a twig cracked beneath his feet. He reached the path that led to factory town. Plunged furiously down it. Half way along, a blindness within him veered him aside. He crashed into the bordering canebrake. Cane leaves cut his face and lips. He tasted blood. He threw himself down and dug his fingers in the ground. The earth was cool. Cane-roots took the fever from his hands. After a long

while, or so it seemed to him, the thought came to him that it must be time to see Louisa. He got to his feet, and walked calmly to their meeting place. No Louisa. Tom Burwell had her. Veins in his forehead bulged and distended. Saliva moistened the dried blood on his lips. He bit down on his lips. He tasted blood. Not his own blood; Tom Burwell's blood. Bob drove through the cane, and out again upon the road. A hound swung down the path before him towards factory town. Bob couldn't see it. The dog loped aside to let him pass. Bob's blind rushing made him stumble over it. He fell with a thud that dazed him. The hound yelped. Answering yelps came from all over the country-side. Chickens cackled. Roosters crowed, heralding the blood-shot eyes of southern awakening. Singers in the town were silenced. They shut their windows down. Palpitant between the rooster crows, a chill hush settled upon the huddled forms of Tom and Louisa. A figure rushed from the shadow and stood before them. Tom popped to his feet.

"What's y' want?"

"I'm Bob Stone."

"Yassur—an' I'm Tom Burwell. What's y' want?"

Bob lunged at him. Tom side stepped, caught him by the shoulder, and flung him to the ground. Straddled him.

"Let me up."

"Yassur—but watch yo' doin's Bob Stone."

A few dark figures, drawn by the sound of scuffle, stood about them. Bob sprang to his feet.

"Fight like a man Tom Burwell an' I'll lick y'."

Again he lunged. Tom side stepped and flung him to the ground. Straddled him.

"Get off me you godam nigger you."

"Yo' sho has started somethin' now. Get up."

Tom yanked him up and began hammering at him. Each blow sounded as if it smashed into a precious, irreplaceable soft something. Beneath them, Bob staggered back. He reached in his pocket and whipped out a knife.

"That's my game, sho."

Blue flashed, a steel blade slashed across Bob Stone's throat. He had a sweetish sick feeling. Blood began to flow.

Then he felt a sharp twitch of pain. He let his knife drop. He slapped one hand against his neck. He pressed the other on top of his head as if to hold it down. He groaned. He turned, and staggered toward the crest of the hill in the direction of white town. Negroes who had seen the fight slunk into their homes and blew the lamps out. Louisa, dazed, hysterical, refused to go indoors. She slipped, crumbled, her body loosely propped against the wood-work of the well. Tom Burwell leaned against it. He seemed rooted there.

Bob reached Broad Street. White men rushed up to him. He collapsed in their arms.

"Tom Burwell . . ."

White men like ants upon a forage rushed about. Except for the taut hum of their moving, all was silent. Shotguns, revolvers, rope, kerosene, torches. Two high powered cars with glaring search lights. They came together. The taut hum rose to a low roar. Then nothing could be heard but the flop of their feet in the thick dust of the road. The moving body of their silence preceded them over the crest of the hill into factory town. It flattened the Negroes beneath it. It rolled to the wall of the factory, where it stopped. Tom knew that they were coming. He couldn't move. And then he saw the search lights of the two cars glaring down on him. A quick shock went through him. He stiffened. He started to run. A yell went up from the mob. Tom wheeled about and faced them. They poured on him. They swarmed. A large man with dead white face and flabby cheeks came to him and almost jabbed a gun-barrel through his guts.

"Hands behind y' nigger."

Tom's wrists were bound. The big man shoved him to the well. Burn him over it, and when the wood-work caved in, his body would drop to the bottom. Two deaths for a godam nigger. Louisa was driven back. The mob pushed in. Its pressure, its momentum was too great. Drag him to the factory. Tom moved in the direction indicated. But they had to drag him. They reached the great door. Too many to get in there. The mob divided, and flowed around the walls to either side. The big man shoved him through

the door. The mob pressed in from the sides. Taut humming. No words. A stake was sunk into the ground. Rotting floor boards piled around it. Kerosene poured on the rotting floor boards. Tom bound to the stake. His breast was bare. Nail scratches let little lines of blood trickle down, and mat into the hair. His face, his eyes were set and stony. Except for irregular breathing, one would have thought him already dead. Torches were flung onto the pile. A great flare muffled in black smoke shot upward. The mob yelled. The mob was silent. Now Tom could be seen within the flames. Only his head, erect, like a blackened stone. Stench of burning flesh soaked the air. Tom's eyes popped. His head settled downward. The mob yelled. Its yell echoed against the skeleton stone walls and sounded like a hundred yells. Like a hundred mobs yelling. Its yell thudded against the thick front wall, and fell back. Ghost of a yell slipped through the flames, and out the great door of the factory. It fluttered like a dying thing down the single street of factory town. Louisa, upon the step before her home, did not hear it, but her eyes opened slowly. They saw the full moon glowing in the great door. The full moon, an evil thing, an omen, soft showering the homes of folks she knew. Where were they, these people? She'd sing, and perhaps they'd come out and join her. Perhaps Tom Burwell would come. At any rate, the full moon in the great door was an omen which she must sing to:

Red nigger moon. Sinner!
Blood-burning moon. Sinner!
Come out that fact'ry door.

THE PROMISE¹

By MARY HEATON VORSE

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

IT'S no wonder when you come to think of it that a legend wove itself round Maxim Lopez and Mary Nickerson. Angust MacDonald said it was plainly Providence that sent Mary to the outside shore the day of the wreck, while the Coreas next door declared it was the Blessed Virgin. The people in Dennisport made a pretty enough story out of it all. But the real story of Mary Nickerson and Maxim and the part she played in his life, not more than two people understood, though it may be Captain Nickerson did also, for he had a deep wordless knowledge of Mary.

As to the legend of her going out across the dunes with a forewarned knowledge that she would find Maxim, there's nothing in that at all. Pure chance played its part there. Nothing more dignified than a squall of rain, forerunner of the great storm, and Susan Herren and Hettie Dower caught in it in front of Mary Nickerson's house and whirled up her front steps by the wind and rain to ask for shelter, giggling with curiosity as they went.

They had both ached to get inside the house with its stately white pillars, and they pattered up the long brick walk, flanked with blue bachelor buttons, half triumphant and a little afraid too, for Mary Nickerson was a woman who, as they said it in Dennisport, "kept herself to herself."

How had she managed to escape being disliked since she had broken the first of all village commandments, "Thou shalt not be reticent"? Perhaps by the way she smiled at people, for her smile said, "I like you"—perhaps because of the magnificence of her beauty. Anyway, Dennisport tolerated her aloofness. She was a stranger when Captain

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Darrow Nickerson brought her there as his bride, and a stranger she remained, making many little friendships and no intimacies in the twenty-five years that went by from her marriage to the day that Hettie Dower and Susan Herren sought shelter with her from the white squall.

When they were inside the house it seemed disappointingly familiar and, from the way Mary Nickerson greeted them, they might have been daily visitors. The three women watched the storm grow in fierceness. Then suddenly Susan Herren called out,

"There's a wreck, a vessel's foundered on the outside shore."

For the street that had been washed clean of people was suddenly alive again. An unnatural crowd had come out into the wind and rain, and it's an unchancy sight to see folks stand gesticulating and screaming to one another in the street, indifferent to the rain slashing and tearing at them like wolves' teeth. People had been drained out of their houses by the compelling magnet of disaster. Groups stood like blots of ink under the high crashing trees, dwarfed and ineffective people opposing themselves to the storm's fury, asking one another where the wreck was, their futile gestures, their screaming voices all played to the tune of panic.

All at once they came to a decision; the blots flowed together and formed an irregular stream. Hettie Dower stood on the veranda and shouted into space,

"Where's the wreck?"

Voices screamed in answer, "White Horse Bar."

And next, Mary Nickerson and Hettie and Susan had joined the sightseers of disaster in their march through the back country, sheets of water drowning them, washing down the sides of houses more like waves than rain.

Soon the marching feet of the crowd had trodden an irregular path over the smooth cheek of the dune. There was a hint of madness in the procession and no wonder, for going sightseeing to death is a queer business.

After all their struggle through dune and bog, there was little enough for the drenched company to see on the outside shore. Nothing but a wrecked barkentine with one

mast gone and the other, like a crazy finger, making circles on the horizon. The vessel had met her death on the outside bar which had taken toll enough of vessels in its time so that that part of the coast had been named, "The Graveyard of the Atlantic."

Coast guards were already bringing drowned men into the life-saving station. Crew and passengers had taken to the boats which had been whelmed inshore by the fury of the sea. The procession of sightseers from the town separated and plowed their way up and down the beach as though in some vague search. Gideon Dalton, Captain of White Horse Station, was giving orders to his men, while between orders he cried out:

"God! No end to it! All lost, every man jack gone! All of 'em drowned. No end to the trouble corpses is to the captain of a station."

He stood silhouetted against the sulphur-colored sky, a great bulk of a man, bellowing impersonally into the nightmare racket of the storm the trouble that he was going to have with the corpses, lists to be made out, long inventories to be sent to Washington, and while he shouted into space, the sulphur sky turned to the color of a bruise. It seemed as though death itself had come shrieking down on the sudden night. Far-off lightning ripped through the black horror of the sky. Those of the sightseers of death who had at first spread out along the shore fled back to the station. Then one sheet of lightning followed another and lighted up the shore fringed by greedy breakers.

Along the shore a single crazy figure wallowed through the wet sand, a woman trying to run, a woman without hat or coat, whose hair was lashed across her face like seaweed, whose wet clothes clung to her as though trying to throw her. The darkness of the unnatural night engulfed her again, and then another flash of lightning showed her straining on with incredible effort, a puny toiling thing shouting something inaudible through the storm's uproar. Some one said:

"It's Mary Nickerson!" It seemed impossible that the toiling, wallowing creature was the Mary Nickerson they had known walking Dennisport streets, proud and aloof.

She was almost spent as she gained the little group that went to meet her.

"There's a boy down—the shore—still alive. . . . Hurry. . . . Oh, hurry," she managed to wheeze at them.

"You'd better go inside, Mary," the captain begged her. She turned on him snarling.

"I'm going back with you, I'm going back—you'll say he's drowned, but he's not. He's not! When I dragged him out I felt he was alive." And as the coast guards started down the shore nothing would do but she must follow.

"How'd he get so far up on the sand?" Captain Dalton asked as they got to the inert figure of the boy.

"I pulled him up," said Mary. "A wave came along and licked against me. I felt something soft against my feet. I bent down and caught him just in time. I told you I dragged him out." Captain Dalton shook his head.

"He's dead, Mary—dead like the rest of 'em."

"He's not dead," she shrieked, "I tell you he's alive!"

They labored under the compulsion of her certainty as they'd never worked under Captain Dalton, though up and down the Cape he was one known for driving his men. But for all their efforts there was never a sign of life in the boy.

Now and again some one would lift a head to say, "It's no use," and at this Mary Nickerson would cry out,

"He's alive I tell you! He's alive!" There was no gain-saying her furious certainty.

She kept them at work, standing apart from the crowd, her disguise of kindly reticence torn to shreds. From the disguise there stepped out a creature with furious energy, with a will that overrode reason, a will, it seemed, that transcended death itself. "Possessed" was what people called it who saw her that day drive the Captain and the life-savers to what seemed a vain effort. She seemed as if cut off from the rest of humanity, cut off from her own life, filled with one overwhelming purpose, as though she had been hoarding her energy so this boy could live.

Then, after what seemed an incredible time, the boy began to fight for breath, and the coast guards were taking

Maxim Lopez back in the station. They carried back Mary Nickerson, too, for with the coming of life to Maxim life ebbed from her.

It was natural enough that Maxim went to live at the Nickersons and sailed with Captain Nickerson in the *Aurora*, for in those days almost every Captain had a "Portugee" boy. He was sixteen then, tall with wide shoulders, his gray eyes set apart and glints of gold in his hair, a "blond Portugee," they called him in Dennisport. There are blond tribes and red-headed ones in the north of Africa who came down on the old invasions and lost themselves, and there are traces of this northern blood in the Western Islands. These men of mixed blood are leaders always.

Maybe it was because of this northern blood of his, or maybe it was because she nursed him through pneumonia after he'd been saved from drowning off White Horse Bar, that Mary Nickerson felt about Maxim as she did, for her own son might not have been to her what he was. A hunger had gnawed always at Mary's heart. Her two children, both girls, had died as babies. Always she had wanted a son—and so had Darrow Nickerson. It seemed to Mary that she had failed the husband she loved that no son had been born to her. Life had thwarted her and left her hungry. Now Maxim filled the empty place in her heart. They understood each other, these two beyond race and beyond language, and there's no stronger love than this. It's true enough, too, that not all kinships are of the body. If ever a boy had a mother, Mary Nickerson was Maxim's.

She loved all of him, good and bad, lean and fat. She knew that Maxim Lopez was arrogant, that his pride matched Lucifer's. She knew when he set out to accomplish something he had it in him to be as cruel as hell's ice. But there was something in that which matched her. It was perhaps for this reason she could graft on him her hard moralities.

When he was hurt or angry he'd be like a closed house with a wall around it. There has never been a human being who looked as though made of granite as Maxim did

then. It was awful at these times to try to talk to him. His words would trickle down thin and sharp like the drip, drip of water from a glacier. And yet Mary Nickerson liked even this side of him. She gloried in the bitter strength of him.

When he had been sailing with Captain Nickerson for a year and Maxim was seventeen and with a strength that the young men talked of from New Bedford to Provincetown, one soft night Mary Nickerson was walking home from the post office, and under the silver maples she saw a woman standing and a man with her. A light from the arc lamp played over the woman's face. It was Bessie Deane, a young married woman the young boys ran after. She stood there poised, playing her game, her loose mouth alluring and red in the dubious light. The boy she was playing with was Maxim Lopez.

A feeling close to murder had Mary Nickerson in its grip. These were the women who tarnished the youth of boys, and who robbed them of their belief in women. She felt as if she could have strangled Bessie Deane gladly with her own hands. Mothers who are strong enough to look life in the face know this anger. You can protect a girl, but not your boy. She saw Maxim tarnished and despoiled and herself powerless to help.

"Maxim," she called, "Maxim, I've got a package to carry home. Will you help me?"

"Yes'm," he answered, and came to her running. For a while they walked in silence, he sensing what was in her mind and summoning up his pride to meet her, but when she spoke he had nothing with which to answer her. She was as little like the reserved quiet woman he knew every day as she had been the time she had come toiling up the beach to save his life. She told him of her years of waiting for a son, all her hidden despairs.

As Mary Nickerson and Maxim walked down the street together, she put her heart in his hands. Their talk left both of them shaken. When Mary Nickerson stopped, Maxim cried out, "I won' speak to her, I won' look at her again ever!"

What happened next wasn't perhaps Maxim's fault, but

before a week was over, he was walking up the street with Bessie Deane. They went past the Nickerson's big house, talking lightly, and at something she said Maxim threw back his head and laughed.

Mary Nickerson, sitting on her veranda sewing, heard him laugh and looked to see the two of them saunter down the street.

When Maxim came home for supper she served him without speaking. Maxim braced himself for battle. As she passed him she only said one thing,

"*You broke your promise, Maxim,*" and as she spoke it was as though she broke the current of understanding that had been between them from the days when she had been fighting for his life.

The *Aurora* was clearing that day for a long cruise, and all through the days of the voyage Maxim heard only one thing, "*You broke your promise.*"

He needed no explanations. One thing the world over a man must not do, he may not break his word. Maxim had broken his, broken it lightly, broken his word for a laugh of a light woman, after he had given it unasked. Broken his word after she had told him that her life had been barren for want of a son and that he had taken the place of the son she had never had.

Through the voyage he was dour and unapproachable. He had broken his word to his mother, who had twice saved his life, and who had trusted him so deeply that she had been able to say to him what few mothers can tell their sons.

It was a long time before life flowed in its old happy current in the big house. He withdrew from Mary unto his granite silence and in his silence he thought about her and her passionate revulsion from life's cheap compromises. In those weeks Maxim aged and his boyhood dropped from him like a garment.

Between the two of them so alien in blood, so close together, there was no formal reconciliation. What had happened had cut too deep. Time had to do its work.

But Maxim had made himself a promise that he would never again break his word; it was something forged into

him by the suffering of having failed Mary Nickerson.

A year later Maxim fell in love with Corona Corea, a Portuguese girl from the Western Islands. Mary Nickerson silenced her husband's talk that the boy was too young to marry with a short,

"Nonsense. He's the kind of boy who ought to get married early."

There was a little house close to the big one which Maxim had hired, and all day Corona was running in and out of the big one. So Mary Nickerson had a son and a daughter, and her life was full. Mary took Corona to her heart. These two women of alien blood understood each other from the first, and they were united by their love of Maxim. It was a matter of course that Maxim's boy should be called Darrow after Captain Nickerson. Mary let the town wag its tongue that she had "taken to Portugees" when there was a town full of New England people to choose from.

Corona was a beautiful, wilful woman who had a dominion over the heart of her husband that more submissive women never have. She was all soft curves and yet tall, too, and it was like music to see her walking down the street. People said she walked like Mary Nickerson.

No woman had more joy than Corona. Maxim knew what love meant, and that is rare in a man. One thing kept them from happiness—Corona never got over her fear of the sea. The last day before Maxim's vessel was due she'd go to the Nickerson's house and sit looking out of the window, the knuckles of her hands showing white with the intensity of her waiting.

Mary Nickerson hated fear. She hated Corona's anxiety.

"Fear's going to kill you one day, Corona," she'd say.

"I know," Corona would answer, dry-lipped, "I know."

Mary Nickerson was right. Fear in its own fashion took Corona. One time when Maxim's vessel was two days overdue, she heard it was sighted off the point, and she waited for hours in the slashing rain.

By the time Maxim's vessel came to anchor, Corona was shaking with chill, and three days later died of pneumonia.

After Corona's death it seemed that women no longer existed for Maxim. All the love of his heart centered around his boy. He couldn't bear him out of his sight, and though Darrow was only fourteen, Maxim took him to sea in spite of all Mary Nickerson could say.

The sea suited Darrow. By the time he was eighteen he stood over six feet, a mighty commanding figure of a man, and he and his father looked more like brothers than father and son. When they walked down the streets of strange towns, the women's eyes followed them, and turned to look at them. The blond strain came out even stronger in the boy. His blond hair had a deeper glint of gold and his eyes were a startling blue in the bronze of his face.

It was that year that some accident made them put into Provincetown Harbor. The crew came ashore and tramped up the board walk in their high boots, looking around as men do in a strange town, both curious and bored. Some drifted to a pool room, others remembered they had relatives they might visit. Some strayed out to Railroad Wharf, watching a seiner that had come in with a big catch of mackerel. Darrow and Maxim strolled down Commercial Street, and as always the eyes of women followed them. Maxim turned to Darrow:

"I'm going to go cruising in back. You wan' to come?" Darrow shook his head.

"There's a girl round here I know," he said.

"You go then look for your girl," Maxim agreed. "Mebbe I'll walk to the station on the outside. You know Tony Santos who useta sail with us, he's workin' out there."

Maxim walked out into the back country, and there he lay on his back and let the warm sun stream down on him. On the Cape spring comes with a loveliness no other country knows. When spring is lush everywhere else with the full green of summer, the leaves on hornbeam and silver maple and on the stunted, wind-blown oak trees are still shy and hesitating, while the back country is covered with white bloom of beach-plum and shad and honey-pear as with a bridal veil.

He looked up into the ardent blue of the spring sky, and it seemed to him that there slipped from his shoulders a

burden which he had carried for four years, and this was the burden of grief that hadn't left him since Corona had died. It had weighed him down so that the joy of living had gone out of him. Maxim's grief had been a lonely thing. He hadn't even been able to let Mary Nickerson within its circle. Suddenly its weight had slipped from him.

Maxim lay still and looked at the spring, the feeling as of the earth released from the iron sorrow of winter entering deeper and deeper in him. He was alone in this spring country, and yet he felt his heart flooded with tenderness as though this loveliness before him was not tree and blossom, but was part of some sentient creature.

Down below him the wind fluttered a girl's dress—a girl with red-gold hair, a thicket of beach-plum trees in full flower behind her.

She looked up toward the hillside, shading her eyes against the bright sunlight, as though she were looking to find Maxim there.

He walked toward her as if she had called him, sure that Life itself had made this appointment with this unknown girl. She stood quite still against the white background of blossom, looking at him quietly, without astonishment, then with a swift gleam of recognition as though he were an old friend who had been away a long time.

They stood together a moment without speaking, the girl's gray eyes meeting Maxim's squarely.

At last Maxim said,

"It's pretty here."

The girl assented gravely.

"Let's walk over to the dunes together," he asked her.

She came with him unquestioningly. When they had turned into the trail that led into the forest beyond the blueberry pasture, Maxim opened his arms and she came to him. Then he held her at arm's length.

"Are you my woman?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Will you come with me when I come for you next week?"

"Yes," she answered again, and for all she was a shy girl

and young, she met his look proudly, for she was a fit mate for Maxim.

They walked together, hardly talking, her hand in his.

"What's your name?" he asked her.

"Mary," she answered.

"My name's Maxim," he told her. "You live here all time?"

"I live in the last house before you come to Turtle Pond Trail, in back behind a dune."

Then Maxim noticed her worn dress and worn shoes, and saw she was a poor girl. This made him glad, as he would have the more to give her.

But he didn't go back the next week. When his vessel came to anchor in Dennisport they carried Maxim Lopez ashore with a broken leg. News traveled to the Nickersons before Maxim got up the hill, and Mary had him brought to the big house.

It was a strange enough talk that Mary Nickerson and Maxim had after they brought him to her house that night, for the first thing he said to her after the doctor had set his leg and he lay comfortable in the four-post bed, was,

"I found my woman."

"What's she like, Maxim?" Mary asked him.

"Oh, she looks like spring on the Cape, shy the same way."

"What's the color of her hair?" asked Mary Nickerson.

"It's red," said Maxim. "Her skin's tanned the color o' honey."

"How'd you meet her?"

"It was like this," said Maxim, telling what they had thought instead of what they had said. "I was in the back country and she was standing with beach-plum tree behind her—a great tall one. And I says, 'What you doing there? Was you standing there waitin' for me?' She laughs shy at me an' says, 'Well, I guess mebbe I was.' Then right off I knew she was my woman and I knew she loved me just lak I'm sure I love her. . . . An' I tol' her so."

"What's her name?" asked Mary Nickerson.

"Oh, her name's Mary," said Maxim, impatiently. "I jus' put my arms round her and I says, 'Mary, will you

marry me?' 'Yes,' says she. Nex' week I was goin' back to get her."

For all he was thirty-eight, he looked like a boy—he looked as if light were shining out of him. It seemed to Mary as if she could see the honey-colored girl with her shy ways, and proud enough and brave enough to know without discussion that Maxim was her man.

There were other things to think of than that. There were twenty-three men who made the crew of the *Maria Corona*, and the fish running as never before. There was a tramp of sea boots in the Nickerson's house, for a committee of men had come to see Maxim.

"They want to know who's goin' to sail your vessel, Maxim," Mary told him, for fever had him, and she had kept the men outside.

He lifted himself wearily.

"There ain't one o' them sons o' guns could sail a vessel, not sence my mate lef'. There ain't a navigator among 'em. Not a one o' 'em can take the sun—just like I couldn't if Captain Nickerson hadn't learned me!"

"You learned *me*, *pa!*" came from Darrow, standing at the foot of the bed. "Let me take her out, pa—let me!" He stood there, youth confident and triumphant.

"You couldn't take her out. Why, you ain' but eighteen."

"I got a nose for fish, pa. You remember trip before last, when I told you there was fish in the north'ard an' there was—we got the best catch ever."

"The men won't follow you for cap'n."

"You say the word, pa, an' they will. I'm your son, an' bigger'n any of 'em." Pride rose high in Maxim that day.

"Call the men, boy," he said. "If they tak' you for cap'n, good! It's you or no feesh till I'm well."

When the *Maria Corona* weighed anchor, it was with the youngest captain that had ever sailed from Dennisport. They came back with fish and more fish for three trips. It seemed that Darrow couldn't fail. The fish that the *Maria Corona* caught became a story of fable. A fable, too, her making the market a full six hours before any of the fishing fleet from Provincetown to Gloucester.

Maxim seemed these days to live in a golden web of hap-

pininess. He was so happy that it hurt Mary Nickerson to look at him.

"You'd better write to your sweetheart, Maxim," she warned him.

"I don' write ver' good."

"You told her you'd come and get her in a week."

"She knows me—my girl. She knows me. If I don' come for a year, she wait! I don' need write letters," he answered with the arrogance of love.

"You ought to write—women can't be left waiting."

"Who I'm goin to write to?" Maxim asked with his big laugh. "'Mary who lives in the last house near Turtle Road?' I don' know her las' name."

"But you promised, Maxim. You ought to send somebody with word. I'll go myself."

But Maxim wouldn't be stirred or moved. He would go himself in a little while when he was well.

His leg mended quickly. In three weeks Maxim was back in Provincetown's long streets. He walked down to the last house near Turtle Road, behind the dune.

Instead of a house there was a charred hole in the ground, and above it still standing a brick chimney that gave the aspect of a tombstone sacred to the memory of what had been a home.

A boy was going past.

"Where's the folks that lived here?" screamed Maxim.

"Gone," said the boy. "They wasn't Provincetown folks. They'd only been here a little while."

A chill like a cold wind swept down Maxim's back. Afterward he could give no account of the afternoon. He searched the town for news of the people who had lived in the little house near Turtle Road.

The house had burned and they had gone. No one knew where. They had not lived there long. The man was a poor fisherman. Only the nearest neighbor remembered a niece, Mary, who was always "in back"—a queer girl.

There was no trace of them. There was no one who knew Mary's last name.

Maxim came back to Dennisport with defeat eating his

heart out like acid. It seemed to those who saw him that they looked at some other man, for the fury of defeat had eaten into him, and this defeat was of his own making.

It was a hard summer and winter for everyone, with Maxim turned as though to granite and spending all his spare time on his barren search or clutching after Darrow with something of the thoughtless egotism of the old.

It was the middle of the next winter that Darrow told his father what Mary Nickerson could have told Maxim months before.

"I want to get married, pa!" said Darrow.

Maxim felt as if the sound planking of the vessel had given way under his feet.

"You wan' *what*?"

"To get married," Darrow repeated.

"You're nothin' but a kid, Darrow. Married? You?" He spoke with the scorn of a father toward a son, but it seemed as if his heart had plunged over a precipice.

"When I took out the *Corona* you called me a man."

They faced each other—equals, a tinge of gray at Maxim's temples, the boy in the young magnificence of his strength.

"You're right," Maxim said after a long silence. "Go get your girl."

"I'll bring her up tomorrow to Mis' Nickerson's. She lives down to Truro," said Darrow.

Weather was making the day Darrow brought his sweetheart to Dennisport. Work of some sort had kept Maxim from going to the station, and he walked wearily up and down the big house, Mary watching him. She knew what was in his mind, as she knew what was in her own. Mary made a pretense of talking.

"It's a nasty storm," she said. "These sou'westers are mean for vessels. Especially for those which aren't overhauled yet."

Maxim stopped his moody walk.

"There's fog outside. There'll be a welter o' strange ship-pin' in port come nightfall."

Then silence impenetrable fell between the two. Presently Mary broke the silence with:

"Here they come."

A little figure shrouded in raincoat and sou'wester followed Darrow shyly up the brick path.

Inside the house she greeted Mary, who busied herself with her guest's streaming clothes. The girl took the sou'wester from her shining red-gold hair, and then her eyes fell on Maxim, staring at her.

"*You!*" she cried. "*You here?*"

But Maxim neither moved nor spoke. The girl ran to him and laid her head on his shoulder as though she had known neither rest nor peace since last she had seen him. He shoved her head back and looked at her with hungry eyes.

"Are you still my woman?" he asked in a tender, savage sort of way.

"Yes," she cried. "Always."

They clung together, forgetful of everything but that they had found each other.

Darrow stood as if turned to a stone image. He looked at them first as though with the amazement of madness. Slow fury mounted in him—as though torn out of him by sheer courage.

"*May!*" he cried. "*Father!*"

They sprang apart—dazed, bewildered, staring at him with shocked eyes. Then slowly, like something mortally wounded, the girl crumpled into a chair and put her hands before her eyes as though to shut out the sight of torture.

"What's happened?" Darrow demanded. "What's it mean?"

But Maxim stood open-mouthed, struggling for words. The girl still kept her hands before her face.

"Why, don't you *see*, Darrow?" came Mary Nickerson's voice. "Don't you *understand*? Mary Burns is the girl Maxim found in the back country. This is *his* girl. The girl he couldn't find when he went back for her."

Darrow strode over to the girl. He took her hands from her eyes.

"Look at me," he pleaded. "Say it ain't true about him. You love *me*—May. You *can't* love him! He—he's *old*. Why we been goin' together months and months. Months

and months lovin' each other. May, May, speak to me. Tell me it ain't true. Why, you're promised to me. I know you love me. Say somethin'." He stood before her, wounded to the heart, bewildered—but still master of himself—still sure of her love. "You don' love him, I tell you. It's me you love. You loved me right off same's I loved you. Ain't that so?"

"I thought he was gone. I did love you."

"When you think you love him it's jus' a dream. A man you seen once. My *father*—old—"

The cruelty of Darrow's magnificent, unthinking youth hit Maxim like a blow.

"What you tryin' to do, Darrow?" he cried. "Keep her w'en she wants me? My girl?"

"Oh, she's free to choose," said Darrow. "But I know her. I tell you and I *know* she loves me!"

As though from a long distance came Mary's voice. "I—been waiting for Maxim all my life!"

"We loved each other, boy, w'en we looked at each other. I thought I'd lost her—now I found her again." Maxim spoke slowly, as though from the depths of a dream.

"Yes, and she'd forgotten about you. She loved me—why, we was goin' to be married in just a little while. She loves me, I tell you—*me, me*. She knows me— You jes' passed by one afternoon— What's that to the days an' weeks an' months we been together? You leave us be and she'll forget you fast enough like she done before."

"I never forgot him—not an hour, not a minute," said Mary Burns.

The two men faced each other, anger flaming high between them.

"What are you *doing*?" cried Mary Nickerson. "Maxim, Darrow—what are you thinking of, you two? *You two*, father and son fighting over a woman!"

Their rage died like the light of snuffed out candles. They stared at each other, the horror in Mary Nickerson's voice reflected in their eyes.

Maxim put his hand on Darrow's shoulder.

"We can't neither of us have her, boy. We lose each other if we do. I can't take her away from you."

"I'd take her away from you," cried Darrow. "I'd go to Hell to get Mary Burns. I wouldn't care if you was a hundred times my father. I never loved no other woman. You know that."

Again anger flamed between them. They faced each other without speaking. The room held the awful, unnatural silence of their conflicting wills. The two women were motionless, their eyes on the men. Outside the wind clawed at the windows and shook them and rattled them as with hands. There was no other sound. Both women watched Maxim. Slowly the anger between the two men died down again. They looked steadfastly at each other. At last Maxim spoke into the insane noise of the storm. He spoke in a toneless, unnatural voice, as though his tongue was unaccustomed to words.

"I can't—take her—from you, boy. You got my word!"

At this the girl sprang to her feet.

"I got your word, too, Maxim. He's right! Darrow's right! I got a right to choose."

"Then choose me, for God's sake!" said Darrow. "Me that you love."

"You two men can't say 'Yes' or 'No' about me. I choose you, Maxim, like I did the day I promised myself to you. If you don't want me, I don't want no one!"

Then it was as if the screaming of the wind blew the words from her mouth. She stopped, her head up, standing between the three of them.

Maxim walked to the window and looked out into the storm's fury. It seemed to him his flesh was torn with hooks. He loved Darrow as though he were his father and his mother both. And the thought of Mary Burns hadn't left him by day or night since he had seen her standing before the blooming tree. Love for her had overwhelmed him in a mighty tide.

He had given his word to her. He had given his word to Darrow. In his anguish he turned mutely to Mary Nickerson who was his mother, who had taught him to keep his word inviolate. It was as though he shouted to her above the racket of the storm: "*You* see I must choose between my love and my boy. I must choose between my word

given to her and my word to him. Such a choice is beyond me. Such a choice is beyond any man."

Aloud he said slowly: "I—don' see no—way—out."

Now suddenly the rain-swept street began to fill with people gesticulating and pointing out to sea. To Mary Nickerson's mind there came the memory of years before when a wreck had driven people from their houses in this way and she had found Maxim on the outside shore. The memory sent a cold chill crawling up her back, and when there came the sound of knocking at the door it seemed as though it was death itself that knocked.

A voice shouted, "Darrow and Maxim Lopez here? There's a vessel wrecked out in the bay. We gotto have volunteer life-savers. Comin' both of you?"

"Yes," called Darrow, without moving.

The four stood staring at one another in complete silence, until Maxim called to the men waiting outside,

"I'll be going with Darrow."

"You can't go," cried Darrow. "You're no good in a dory sence you broke your leg. You can't go!" He called to the two women, as he ran for the door. "Tell him he mustn't go. He can't go out in this storm." Horror was in the boy's voice. It was as though he left panic behind him, as he rushed out, shouting, "Keep him, you two!"

Then, with his going, an awful silence again held the room under its enchantment. Maxim looked from the girl to Mary Nickerson. He looked as though he could never gaze his fill. Suddenly Mary Nickerson cried out,

"You're not going, Maxim! You're not going!"

"I got to go," he answered dully. "You know I got to."

It was as though some message had been flashed between the two—as though this message held all Mary Nickerson had taught him, the sum of the years they had known each other.

He came close to her and spoke softly,

"I've got to keep my word, ain't I?" He held her gaze to his, as though pleading with her to consent to her own teachings. As though pleading with her, "There's only one way out. You know what that road is. Give me leave to go. Give me God-speed." So they looked at each other

for a moment. Then suddenly, at what she read in Maxim's eyes, Mary Nickerson shrieked aloud,

"*No!*" she cried. "*No, Maxim, No!*"

Still he looked at Mary Nickerson, the granite of his resolve eating away his love and his love of life. Mary Nickerson watched him. She saw all his softness hardening to stone before the necessity of action. There was only one road for him. He had made two promises. He could not keep both.

Then Mary Nickerson screamed.

"What are you thinking about, Maxim Lopez? Are you crazy?"

He looked at her, smiling. "I'm not crazy," he said. "You know I ain't," he said gently.

"But think of her," cried Mary, her face as white as her hair.

"I'm thinkin'—an' o' you and o' Darrow."

The girl huddled in the corner sprang up as though his words spoken so gently had been sharp stones he had thrown at her. She stood there like a flame between them.

"*What's all this about?*" she cried challengingly to Mary Nickerson. "What's it about? *Where's he going?* Where's my Maxim going?"

Mary put her arms around the girl.

"Why, it's nothing," she said, "just nothing. They've called for life-savers, that's all."

The girl released herself from Mary and faced her demanding,

"What made you scream like you did then? Women like you don't scream like that for nothing. *What's Maxim going to do?* I've got a right to know what's in his mind."

There was panic back of her words. Then Maxim opened his arms and she went to him.

"You're my man, ain't you?" she said.

"You know I am."

"As long as you live?"

"As long as I *live*." He stroked her flaming hair.

At that Mary Nickerson's hand flew to her heart as though to staunch a sudden mortal wound.

They spoke with the gravity of people reciting a marriage

ceremony, but at his "As long as I live" he pressed the girl to his heart again. From outside came the voice of the slashing storm and with it men's voices crying,

"Hey, Maxim! What's keepin' you?"

"Good-by," he said. "Wrecks won't wait."

For a moment he held her in his arms, then he turned to Mary Nickerson and put his arms around her also, and kissed her eyes and mouth.

They heard the slamming of the great door behind him.

*A powerful story even though
it is a tragedy. The
 climax is tremendous!*

FLORA AND FAUNA¹

By HARRY LEON WILSON

(From *The Saturday Evening Post*)

MA PETTENGILL paused in a process that she would call shucking the evening mail and conferred upon me the spicy items that Flora would grow up to be a stepper if not killed by violence in the meantime; that her brother Fauna, a hard-boiled brat of nine, would likely be soon put away in some good reform school, though gifted with a low animal cunning that might keep him free till he reached a ripe penitentiary age. This was rain from a clear sky. No names had been mentioned. I had merely remarked that since my last visit she must have suffered a loss by fire.

Taking a new trail that day from the creek bottom up to the ranch house, I had passed the site of what used to be known as Bunk House No. 1. Nothing remained of it but the blackened foundation timbers. The loss had been total and the holocaust recent. Various charred remnants of furniture and bedding made it seem that the place must have been occupied at the time of its destruction. There was even a suggestion of drama in the head and torso of a doll lying amid the ruins, staring fixedly skyward from eyes that had proved invincible. I had mentioned my discovery only to evoke the character etchings of an unknown, an unsuspected Flora and Fauna. Was here, perchance, one of those fragments of Arrowhead legendry that are so often my refreshment?

I played the waiting game and won. Ma Pettengill was now absorbed in the shucked mail; indignantly absorbed, for it familiarly appeared that the cattle business was nothing to engage the energies of one above the level of a witling. She looked up at me from what proved to be a chilling state-

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ment from her bank. She glared, indeed, over the tops of her glasses. Then she rumbled as follows: "Every day in every way, I grow debter and debter." I let it pass, while with eloquently moving lips she added and subtracted the various sums attesting her penury. Presently a just perceptible ray of hope lightened her gloom. She had evidently figured to some result unexpected and faintly promising solvency for perhaps another ten days. She thrust the trouble from her to the back of her desk, seemed to shrug the memory of it from her stout shoulders, briskly made a cigarette and said it was true she hadn't had to go on the county, though not boasting of it yet. Of course, if beef prices didn't look up, even this would be something to brag of. And about the burned cabin—— She thumbed a match into flame and drew with gusto on the new cigarette.

"Of course the old shack was no great loss. The wind had picked it up and looked it over half a dozen times—— been any good it would of took it along. And the women and children was saved."

"I noticed the remains of a doll——"

"Flora's doll. She called it Adeline. One of them that squeal when pressed. I tried to break that squeal, but I couldn't get in where it was without tearing its chest to pieces. Flora first slept on a cot in my room, and she had to have Adeline there, and she was a turner and a roller; and every time she turned or rolled over on the doll it would squeal, and I'd be waked out of my good sleep about six times per night. No wonder I was glad when she went to have her welfare took up in the cabin. I bet that doll will still squeal if you go down and tromp on its stomach."

I said post-mortems were gruesome even when necessary, and this would be but morbid curiosity; besides, the evening waned. Tomorrow, perhaps. Meantime——

"Meantime," said the lady, relaxing in her favorite chair before the fire, "ever notice how this generation of grown-ups has gone silly over the child? The young of the human species is sure getting noticed."

"Look at the advertising in them magazines on the table. When I begun to take magazines they advertised a sewing machine and a patent clothes washer and mebbe something

to restore the hair to its natural color. And now it's nothing much but schools for the young. Of course, there's a page or two about how to acquire a magnetic personality, or how to remember this here Addison Simms of Seattle on sight—say, I'll bet that man is a pest in his own home—or how to be a bank president, short hours, big pay, and so forth.

"But the other pages give schools for the little ones of both sexes, where they can have their welfare took up seriously and their personalities built and can learn self-discovery and self-direction and corrective gymnastics and foreign tongues and prob'ly reading and writing, though it don't say so. And they're for all ages. As soon as an infant is weaned, which seems to take about thirty minutes nowadays, it can be sent off to a personally looked-after school in a pure health-giving climate, where it can form good habits and get close to Nature and religion and outdoor sports and learn interior decorating, oratory, agriculture and basket weaving, and the fond parents don't have to look on its face again till it comes out of college twenty years later, because as soon as the school has a vacation the summer camps, that take up the rest of the magazine, open their doors to teach high diving and tree climbing and the use of wild animals, and how to stand up on a horse while the photo is took for the advertisement. This gives the parents leisure to think about the worthwhile things of life, even if they don't form more than a bowing acquaintance with their get.

"Then if parents ain't got the means to get shut of their offspring the year round, there's magazines to tell 'em how to culture the child even if they do have to keep it in a mere home. Here's one."

She reached for a magazine and held it up, its cover in three colors showing a tiny tot having its bath—The Earnest Mothers' Helper.

"It was left here by Mrs. Genevieve Pratt, that wanted me to subscribe for it at only three dollars a year. It's the easiest three dollars I ever saved. In my time directed play for the boy was bringing in stove wood, and for the girl helping ma with the dishes. The little ones hadn't begun

to have psychology yet, though nowadays I understand there's severe cases of it developed as early as six months, and no one had found out that they had personalities to build.

"They lived along with the family, being more or less coddled and cosseted, though licked in a sane proportion, and was raised by hand. Now they seem to be heaved or hoisted up by trained strangers or directions from these three-dollar magazines.

"I don't know—mebbe we're getting wiser about children, finding out about their adenoids and complexes and such; but then again, these new methods is certainly producing young ones that get viewed with alarm. Ain't someone writing to the papers every day that the young of both sexes is on the skids for the bad place and disclosing things about their night life that—well, it often leaves me with goose flesh, and I'm no sensitive plant. You get the general idea that girls are made to promise nowadays that they won't smoke nor drink before they're fifteen. I don't know. I really don't."

As this pitiful confession of ignorance seemed to end the lecture, I again sounded for Flora and Fauna.

"I'm coming to that," said the lady. Forthwith she did.

The father of them two is Professor Virgil Dorcy, and he's a widower and principal of the Red Gap High School, a nervous little man of very thoughtful habits who pretends that children ought to have a free rein, so his own won't bother him none. He's one of the defenseless kind that makes every woman want to be his indulgent mother. He made me feel that way. Last spring I was in town when school let out, and he tells me he's all run down and looking for some quiet spot in the great outdoors where he can rest close to Nature and win him back the vim needed for next school year. He certainly looks ailing and neglected, with his long pale face and long pale hair that needed roaching, and his nerves jazzed till he can't look you in the eye for three seconds without glancing away quick and tightening up to dodge something that ain't there.

He'd of appealed to the mother in any woman that had both feet on solid ground. So me, the old softy, I slopped over and said why not come up here for his vacation. I said we was entirely surrounded by the great outdoors, with Nature simply reaching for you on every hand; the food was plain but plenty, lots of sound-backed saddle horses and a trout stream with dense centers of population that was easy discovered.

He brightened and wanted to know was there also butterflies. I said we grazed a large herd from which the common stuff had been culled till only pure-breds was left; and, further, I was sending East for a yellow-winged bull with blue polka dots that was pedigreed a mile and would be sure to give us something still fancier. This seemed to go just over him, but he said it was rarely thoughtful of me, and he might accept the invitation, not alone on his own account but for the sake of his motherless babes, who perhaps, needed peaceful surroundings more than himself. He said he was teaching 'em to be self-directing in their growth, allowing the fullest play of their budding instincts so they could come into their true individualities with no opposition, and so forth—only in the Red Gap public schools this theory was not yet fully valued, and his little ones, and even himself, had been harshly criticized at times by folks that wasn't up in modern child culture.

I got a slight chill listening to his last verse. I'd forgot his kids when I asked him up. I like a peaceful life myself at odd moments, and this free-budding-instinct stuff didn't sound winning. I'd noticed such talk before in two or three people that make up a theory about child culture to fit their not having the pep nor the public spirit to give their offspring its severe needings from time to time. But I couldn't welsh, so I said the kids, too, would be welcome and would prob'ly find many innocent sports to while away the summer days. See this new patch of white in my mane? It hardly showed a bit gray when I uttered them laughing words.

The prof and I have this chat in the door of the Cut-Rate Pharmacy, and when we was closing the deal who should come in on the last of it but Mrs. Genevieve Pratt. Any

common gypsy fortune teller could of told me right then for two bits to beware of a nice feminine-looking widow lady with arch and artful manners and two children of her own whose culture had been took up seriously. I knew it was Red Gap tea-table dirt that this dame was trying to be more than a mother to Virgil Dorcy, but I didn't know the rest of her baneful activities. I thought it was only woman's wiles when she horned into our talk and coquetishly accused the prof of wishing to desert his dearest friends. And I wasn't much startled when she said, oh, how darlingly perfect it would be if only their Earnest Mothers' Circle could make my place on their summer outing with the little boy and girl persons! What a treat it would be for these town younglings to penetrate the vast woodsy silences close to Nature's pulsing heart, where they would be hourly reminded that their bodies was God's little temples!

I admit I forced a kind of a throaty laugh at the jolly idea, not having the manhood nor the foresight to tell her she'd be jailed if she tried any such outrage. I smiled from the teeth out and said, yes, yes, how wonderful, thinking she was only a woman talking before a man for effect, the way God's noblest women will, and that ten minutes later she'd be thinking of something else. I hadn't then heard of the Earnest Mothers' Circle—didn't know that children have psychology before their voice changes, and certainly did not know Genevieve Pratt's talent for pulling the outrageous.

She's a plump, bubbling little woman with fluffy light hair and a doll's face, you think at first, till you notice she has a cold, stony blue eye without a sign of human emotion in it, which makes her more doll-faced than ever, because these eyes are reg'lar doll's eyes that open and shut with a click and never change their look even if murder happens.

We parted that day, still laughing over what a good joke it would be if the Earnest Mothers' Circle should ever get earnest enough to beset me with about a dozen of God's little temples in full swing. And me muddle-headed enough to forget the idle threat of a woman trying to show off and being only a little scared by the prof's self-directing

progeny. He said he wished 'em to develop initiative. They did.

In a couple of weeks along he comes with the motherless pair. He turns 'em loose on the range, no halters, hobbles, sidelines, no nothing, and puts 'em thoroughly out of his mind except at mealtimes, when their self-direction with different foods is likely to claim the notice of all beholders. But even here he don't try to correct their habits. And between meals he devotes himself to butterflies and the better-class insects. He did try fishing once, but come back with two trout so small they couldn't of learned to swim good, and was probably weak-minded to boot. Butterflies was his long suit. When he wasn't hitting the butterfly trail he'd be talking about the complex-inhibited conflict between the child's primitive wish-feelings and organized society, or some such truck that would be symbolical and peculiar in every way.

The kids was just a pair of ordinary heathens the first couple of days, till they got it through their heads that there wasn't a policeman within thirty miles. I could see 'em giving me steely cold looks, trying to measure up how strong I was organized against this primitive wish-feeling stuff. They had gimlet eyes you couldn't deceive, too. They decided rightly, after a couple of looks and a little bland conversation, that I was one who simply would not let self-directed intellects do any budding whatsoever in the house, but that outside they could wild up to any reasonable extent.

Flora was seven, and had an angel face with golden curls that would keep most folks from guessing her moral infirmities. Clifford was nine, and had a legible face that wouldn't of fooled anyone but his father, who seldom looked at it. Clifford was plain outlaw, poison hostile from the feet up.

After they got me sized up right they behaved in the house like a couple of slinky wild animals that know they'll be shot at the first false move, but outside they curbed no instincts. They roved and ranged, strayed and straggled. If they made a noise, yelling, howling, bawling, you'd know it was innocent merrymaking. But any time they

kept still you knew it was some depraved enterprise like setting a steel trap that would catch the dog, or chasing the cat so high up a tree it wouldn't dast climb down, or pecking rocks at the barn swallows' nests, or trying to ride some colt that had never been set on, or pretending the hens was bisons to be shot with a bow and arrow, or seeing would anyone break a leg when they tripped over a wire stretched across the path, or ringing the Chink's dinner bell at odd times and yelling fire, or bringing live frogs to the table. That was about the first day's program, with mebbe a few numbers I've forgot.

The prof got little of the entertainment, nothing to disturb him. He said at the supper table how delighted he was that they had found a place where they could romp merrily without exciting narrow-minded criticism; and went on to say that children had wondrous possibilities, and if anyone threw a newborn babe into the water it would swim the same as a duck. The children wanted to know why he hadn't pushed them in, because they couldn't swim even yet; but he was talking about something else symbolical or scientific by that time.

The second day Flora picked a beautiful bouquet of poison ivy that took a lot from her witchery after it got going good, and brother gets out that star-faced buckskin that would buck off a porous plaster and started to have a nice gallop over the lea. He was sore, too, that night, with a lot of skin off and a sprained wrist; but I was as philosophic about 'em as the prof this time. They'd been told about the poison ivy, and not to get gay with horses. But neither of 'em was cast down a bit. Brother wanted to know why I kept a dog that would bite children in the leg; why didn't I sell him and buy a tame dog; and sister nearly drove me crazy wanting to know a riddle that the answer of was "A white horse." She'd forgot the riddle, but knew the answer. And then brother wanted to know if you could shoot a sheriff, because he'd seen it done in the films, but didn't hardly believe it; and sister asked if she climbed a tree one hundred feet high would they have to get her down with a ladder or an airplane, and if I was a real cowboy, why did I put on a dress like ladies when I

come in at night. I finally got to sleep while she was telling me how she would love to go down on the floor of the main ocean and catch fish. She said you could use a pincher pick to catch 'em with, and that after she learned to swim this would be her favorite pleasure. I slept till the first time she rolled over on Adeline.

But they was so bright and well-behaved at breakfast next morning that I got as weak-minded as an earnest mother and said I'd give 'em a nice safe horse to ride, thinking it might keep 'em out of some unlawful iniquity. I had old Dandy Jim caught up and saddled. He's fat and lazy, having been retired on a pension at the age of twenty-five; but to these two he looked like a bounding steed of the prairies, and when I left they was taking turns trying to scare him out of a walk. After I'd gone they found a couple of poles that would do for spears and had a Wild West show. Flora said they was good spears and would stick into a hostile person first rate, and she had nearly rammed brother's right eye through his head. She told her father she had done it because brother was a cruel Indian that had scalped her child in the Far West, and father merely said how sincere the child mind was in its instinctive dramatics, they being true artists on account of having no self-consciousness.

And they'd been artists in another event. Down on the creek flat they found a coyote that had been poisoned about two weeks before and brought it up here, pretending they was returning from the hunt. The Chink out there ain't especially sensitive, but he was getting ready to tear out the kitchen sink when I come in that night, thinking something unfortunate had happened to the drain pipes. But I snooped—and I ain't any bird dog, either—and was no time at all locating the infamy. It was under the front porch, where it was going to be kept as a plaything from time to time. It wasn't. Flora was nice enough about it. She said she'd knew I mightn't want it in the house, because it had not been alive for too long; but she hadn't thought I'd mind it under the porch. But brother was right sullen when his treasure was took off. He said what was the good of finding things if you couldn't keep 'em.

Next day they put on a movie show by robbing the bunk house of some chaps and spurs and a couple of loaded forty-fours. It seemed brother wanted to keep both of 'em and be Two-Gun Gus or someone and rescue sister from a band of train robbers; but sister wouldn't have it. She said give her one of the guns and she'd rescue herself. So they wrangled over this till one of the things went off. There's the hole still in that front window, and the bullet went clear through to the Chink's room, where it busted one of his best devil charms.

I don't know how they fired twelve shots that day without some human or animal being all ruined up. A spent bullet pinged into the gatepost just as I let myself into the yard that night, and I ducked behind a tree while two more shots was fired. I didn't come out, either, till I heard the prof rebuking the mischiefs. He'd had the narrowest escape. Coming up that cabin trail with his daily mess of butterflies, he'd got the last bullet neatly through his straw hat. A couple of inches lower and he'd of had his last say about child culture. But, of course, them guns are heavy, and childish hands can't hardly hold 'em from overshooting. I cheered the prof with this information.

It was Flora nearly got her pa, and she explained it was entirely an accident. She was keeping this last bullet for herself because she was besieged by red devils and must shoot herself to escape a fate worse than death. So she said. And she'd got nervous with her trigger finger. Ain't it grand how the movies teach what young children ought to know? And the prof was right severe with me for leaving loaded firearms where the exploring intellects of the young would be sure to wonder about their uses and so be led to experiments that might prove calamitous. He was poking a finger through the hole in his hat when he said this. I stayed meek and said it wouldn't happen again, and that was another day. I was getting right jumpy by this time if I heard a scream or a fall or caught a threatening smell.

All weapons was under lock and key next day, so no one was shot. They only got sick. They still played movies

only now they was Arabs living far off in the Sahara desert in a tent made from two of my real linen sheets they'd found at the bottom of a chest. They still had the horse, so the he Arab would ride off into the sandy waste to hunt gazelles and mebbe come back with one that looked much like a chicken, or they'd go round to the kitchen and stick up the Chink for provisions, both being food weevils, and the Chink never argued any after the shots of the day before. He handed out what was called for. This he Arab was the Sword of Islam, he said, and the other one he'd captured from a caravan and brought to his desert home. He had a towel round his head, and wore my best silk kimono with the belt stuck full of carving knives and such. He'd found the kimono in a closet, after finding the key to the closet under a pincushion.

Still, it wasn't such a festal day, because in a sideboard drawer that he found the key of on the clock shelf he found a box half full of cigars that was left here by someone, and him and sister had smoked themselves pallid and empty by the time the blessed children's hour come round. Sister was a hollow and shocking sight, and the Sword of Islam had been ravaged a whole lot and neither of 'em wanted supper. When you got the two together they smelled like a cheap saloon late Saturday night.

The prof said he'd never made the common mistake of forbidding his little ones to smoke, but had merely asked 'em not to indulge in the habit by stealth. They both said they'd never again touch tobacco. It seemed to distress 'em even to think of it. The prof said this showed how wise it was to let the exploring minds find out things in their own way. So next day I locked up everything that had a key, including the house, and I didn't hide the keys. I took 'em with me. And I made the Chink lock up all the matches in his private chest that has four locks to it. I was right puzzled that they hadn't yet burned the house down in the course of their personality building. With all their splendid opportunities, it looked like they might be a couple of mental defectives.

For a few more days they was pernickety and pestering, though not achieving any devastation that really stood out,

At least I didn't look around the place any too close, and I was always afraid to ask what childish pranks had took their fancy during the day. I was willing to meet 'em halfway—willing to live and let live.

Then I get in one night and the telephone begins to ring while I'm unlocking the door. It's the McKeever ranch talking, a place down the valley about halfway to Red Gap. Mrs. McKeever is speaking. She says she's been trying to get me all day, having something to tell me for my own good. She says a passel of grown woman idiots, with about thirty children packed into three cars, come down on 'em last night and tore the place up till it looks like they might be able to collect on their tornado insurance; and when they left this morning, with every able-bodied person in call helping 'em to pack, they let out that they was on their way to my place to spend a long hearty summer in the great silence where they can get close to the heart of Nature. And I'm to beware of the bunch, because the great silence won't have a look-in wherever they throw down; and besides bumping the heart of Nature, they will damage everything else, with children infesting the house like rats in a corncrib.

She's still giving me the loathsome details, and saying how the law should take its course with such noxious depredations, and how if she had such a baneful bunch of brats around her for long she'd certainly quirt 'em a-plenty; and I'm scared stiff, wishing I'd of got the tip earlier so I could of locked the house and throwed the key down the well and beat it for the brush, when I hear a blast of motor horns down at the first gate, and then comes a blast of yells in fresh childish voices, and there I'm caught between hell and high water.

I snatched a shot of gin to see would it make me think quick, but all the inspiration it give me was to jump into bed and say that all the signs pointed to smallpox. With ten minutes more I might of put on this sketch; but even before I could get to the bedroom the invasion had parked in front of the door, and Mrs. Genevieve Pratt is bouncing up the steps with a glad light of welcome for the outfit shining in her butterball face. She squeals and grabs me

by the arm, drags me through the door, holds up her other hand to the packed cars and says, "Now, children, one, two, three!" And the kids recite a yell while Mrs. Pratt led 'em with an arm. It was something about "Who are we—who are we? We are the jolly little so-and-sos of the something-or-other, and who's all right—who's all right?"

Of course it was me that was all right. I managed to grin and not show that my knees was knocking. Then the leader gives another signal, and they bust into a song about the fruits and flowers and vegetables and the little lambkins frisking o'er the lea and God's angels of mercy hovering above with the fondest love, and it had three verses and chorus, and this fat-faced maniac led with both arms. But it give me time to make my knees behave and face the foul situation with some intelligence. I knew I was licked; nothing to do but try to keep down the indemnity.

The song ended and the cars begun sweating children at every pore. At first they did look to be thirty, like Mrs. McKeever had said; but I now got a count on the herd and there was only nine. It'll show you the strain I was under—that nine looked so much better than thirty, though, of course, I'd as soon drive five hundred head of stock as one hundred; 'tain't any harder.

The earnest mothers was now wringing my hand and saying how good to get here and it had seemed like home the minute they passed through the gate—which they had left open—and now will I show 'em some lovely wooded spot where they can make camp. There was four of the women—Mrs. Pratt with her two children, Mrs. Tracy Bangs with four and Cora Wales with three, and a Miss Thompson that wasn't a mother at all, though I noticed she was looking earnest enough about something. She was the drawing teacher in the Red Gap schools and had been cafoozled into the thing so she could get a nice rest.

She was a good-built girl of thirty, wide between the eyes, with warmish hair and a firm nose and jaws looking like they might be made of concrete, and large able hands that she seemed to keep steady control of. You know how lots of women droop their hands or let 'em go in weakly flourishes. This one didn't. Then I got another thing

about her. The three earnest mothers was straggly and draggly and unhooked and unpinned, with loose, dusty hair, and wearing flummeries unfit for their trip. But this girl had high-laced boots and a short tweed skirt and a blouse that I don't see how she'd kept it fresh-looking, and a proper man's hat and neat gauntlets and she might of stepped right into some show window to advertise Quality Sport Togs for Those Who Care.

Then I thought no wonder she could look neat, with no kids to look after; but soon the mothers are telling me how they had two blow-outs yesterday and three today, and Miss Thompson changed all the tires, having a perfect genius for mechanics, and Miss Thompson now says where do they make camp, because it's an irksome job; and at the same time she gets the four Bangs kids back into line from where they was trying to climb up the porch. I had a hunch then that she'd been doing more than change tires.

By this time I'd thought of the old bunk house that ain't been used for years by anyone but wood rats, and I tell 'em to take it over; and Mrs. Pratt says it will be ideal if ventilated, and I say it is, because you could of throwed a dog through it almost any place; so she and Mrs. Bangs and Miss Thompson drive the cars down, followed by the children, singing their glee about lambs and angels. Flora and brother had come to watch and listen. They looked stony, not to say hostile.

Mrs. Cora Wales stayed behind to chat, keeping her youngest, which is a fat male of two and naturally called Buster. Cora says it is a glad relief to get a ranch where the old-time true Western hospitality is still practiced with an open hand, because they had stayed overnight at a ranch down the valley—she didn't want to mention any names—where the fine edge of this hearty old spirit seemed to of been just the least mite dulled. She said they had merely camped there, and give no one the least bit of trouble, because their system was so well organized and the dear young boy and girl persons so finely disciplined; and yet somehow they had been let to feel that the people would just as soon not of had their company. She next said she s'posed she should be down helping to make camp, and yet she

didn't know, because Miss Thompson was so capable, and was even likely to get snappish if parties tried to help her; an excellent creature, she said, but not overly gifted with tact; taking a good deal on herself like she was a manager, and making others feel they was in the way. Still, she might as well stay here till supper was got ready.

Then our chat—as Cora called it—was broken up by Buster.

He'd set on the floor by the fireplace, nice and quiet, putting little handfuls of ashes in his hair, and he looked me over and opened up his face in kind of a sticky grin, showing all his uppers, so I reached for a box of marshmallows and held it out to him. He took two in each hand and stuffed the first handful into his mouth. He tried to stuff all four in, but give up after looking puzzled a minute. He starts to work on the first two, when his mother beams proudly and orders, "Say thank you to the beautiful lady, Buster darling." And Buster looks at her, helpless. So she says more firmly, "Be a little gentleman and say thank you to the kind lady!" Buster looks serious at this, but his jaws is still set. Then Cora is severe. "Buster Wales," she tells him, "say thank you this minute to the nice lady!" and fainted with her left at him. Buster's face went purple and got all crinkled and puckered; then his mouth opened and he yelled so strong that the two marshmallows come swiftly out just ahead of it, and this made him mad as well as afraid, so he cut loose with all he had.

Flora had sneaked in to watch this, and now tried to give him back the two slimy marshmallows probably to see if he wouldn't do it again, but the mother stopped this, and when Buster begun to hold his breath she told him the angels of mercy would be mad as thunder at him, or words to that effect, for acting the rowdy. Cora never did get the idea, but I'll bet the angels of mercy knew that nobody can crowd two full-grown marshmallows into the human mouth and win any prizes for elocution. Anyway, Cora now said we might as well stroll down and see how their comfy little home from home was progressing, and Flora begged to lead Buster, which his mother permitted. Flora was bland but wily, and I watched her close. She was fascinated

by Buster. I was afraid she wanted to get him off some quiet place and open him up to see how the yell was made.

We get down to the cabin, and at once I see that their system is well organized like Cora had said. It's a wonderful system, being to let Miss Thompson do all the work. She's got her sleeves rolled up and is moving as fast as some hand on piecework. The stuff is out of the cars, the folding cots for the ladies set up, blankets on the floor for the so-called younglings, the two-burner oil stove is fired and Miss Thompson is already measuring things out of the grub sacks. The answer to that girl was easy read. Ever know a party of green campers where one person didn't do most of the real work while the rest sit around and say, about every twenty minutes, "Isn't there something I can do to help?" I could read this girl's future without one look at her palm. In a few days they'd be kind of harsh every time they caught her trying to shirk, like she was hired help. Just for the moment, though, they was buttering her up with things like "Ain't Miss Thompson wonderful?" and saying that, of course, each must do her share.

Cora Wales had picked a bunch of petunias, which she now stuck into a tooth mug, saying didn't they add a tender touch. That was her share. Mrs. Tracy Bangs' share was tacking up flowered mottoes on the wall, telling the little ones to give out happiness and practice having the clean heart, and to think only love thoughts, which would banish the hate thoughts and all such. Mrs. Pratt was doing her share by telling the boy and girl persons a dear little story about Peeps, the really truly sunshine fairy that lives in a marble palace high above the clouds and brings sunshine to earth for all good children. The kids listened politely, all but Flora and brother. They was still aloof and stony, watching every move that was made. You could see they didn't take a nickel's worth of stock in Peeps the sunshine fairy. What they reminded me of—a couple of redskins come into the settlement pretending to be peaceful but merely looking it over to see where it will be easy to attack some dark night and butcher all the whites.

I stood around a bit, stirring mush for Miss Thompson while she was slicing bacon. I asked why these other able-

bodied females wasn't splitting the labor with her, and she merely said it was less trouble to do it herself. So I helped her neat up the grub sacks and told her about the wood rats and to look out if it rained, because the roof was also ventilated, and then I went back to my own meal, snatching another unit of gin before same. That's what these kids was rationed on—units. So many units of calories and so forth, which hadn't been invented in my own childhood.

After supper I strolled again down to the comfy home from home, not being able to get it off my mind. It had a name now. Tired as she was, Cora Wales had made a rustic sign to put over the door. It read Kamp Kozy, and Miss 'Thompson nailed it up when she'd finished the supper dishes. The ladies was all gushing about the great out-of-doors and how good their supper had tasted, and, really, Miss Thompson had a perfect genius for cooking; it had to be born in one, didn't I think, and I certainly did, and the kids had et their so many units of burned mush and was now turning in. They did seem a lot more docile than the prof's two. Not one of 'em had started anything yet. When I looked into the cabin Mrs. Pratt's Orlando was in his pajamas cranking his dollar watch, and when he'd done this he knelt down by his blankets and said a prayer. At least it was meant for that, because he was in the right position; but it was some jargon about out of the night that covered him, black as something from pole to pole, he was the master of his feet and the something of his soul, and under the something of something else his head was bloody but unbowed. He was a pale, goose-necked lout of nine, with whitish eyes, and it sounded kind of funny, his head bloody but unbowed; but them are the very words, because the eight other kids was pretty soon getting 'em off.

I says to Mrs. Pratt that I never heard this prayer before, and she said it was her own idea. She said the old-fashioned one about Now I lay me down to sleep was likely to work harm to the young mind, because the line "If I should die before I wake" would put the idea of death into their sub-conscience, which has lately been discovered, and it was much better to give 'em notions of resistance. I don't

know. I didn't see but what bloody heads was nearly as bad, and anyway, I think the now-I-lay-me prayer is about as good a one as was ever thought up; but I didn't say so, being only an earnest cattle raiser.

I went off to my own bed after a few words with Miss Thompson, who come part way with me. She said she felt the need of a moment's quiet and I let her have it. She stood still for a time, looking at the stars, and at last she says "I've never been superstitious, but the week before these good ladies persuaded me to this venture a friend gave me a great bunch of peacock feathers. And, of course, I'm not superstitious now, but facts are facts." Then she goes slowly back to her fate.

I hung around all next forenoon, thinking Flora and Clifford would probably indulge in some criminal practices; but I was disappointed. The new bunch was mostly Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and behaved almost like people, playing games and studying Nature and eating between meals when not watched. Even Miss Thompson had only one complaint about 'em. She said they'd boil out of their blankets early of mornings—she liking to get all her sleep—and begin to yell that oh, they was so happy! It was kind of another prayer. As soon as one waked up he had to begin saying, "Oh, I am so happy!" and keep on saying it in loud tones mebbe a hundred times until he felt a current of happiness streaming all through his system.

Miss Thompson said when they all got going together it was nothing to be waked up by, especially if a couple of the little girls was having snarls combed out of their hair and was bawling with pain and rage while they said they was oh, so happy! And Flora and Clifford had been down early, watching the exercises and genteel sports from the sidelines, and still looking disgusted and superior.

I rode out in the afternoon and got back to find that these two had tried to drown Buster Wales and now had the social status of lepers. They'd embezzled him from camp, where he was taking his nap, while the mothers was leading their procession on an instructive walk through the fields, telling 'em what everything was useful for. Buster was lured by these two down to the creek and told to look

at a pretty birdy in the tree, and then pushed off the bank into a pool to see would he swim like a duck as their father had said. And he didn't. He went glub-glub and was rapidly filling when they had sense enough to fish him out. He was still waterlogged when the walking excursion come that way.

It was that same night Miss Thompson told me the right name for Clifford—Flora meaning flowers and Fauna meaning different kinds of wild animals, which is what Clifford certainly is. It's about the nicest thing anybody could truthfully say of him. Miss Thompson said he'd ought to of been drowned in the baptismal font, and would soon have horns and hoofs if his feeble-minded father didn't get some capable woman to act as mother to him. I don't think she'd ever looked at the prof twice, except like a drawing teacher would look at a principal; but this notion had already come to her surface. I told her Mrs. Pratt was aiming for this mission in life, and she says God help the whole family if she lands it, because this was a woman that took all her mother sense from a magazine.

The prof heard about the attempted murder that night. He listened like it was some atrocity pulled by the Turks over in Armenia, something he wasn't responsible for and that didn't concern him much. Mrs. Pratt looked archly at him and said after all it had been a mere childish prank, and the prof looked grateful for this; but Miss Thompson stood up on her firm feet and said how about an operation? She said they was about to operate on the brain of a celebrated train robber to relieve some kind of pressure that makes you want to rob trains, so why wouldn't it work on Clifford and mebbe cure his criminal tendencies before the hangman got him? She was earnest about it. She looked like she'd adore to perform the operation herself right there.

Mrs. Pratt was indignant. She says all the child needs is a bit of understanding tenderness from a woman that devotes her leisure to a deep study of the child mind, and the prof must let Flora and Clifford come down and bunk amid these refining influences and learn the right things to say to their subconsciousness, and so forth. The prof looked

grateful again. He was glad to get rid of his son, who would take frogs to bed with him and kept two garter snakes in the top bureau drawer, and I wasn't a bit stricken at parting with Flora and her doll. But I noticed the prof hadn't been at all horrified by Miss Thompson's speech. He tells me later that modern surgery has achieved downright miracles, and what fine eyes Miss Thompson has.

Flora and brother slept with the bunch after that; but brother wouldn't learn the prayer, and he wouldn't yell mornings that he was oh, so happy. He said it was silly, because he already was happy. Still, he was among these refining influences, though both him and Flora was forbidden to go anywhere near Buster Wales. But it seems after a couple of days that these two is acting on the bunch like the cake of yeast you put in a crock of home-brew. There come a rainy day and the mothers are sitting up with me—Peeps the sunshine fairy being asleep at the switch, I suppose—when Clifford has a fight with Orlando Pratt, each wanting to be a leader of others, and Orlando come to tell his mother about it, his head being bloody and bowed too.

Mrs. Pratt was tactful, the prof being there, and said these childish disagreements was bound to occur, and now the boys must apologize and make up. Clifford was brought in, but refused to apologize, so Orlando had to do it all—apologize for getting licked—and under them circumstances Clifford consented to shake hands in a sullen manner. Miss Thompson then wished to know if she couldn't have at least three minutes entirely alone with Clifford in an upper chamber. The prof looked right interested at this suggestion, but the mothers all said that physical punishment was degrading, so that was dropped.

Clifford was now leader of the bunch, and again became the Sword of Islam, inciting his desert tribe into various kinds of marauding, having told 'em flat that there wasn't any Peeps the sunshine fairy, and got 'em entirely cold about knowledge of the birds and flowers. He corrupted more than one Boy Scout that had led a stainless career up to that time, like the day they come in with two pullets and a rooster that they said was wild chickens they'd found roaming the desert; and, being attacked by these fierce

birds, they had defended themselves with sling shots like Clifford ordered 'em.

The hunters was sent up to me to confess and find out what the damage was, but I said go ahead and have a few units of chicken stew and forget it, being thankful they hadn't killed a cow or a Chinaman or something. Mrs. Pratt said I should of imposed some penalty, like taking their badges away for twenty-four hours, and I don't have to tell what Miss Thompson warmly urged; but I was only too glad to drop it. I was thanking the gods every night for my unconquered soul and figuring it would stay that way longer if I didn't defend myself.

Then they had movies again. Orlando Pratt had seen movies took in Los Angeles, so he started to be the director; but, of course, that couldn't be, because Clifford had licked him; so Clifford was the director, except when he was the chief actor; then he'd let Flora direct, which at least kept it in the family. They got the prof's microscope and rigged it up on a tripod with a coffee grinder and they put on the fall of Rome. It was busy times for Clifford. Rome was attacked by savage Arabs and he had to be the Sword of Islam, riding Dandy Jim, and he had to be Nero playing an accordion he'd found in the bunk house, and he had to be a gladiator fighting with a lion, which he made Orlando Pratt take the part of in a fur rug tied around his waist—and he licked the lion till it threatened to tell its mother again—and then he'd go back and be the Sword again and scare the little girls, and between whiles he had to stop and grind the camera, and it was a good show except they had no real flames to burn Rome with.

The cabin was taking the part of Rome and Clifford would of touched it off gladly. He put it up to his tribe one afternoon when they'd got bored with the game, but the others seemed to think that something more than talk might come out of it, so they not only refused but threatened to tell on him if he applied the torch. But, anyway, they'd got to talking about fire, and Clifford brought out some matches and lit a few just to show how easy it would be. The Boy Scouts give him the laugh and said they wouldn't need matches to start a fire if they was going to

burn something, because they could start one without 'em the way the wild Indians did before matches was invented. Clifford hadn't heard of this and said they was liars, so they started to show him he didn't know everything. Orlando Pratt had a bow and a drill he'd made from directions in the Boy Scout book, and they set to work boring into a dry board and blowing on the hole till they all got tired, and still no fire, and Clifford said he knew they was liars, and, even if they hadn't been, why take so much trouble when you could do it by scratching a match? He again showed 'em how easy it was with modern methods. This was in the shade up against the back of the cabin, and he built him a nice little fire while jeering at the Scouts.

Pretty soon they told him he had to put his fire out or they'd run and tell on him. He called 'em some more names and said what good was it to have the burning of Rome if it didn't burn? But he put out his fire. He wasn't going to take a chance if the other Arabs wouldn't stand in with him. Then, with the fire nicely put out, he wound up a pretty fair afternoon by taking the bunch off to a yellow jackets' nest he'd found. He said it was full of nice honey, and didn't they want some honey, and they did, and went to it while he commanded the attack from a distance. He must of been happy for some time after that, especially when the frantic mothers was telling him what things would happen to him if he was theirs. He knew he wasn't.

And that was the night of the holocaust. I was waked up by earnest-mother screams of fire and one look out the window showed they had picked exactly the right word for it. I yelled to the prof and grabbed an overcoat and a pair of boots and beat it down to the scene of arson. The night-wear of a nation was there displayed, including one Chinaman's and about seven or eight cow hands that had been thoughtful enough to add reg'ler pants to theirs. The women was wringing their hands and yelling fire, and the kids was jumping up and down and yelling fire, and the prof wasn't a bit more help when he come running with the ladder he'd stopped for. He just stood there holding it.

But, anyway, there wasn't anything to do. Clifford's fire of the afternoon must of got into the punk they'd made

with their drill and then into the dry stuff on the ground, and there it had smoldered till it got good and ready, with a fine west wind to help. It had been just a rear and a pitch with that shack. It went off like the big set piece at a Fourth of July doings. They hadn't had too much time to get out, some of 'em being sound sleepers, and most of the bedding and lots of the clothes and all the grub was gone forever.

I felt downright relieved; a load had been took off my mind. So I tried to quiet the mothers and helped get a count on the little ones. Finally I got things calmed and we stood watching the merry flames lick up this tinder, and some of the Boy Scouts was soon telling of Clifford's fire that afternoon; and at this the mothers was flashing dirty looks at the prof, when out comes Miss Thompson from behind a tree, where she's been dressing. That girl would keep the judgment day waiting till she got dressed proper. It seems she's one of the heavy sleepers and had breathed a lot of smoke and was scorched some, besides losing all her toilet articles and a blouse she'd washed and ironed that day.

She didn't stop to put out any headlines about "Police Hunt Fire Fiend!" She looked straight ahead, very grim and moving like a sleepwalker; but she got to Clifford, grabbed the back of his collar, knelt on one knee, held him across the other and went into action. Corrective gymnastics! Her hands looked bigger than ever. It was grand. And the Sword of Islam had been caught at a sad moment, being out of his scabbard. His wails was music to all present.

Finally she flung the Sword aside and clutched Orlando Pratt, who was also dressed for it. Mrs. Pratt stood there in a trance of horror. So did the other mothers when the avenger got to their stock. Tracy Bangs 3d come next, and then the oldest Wales boy, and on down the line. The mothers would kind of whimper and draw in their breath loudly at each cruel blow. Not a kid had the sense to run except Flora, who was later found fifty feet up in a jack pine. This was the first time one of 'em had ever felt a human hand save in the way of kindness, and they wasn't prepared with strategies. Even the grown-ups had become

afraid of Miss Thompson. She'd went hostile for fair. She looked savage and crazy in the firelight, like one of them natives in the jungle that runs amuck and slices people up with a curly knife. And when she looked around the circle for someone that hadn't had theirs yet she caught Clifford again and give him a return engagement.

Then she stood proudly up, and when the shrieks had died down into whines and gulps Mrs. Pratt come to enough to call it an infamous outrage and beg the prof to do something drastic. So he does, but not what Genevieve expects. He stalks over to Miss Thompson, who was getting her breath back, and says, "I would like the honor of shaking that capable hand if it can bear further exercise." So Miss Thompson shakes hands with him after making sure he means it. And the prof talks again. He says, "How many times I have secretly wished for the courage to do what you have just done so beautifully! I hope you have made a better man of me."

Miss Thompson, at this, kind of gulps and sniffs like she's going to cry herself, but she chokes it down and says if she'd only had the courage to do it earlier they'd all be safe in their beds this minute.

Mrs. Pratt was coming back to this with some good stinger, but the prof said "How indubitably true!" so she only sniffed and said that if Miss Thompson had completed her instructive performance perhaps she would now permit the mothers to get their abused little ones under shelter of some sort.

Miss Thompson give her a quick eye at this, and says she's spanked every one that isn't too big for it, however deserving, and Mrs. Pratt sniffs louder and the prof grins and I brought the bunch up here to sleep. We rummaged out blankets and managed to get 'em bunked, and Mrs. Pratt soothed the little ones with a bedtime story about Herbert Hedgehog playing tag with Rollo Rattlesnake or something like that, though not being able to keep her mind on it well because the prof is out on the porch listening to Miss Thompson tell how firmness with the tots is often a blessing to 'em in after life. The prof had the look of a man hearing something good for the first time.

Of course, the Mothers' Circle has to leave next morning, having lost all their duffel in this here crematory. The prof is leaving, too, and he suggests that Miss Thompson ride down in his car. She accepts, and gets a cold look from Mrs. Pratt, that overhears it. Then she explains very prettily. She says she has never been superstitious, but she has noticed that she made the thirteenth in their little expedition, which may of accounted for what some people would call its ill fortune; and anyway they won't miss her, because there is no food left to cook and no dishes to wash. The mothers merely bit their underlips at this, and the prof says to me on the side, "She is unique. Don't think I haven't remarked that she did practically all the work for that outfit—and what fine eyes she has!" It was twice he'd said that.

And Miss Thompson says to me later, "There's something about the poor man that seems to arouse all one's potential motherhood." Just like that.

Then she give another flash of form when the prof got to the wheel, ready to start. Clifford, the outlaw, that she had basely assaulted the night before, had been hanging on her all morning and holding the hand that walloped him every chance he got; but him and sister still meant to have the front seat up beside father. They made a scramble for it. The prof starts to say "Now, now, my dears, I think Miss Thompson would prefer—" but they shut him off with yells of "No, no!" and each one still trying to get ahead of the other into the seat; and then Miss Thompson stills the storm. She puts her left hand on her hip, points to the back seat with the other and says "Children!" in a low, chilly tone. That was all. They climbed into the back seat like they was part of some machinery that had just been oiled. The prof just googled at her, and the watching mothers pretended they hadn't noticed what can be done with little ones after you got a firm foundation laid.

The prof drove off, and then the circle started. They was game to the last. They give their yell, with Genevieve leading, and then they sung a hymn entitled *Safely Through Another Week*. I joined in on that, and ten minutes later

it was so quiet here for the first time in a month that I nearly jumped out of my hide when a humming bird buzzed past me. It was another week before I wouldn't jump at a door slam or the Chink dropping a glass in the kitchen. Say, you know a man can set out and lead a horse to death—just walking—and that's what one tiny tot can do to any mother that takes her child culture straight without a chaser of common sense.

The speaker achieved this last bit with her face averted for mannerly concealment of the yawn that ensued. She then said that the line about sleep being "sore labor's bath" was one of the best lines Shakspeare ever got off. Anyway, it seemed so to a tired business woman. And, oh, yes, the engagement was announced. Mrs. Pratt said the creature had throwed herself at the prof's head, though close observers watching her work on his son that night would hardly have called it just that. Anyway she'd make a fine leader for any earnest stepmothers' circle.

As for this new child-culture stuff in general, mebbe so, mebbe not. For one thing, she couldn't remember that the young folks was so harshly spoke of in her day, when child culture consisted in teaching 'em to say "Sir!" and "Ma'am!" and not to chew with their mouth open. And, of course, you could put two and two together. At least she had heard of no amendment making this illegal. At the same time she reckoned that young folks had always been the same, and always would be, but it was now too late to prove this, so good night!

*a rather amusing, but otherwise
ordinary story*

THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN
SHORT STORY
OCTOBER, 1922, TO SEPTEMBER, 1923

ADDRESSES OF MAGAZINES PUBLISHING SHORT STORIES

NOTE. This address list does not aim to be complete, but is based simply on the magazines which I have consulted for this volume, and which have not ceased publication.

Ace-High Magazine, 799 Broadway, New York City.
Adventure, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City.
Ainslee's Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
All's Well, Gayeta Lodge, Fayetteville, Ark.
American Boy, 142 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
American Hebrew, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.
American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
American Scandinavian Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Argosy All-Story Weekly, 280 Broadway, New York City.
Asia, 627 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Black Cat, Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y.
Black Mask, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Blue Book Magazine, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Bookman, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Breezy Stories, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.
Brief Stories, 714 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
Broom, 47 West 34th Street, New York City.
Catholic World, 120 West 60th Street, New York City.
Century Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City.
Clay, 3325 Farragut Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Collier's Weekly, 416 West 13th Street, New York City.
Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Delineator, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City.
Designer, 12 Vandam Street, New York City.
Detective Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Dial, 152 West 13th Street, New York City.
Double Dealer, 819 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.
Everybody's Magazine, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City.
Extension Magazine, 223 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Follies, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Freeman, 116 West 13th Street, New York City.
Gargoyle, 7, Rue Campagne Première, Paris, France.
Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Harper's Bazar, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.
Hearst's International, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Holland's Magazine, Dallas, Texas.

- Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Liberator, 1009 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Little Review, 27 West 8th Street, New York City.
Live Stories, 35 West 39th Street, New York City.
McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.
McClure's Magazine, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.
MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Magnificat, Manchester, N. H.
Menorah Journal, 167 West 13th Street, New York City.
Metropolitan, 1926 Broadway, New York City.
Midland, Iowa City, Iowa.
Modern Priscilla, 85 Broad Street, Boston, Mass.
Modern Quarterly, P. O. Box 322, Baltimore, Md.
Modern Review, Winchester, Mass.
Munsey's Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York City.
Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.
New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.
Open Road, 248 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Our World, 9 East 37th Street, New York City.
Outlook, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Pearson's Magazine, 157 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
People's Home Journal, 76 Lafayette Street, New York City.
People's Popular Monthly, 801 Second Street, Des Moines, Ia.
Pictorial Review, 216 West 39th Street, New York City.
Popular Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Prairie, 368 Sixth Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
Queen's Work, 626 North Vandeventer Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Red Book Magazine, North American Building, Chicago, Ill.
Reviewer, 809½ Floyd Avenue, Richmond, Va.
S. 4. N., Northampton, Mass.
Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Saucy Stories, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Sea Stories Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Short Stories, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
Smart Set, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Snappy Stories, 35 West 39th Street, New York City.
Sunset, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telling Tales, 799 Broadway, New York City.
10-Story Book, 538 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Today's Housewife, Cooperstown, N. Y.
Top-Notch Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Town Topics, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.
True Story Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Wave, 5513 West Iowa Street, New York City.
Weird Tales, 854 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
Western Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.
Young's Magazine, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL ROLL OF HONOR OF AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

OCTOBER, 1922, TO SEPTEMBER, 1923

NOTE. *Only stories by American authors are listed. The index figures 1 to 9 prefixed to the name of the author indicate that his work has been included in the Rolls of Honor for 1914, 1915, etc. up to and including 1922. The list excludes reprints.*

(5678) ABDULLAH, ACHMED (*for biography, see 1918*).

Flower of Deborah's Choosing.

Once It Happened in the Black Tents.

Swinging Caravan.

(9) ADAMS, BILL (*for biography, see 1922*).

Lure.

Way for a Sailor.

(9) AIKEN, CONRAD (*for biography, see 1922*).

White Crinolines.

"ALEXANDER, SANDRA." (MILDRED ALEXANDER LEWIS.) Born in Plymouth, North Carolina, 1888. Lives in Norfolk, Virginia. Contributor to *Century*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, *Metropolitan*, *Collier's Weekly*, *The Green Book*, *Harper's Magazine*.

Van Zant Dinner.

ALLEN, HOPE EMILY. Born at Community (now Kenwood Station, Oneida), New York, November 12, 1883. Graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Student in writing of Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Graduate student at Radcliffe, Newnham, etc. Since 1912 research student in Middle English religious history. Author of many articles in philological journals. Lives in London, England, and Kenwood, Oneida, New York.

Ancient Grief.

(89) ALLEN, JAMES LANE (*for biography, see 1921*).

Alabaster Box.

(3456789) ANDERSON, SHERWOOD (*for biography, see 1917*).

Broken.

Man's Story.

Sad Horn-Blowers.

ANONYMOUS.

In the Alleghanies.

(345679) BABCOCK, EDWINA STANTON (*for biography, see 1917*).
Mr. Cardeezzer.

BEALS, CARLETON.
Song of the Whip.

(789) BERCOVICI, KONRAD (*for biography, see 1920*).
Happiness.
Ileana.
Jancu Gian.
Kinder Mechmet.
Master.
Muzio.
New Order.
Revenge.
Rutka.
Seed.
Stranger

"BOYCE, NEITH" (MRS. HUTCHINS HAPGOOD). Born at Franklin, Indiana, March 21, 1872. Author of "The Forerunner," 1903; "The Folly of Others," 1904; "Eternal Spring," 1906; "The Bond," 1908; "Enemies," 1916; and "Two Sons," 1917. Lives at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York.
Retreat.

BOYD, JAMES.
Flat Town.
House of Blocks.
"Shif'less."

BRANDE, DOROTHEA THOMPSON. Born in Chicago, January 12, 1892. Educated at Lewis Institute, University of Chicago, and University of Michigan. Lives at Croton-on-Hudson, New York.
Good Friday.

BROCHES, S. Born in Russia in 1886. College education. Left Russia in 1903 for political reasons. Actively engaged for many years in Zionist colonies in Palestine. Has wandered on foot widely over the East. Has been a sailor in the French navy. Student at the Sorbonne. Newspaper editor in Argentine Republic. Oriental correspondent on Jewish Daily Forward. Novelist. Lives in New York City.
In the Shadow of Hermon.

BURKE, KENNETH.
After Hours.

(36) BURNET, DANA (*for biography, see 1919*).
Beyond the Cross.

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(145678) BURT, MAXWELL STRUTHERS (*for biography, see 1917*).
Stumbling Feet.

(56789) CABELL, JAMES BRANCH (*for biography, see 1918*).
Thin Queen of Elfhome.

(4) CHAMBERLAIN, GEORGE AGNEW (*for biography, see 1917*).
Folded Wings.

(7) CHAPMAN, EDITH (EDITH CHAPMAN TRACY). Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, January 26, 1893. Graduate of Milwaukee Downer College and student at University of Chicago. Married. Since 1921 clinical historian at a psychopathic clinic in Chicago. Now at University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas.
Hegira.

CLARK, VALMA.
Ignition.
Two Men Who Murdered Each Other.

COATES, ROBERT M. Born at New Haven, Connecticut, April 6, 1897. Son of an inventor and nomad. Rushed to Cripple Creek, Colorado, at age of seven. Then a year in Seattle, followed by Alaska. Lived wandering life till age of eighteen. Studied at Yale. In Naval Air Service during war. Has worked in a tire factory, a burlesque theatre, and a mail-order house. Made a trip down the Mississippi selling maps, and was publicity writer for Muscle Shoals. Studied art, and spent two years in France. Now lives in Cincinnati.
Bisected Circle.

(234589) COBB, IRVIN SHREWSBURY (*for biography, see 1917*).
Chocolate Hyena.
Unbroken Chain.

(9) COHEN, ROSE GOLLUP (*for biography, see 1922*).
Katinka.
Voice of the Sod.

COLEMAN, LOUISE LORD.
Escape.

CONNELL, RICHARD. Born in Poughkeepsie, New York, October 17, 1893. Spent childhood in his father's newspaper office. Graduated from Harvard in 1915. Reporter and advertisement writer. On active service in France and Belgium during the war. Since 1920 has devoted himself to short story writing. Author of "The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon." Lives at Basque House, Green's Farms, Connecticut.
And the Night Shall Be Filled With Music.

CORBEL, JOHN.
Contact.

(79) CORLEY, DONALD. Born in the Piedmont country of Georgia "Where there were flowering pomegranates, and old, bee-haunted fig-trees, and red, bare hills, and a library, first used for building material—the books—in the architecture of dreams. I became an architect early in life; I am still one; with respect to 'little ships,' and in fantastic drawings, a portfolio of which was published in 1921. These two pursuits (involving an unending search upon beaches for the bits of wood that have been prepared by the sea for ships, and the quest for ancient parchment to draw upon), and the writing of stories—for which I have the greatest respect—are my chief interests and occupations, besides an active interest in the theatre (a play of mine was given last year; others under way) and a passion for music." First story published: "The Daimyo's Bowl," Harper's Magazine, 1919.
Price of Reflection.

COURNOS, JOHN. Born near Kieff, Russia, March 6, 1881. Came to Philadelphia at the age of ten. Left school at thirteen. Became an office-boy on a Philadelphia daily, and worked himself up to the position of associate editor on the magazine supplement. In 1912 came to London. Member of the Anglo-Russian Commission to Petrograd, appointed by the British Government, 1917 and 1918; in 1920 toured the famine areas of Central Europe for an English Food Mission for starving children. Authorized translator of Feodor Sologub. Has contributed articles on literature and art to various English, Russian, and American periodicals. Author of "The Mask," 1919, "The Wall," 1921, "Babel," 1922, "In Exile," 1923, and "The New Candide," 1924. Associate editor with Edward J. O'Brien of "The Best British Short Stories," 1922, 1923, etc. "The Samovar" is his first short story. Lives in London, England.
The Samovar.

CROSBY, MARIAN.
Space of Years.

CURTISS, PHILIP EVERETT. Born at Hartford, Connecticut, April 10, 1885. Graduate of Trinity College, Connecticut. Studied at University of Madrid and Sorbonne. Married. Newspaper man, 1907-10. In U. S. Army, 1910-16. Author of "The Ladder," 1915; "Between Two Worlds," 1916; "Crater's Gold," 1919; and "Wanted: A FOOL," 1920. Lives at Norfolk, Connecticut.
Party of the Third Part.

DAY, FRANK PARKER. Born in Nova Scotia, 1881. Graduate of Mt. Allison University and Oxford. Student at Berlin and Heidelberg. Trooper in King's Colonials Light Horse at Oxford. In

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1915 raised and commanded 185th Canadian Infantry Battalion. Commanded 25th Canadian Infantry Battalion of the 5th Brigade in France. Now a director in the Carnegie Institute of Technology, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
Epic of Marble Mountain.

- (7) DELANO, EDITH BARNARD (*for biography, see 1920*).
Rich and Strange.

DE WIT, AUGUSTA. She is a native of Java who writes in English. Author of "Island-India," 1923.
Orpheus in a Javan Village.

- (45689) DOBIE, CHARLES CALDWELL (*for biography, see 1917*).
Fallen Leaf.

- (367) DREISER, THEODORE (*for biography, see 1919*).
Ida Hauchawout.
Reina.

DYAR, MURIEL CAMPBELL. Born in Ohio forty-seven years ago in a country district, with a few little houses and a graveyard—the cradle and the grave. Went to Marietta College, Ohio, where her grandfather had taught Latin and Greek on an almost indispensable salary. Lives in Los Angeles, California.
Long Road.

FARAGOH, FRANCIS EDWARDS.
Curtain!
Distant Street.

- (47) FERBER, EDNA (*for biography, see 1917*).
Home Girl.

- (789) FINGER, CHARLES J. (*for biography, see 1920*).
Tale That Cost a Dollar.
Temple d'Arana.

- (12345) FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS (*for biography, see 1917*).
Bright Side.

GALE, ZONA. Born at Portage, Wisconsin, August 26, 1874. Educated at University of Wisconsin. Unmarried. Newspaper work until 1904. Author of "Romance Island," 1906; "Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre," 1907; "Friendship Village," 1908; "Friendship Village Love Stories," 1909; "Mothers to Men," 1911; "Christmas," 1912; "When I Was a Little Girl," 1913; "Neighborhood Stories," 1914; "Heart's Kindred," 1915; "A Daughter of Tomorrow," 1917; "Birth," 1918; "Peace In Friendship Village," 1919; and "The Secret Way," 1921. Won the Pulitzer

Prize for her play, "Miss Lulu Bett," 1920. Lives at Portage, Wisconsin.
Far Cry.

GERTRUDE, GERTRUDE S. Born in Hong Kong, China, of American parents. Educated in United States. Instructed in literature, painting, and music. Has exhibited her paintings in New York. Author of "Lemons and Poppies," 1923. Wife of James Oppenheim. Lives in New York City.
Mister 13.

(569) GOODMAN, HENRY (*for biography, see 1918*).
Button.
Fennia.
One of Them.
When the Tide Rises.

GORDON, DOUGLAS.
Wild Company.

"GREET, CARLOTTA." Childhood spent in the Middle West. After that an unanchored life in Chicago and other Western cities earning a living in various capacities from a cigar clerk to a newspaper reporter. Graduate of University of California. Came to New York in 1920. Was clerk at Gimbel's, and reader in a publishing house. Now travelling in Europe. Writing a novel.
Elegant Mr. Gason.

HAPGOOD, MRS. HUTCHINS. *See "BOYCE, NEITH."*

HARRIS, ROBERT J. Born at Milton-of-Campsie, Stirlingshire, Scotland, December 7, 1887. Educated at High School of Glasgow and Trinity College, Glenalmond. Chartered Accountant and Certified Public Accountant. Came to America in 1911. Naturalized. First published short story, "Stoves," Munsey's Magazine, August, 1922. Has published some verse. Lives in Cleveland, Ohio.
Renown.

(89) HART, FRANCES NOYES (*for biography, see 1921*).
His Majesty's Adviser.

(7) HOLDING, ELISABETH SANXAY. Born in Brooklyn, New York, 1889. First published work, "Invincible Minnie," 1920. Since then other novels and many short stories. Has been a governess, a teacher of English to foreigners, a typist, etc. Married George E. Holding of London, 1913. Has two children. Lives in New York City.
With Unbowed Head.

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- (6) HULL, HELEN R. Born in Albion, Michigan. Graduate of University of Chicago, 1912. Taught English at Wellesley for three years. Now Assistant Professor of English at Columbia University, where for eight years she has been teaching short story writing. Author of "Quest," 1922, and "Labyrinth," 1923. Lives in New York City.

His Sacred Family.

- (234568) HURST, FANNIE (*for biography, see 1917*)

Brinkerhoff Brothers.

Seven Candles.

JAMESON, HAUTE MARY BOOTH TARKINGTON. "She is of a literary family. Her mother, Elizabeth Booth, who founded one of the first Woman's Clubs in Indiana, was a woman of brilliant attainments. Through her teachings and wisdom, she was an inspiration to her son and daughter. Newton Booth of California, Mrs. Tarkington's brother, governor and senator from that State, was a writer of note, lecturer and statesman. Judge John S. Tarkington, Haute Booth Tarkington's father, wrote several widely known books on philosophy and occultism.

"It was an atmosphere of 'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man' that surrounded Haute Booth Tarkington and her brother, Booth Tarkington, and made the Tarkington Home one of the centers of the literary life of the town.

"After Haute Booth Tarkington's marriage with Ovid Butler Jameson, her new home across the way (always spoken of as the "Other House") was but a continuation of her earlier life. It was here, as well as in the earlier house, that James Whitcomb Riley was a constant and devoted friend and guest—where General Lew Wallace came—William Dean Howells visited—Sir Oliver Lodge, Henry James, and Arnold Bennett were entertained. Literature, music and art were represented. The guests who come are the ornaments of a home. When the "Other House" was completed in building, the Jamesons invited a party to the dedication of the house, the minister of the Presbyterian church, to which Haute Booth Tarkington belongs, made the dedication one to be remembered, dedicating the home to the uses of the Lord, and hospitality."

Last Witch.

- (9) JITRO, WILLIAM C. G. (*for biography, see 1922*).

Spring Song: Night on the Fields.

JOHNSTON, MARY. Born at Buchanan, Virginia, November 21, 1870. Educated privately. Unmarried. Author of "Prisoners of Hope," 1898; "To Have and To Hold," 1900; "Audrey," 1902; "Sir Mortimer," 1904; "The Goddess of Reason," 1907; "Lewis Rand," 1908; "The Long Roll," 1911; "Cease Firing," 1912; "Hagar,"

1913; "The Witch," 1914; "The Fortunes of Garin," 1915; "The Wanderers," 1917; "Pioneers of the Old South," 1918; "Foes," 1918; "Michael Forth," 1919; and "Sweet Rocket," 1920. Lives at Warm Springs, Virginia.
Nemesis.

JONES, CARTER BROOKE. Born July 13, 1893, Louisville, Kentucky. Studied for a time in the Baptist University of Oklahoma and in the University of Washington. Newspaperman. First story, "The Vacant Stool," in the European edition of the New York Herald, March, 1918. Lives in San Francisco.
Superior Air.

KEMPTON, KENNETH PAYSON. Born in 1891. Harvard A.B. 1912; A.M. 1913; Assistant in English, 1913-17; U. S. Naval Reserve, enrolled Seaman 2c. April, 1917; relieved active duty Lieutenant August, 1919; wharf clerk, Furness Withy & Co., August-September, 1919; Instructor in English at Harvard, 1923. Interested in yachting, waterfront, maritime pursuits. Married 1917. One daughter. First story published, 1919. Author of "Phantom Gold," 1922, and "Red Eagle Island," 1924.
Silent Room.

KING, CHARLES C.
Cliff of Destiny.

KLAHR, EVELYN GILL. Born in Clarion, Pennsylvania. Graduate of Vassar College. Has published fifty or sixty short stories. Now writing a novel. Lives in Clarion, Pennsylvania.
Romance.

(789) KOMROFF MANUEL (*for biography, see 1921*).
Moscow Rehearsal.
Wedding Feast.

LALLEY, JOSEPH MICHAEL.
Wake.

LARSSON, GENEVIEVE. Born in a pioneer log cabin in Wisconsin of Swedish parents, with strain of gypsy blood. Taught English in schools of Colorado. Published articles and poems in various magazines. First published story, "Witch Mary," January Pictorial Review, followed by: "Three Blocks" in Brief Stories, "Black Eric's Son" in Pictorial Review, "The Saga of a Tree" in Live Stories.
Black Eric's Son.
Witch Mary.

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LEECH, MARGARET KERNOCHAN. Born on November 7, 1893, in Newburgh, New York. Graduate of Vassar. Works at organization and publicity. Writing a novel. Lives in New York City. Children.

LISTER, WALTER B.
Pro Patria.

(9) MAHONEY, JAMES (*for biography, see 1922*).
Hat of Eight Reflections.

MARQUAND, JOHN PHILLIPS. Born at Wilmington, Delaware, 1893. Educated at Newburyport High School and Harvard University. On editorial staff of Boston Evening Transcript until U. S. declared war on Germany. Previously with National Guard on Mexican border. Lieutenant of Artillery in France. Assistant to magazine editor of New York Tribune. Copy writer in New York advertising agency. Free lance. Author of "The Unspeakable Gentleman," 1922, and "Four of a Kind," 1923. Lives in Newburyport, Mass. Ship.

MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT (MRS. BOISSEVAIN). Born at Rockland, Maine, February 22, 1892. Graduate of Vassar, 1917. Author of "Renascence," 1917; "Figs from Thistles," 1920; "Second April," 1921; "Aria Da Capo," 1921; "The Lamp and the Bell," 1921; "Two Slatterns and a King," 1921; and "Poems," 1923. Lives in New York City. Murder in the Fishing Cat.

(367) MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT (*for biography, see 1919*).
Today Tomorrow.
Up Eel River.

MOSHER, JOHN. Born in 1892. Graduated from Williams College in 1914. Associated with Provincetown Players in 1915. Associate editor of "Every Week." Member of American Expeditionary Force. Free lance since armistice. Now instructor in English in Northwestern University. Lives in Evanston, Illinois. Next Door to Zelli's.

(6) NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND (*for biography, see 1919*).
Little Noises.

OLGIN, MOISSAYE J. Born in 1878 in the province of Kieff, Russia. Spent childhood and youth in Ukrainian countryside. Studied in the University of Kieff. Was active in the 1905-06 revolution as journalist and lecturer. Driven by the Tzarist government, went to Germany where he studied philosophy and economics at Heidelberg, simultaneously continuing journalistic activities. Emigrated to America in 1914. Having learned English, acquired the Ph.D. degree at Columbia University in 1918. Author of

"The Soul of the Russian Revolution," 1917, and "A Guide to Russian Literature," 1920. Instructor at the New School for Social Research, 1919-20. Made extensive study-trips through Soviet Russia in 1920-21. Contributed numerous articles on Russia to American periodicals. Lecturer on literary and social topics at forums and labor educational establishments in the United States. Practices story-writing as a pastime. Lives in New York City.

From a Letter.

(279) PICKTHALL, MARJORIE LOWRY CHRISTIE. Born in London. Went to Canada with her parents when six years old and lived there until a few years ago, when she returned to England. Educated at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto. First story, "Two Ears," published in the Toronto Mail and Empire, 1899. Author of "The Drift of Pinions," 1913; "Little Hearts," 1915, and "The Lamp of Poor Sould," 1916. Died in 1922.

Basswood Bough.

POOLE, ERNEST. Born in Chicago, January 23, 1880. Graduate of Princeton, 1902. Married 1907. Foreign correspondent in France, Germany, and Russia before 1917. Socialist. Author of "None So Blind," "A Man's Friends," "The Harbor," 1915; "His Family," 1917; "His Second Wife," 1918; "Blind," 1920; and "Beggars' Gold," 1921. Lives in New York City.

Avalanche.

PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE. Born near San Antonio, Texas, in 1894. Reared in Texas and Louisiana. Began to write at a precocious age. Was a special writer on various Western and Southern newspapers for about three years. Came to New York in 1919. Since then she has divided her time equally between New York and Mexico. Has had a varied and colorful experience in writing political pamphlets for Mexican revolutionists, essays on Mexican art, and short stories. Lives in New York City.

Maria Concepción.

PRICE, EDITH BALLINGER. Born April 26, 1897, in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Granddaughter of William T. Richards of Philadelphia, noted marine artist. Educated chiefly at home. Studied art in Boston and New York. At eighteen began writing. Lives at Newport, Rhode Island. Author of "Blue Magic," 1919; "Us and the Bottle Man," 1920; "Silver Shoal Light," 1920; "The Happy Venture," 1921; "The Fortune of the Indies," 1922; and "Garth, Able Seaman," 1923.

Great White Anchorage.

PUMPHREY, F. M. A telegrapher thirty-three years old, working for a railroad in Chicago. Studied at The University of Chicago. Old Man Neilandecker.

KEDMAN, BEN RAY. Born February, 1896, New York City. Educated Pawling School, Columbia University. Lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, 1917-18. Served as a scout pilot with 79 squadron on the Ypres front. After the war devoted himself to literature. Literary critic of *The Spur*. Managing editor of *Travel Magazine*, 1923. Author of "Masquerade," 1923. Translator of Giraudoux's "Suzanne and the Pacific," 1923; Thévenin's "Barnabé and His Whale," 1923; and Chevalley's "The English Novel of Today," 1924. Lives in New York City.
One Road Alone.

ROBIN, MAX. Aged twenty-four. Born in the Ukraine. An editor of *S 4 N*. Lives in New York City.
Weeping Shaindel.

"RONAELSON, JOHN MOTT" (ELEANOR M. CARLSON). Born in Frederick County, Maryland, on a farm, September 25, 1890. Uneducated. Young ladies' seminaries, private schools, and ill health responsible. Learned to read at age of six, taught by grandfather, a country doctor, and a man of unusual intellectual attainments. Abandoned precocious gift for modelling because of ill health. First story published about 1910. For several years assistant editor and business manager of "Arms and the Man," a shooting and military magazine. In France, 1917-19, as one of the secretaries in office of Anglo-American Tank Commission. Married Major R. E. Carlson, 1919. Chief interests: the human brain and the way it works. Lives in Washington, D. C.
Vermilion Fringe.

(12345679) SINGMASTER, ELSIE (*for biography, see 1917*).
Dreamer.

(23456789) STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL (*for biography, see 1917*).
"Arab Stuff."
Crocuses.
First-Born.
Tower of Sand.

STEWART, SOLON K. "It happened June 2, 1883, in Brackettville, Texas. The other six cities have not as yet claimed me. I moved to San Antonio when I was nine, bringing my family with me. I went to the schools here, getting my education in the library at home. I heard the call of the road, and heeded; travelling, mostly tramping and working my way, over These Disrupted States and Mexico. Took a sea trip, and went to Central America and Cuba. I took up newspaper work, and was at one time or another on the staff of nearly every paper in the southwest. I went to England, and was for two years a Fleet Street free lance. Returned here. When Germany declared war on America on August 2, 1914, not being too proud to fight back I went to Liverpool, and mobilized the British army. I took it to France, where it rendered

me valuable assistance till I was placed *hors d'oeuvre*, or *chef de cuisine*, or whatever it is, and marked for Blighty, Friday, October 13, 1916. I then acted as a gunnery instructor at Winchester. Then I took the British Army to Mesopotamia, where they rendered me valuable assistance in defeating the Turks; which resulted, ultimately, in the downfall of the Democratic party—if you have followed the trend of events. I then proceeded, without the assistance of the British Army, to get myself shot in the jaw at the end of Howrah Bridge in Calcutta in the riots in 1919. From the repatriation camp at Winchester I came home, where I have been here since, longing for the time when I have accumulated enough to get back to England—and there you are, as we say in Peckham."

Contract of Corporal Twing.

STIMSON, FREDERIC JESUP. Born in Dedham, Massachusetts, July 20, 1855. Graduate of Harvard. Married. Assistant attorney-general of Massachusetts, 1884-5; General counsel United States Industrial Commission, 1898-1902. Professor of Comparative Legislation at Harvard, 1903-14. Ambassador to Argentine Republic, 1914-21; Special Ambassador to Brazil, 1919. Has written many novels, essays, and law books. Lives at Dedham, Massachusetts.

By Due Process of Law.

SUCKOW, RUTH. Born in Hawarden, Iowa, August 6, 1892. Her father is a Congregational minister. She has lived in ten Iowa towns. Studied at Grinnell College, in Boston, and in Denver. Lived for three years in Colorado, teaching in the University of Denver, and then learning bee-keeping out on the plains. In 1919, established an apiary at Earlville, Iowa, and since then has spent her summers there, producing comb honey.

Renters.

SWANSON, ROY W. Born in Duluth, Minnesota, August 15, 1899, of Swedish parents. Graduated from the University of Minnesota, 1922. Engaged in newspaper work. Has translated a play by Gustav af Heijerstam. Lives in Duluth, Minnesota.

Young in Soul.

SWIFT, HELEN.

Chicken-Woman and the Hen-Man.

(35) TARKINGTON, BOOTH (*for biography, see 1918*).
One Hundred Dollar Bill.

THOMPSON, MARY WOLFE.

Old Diz.

TOOMER, JEAN. Born in Washington, D. C., in 1894. Of Negro extraction, and grandson of P. B. S. Pinchback, the governor of Louisiana during the reconstruction. Has travelled extensively

throughout America. Studied at the University of Wisconsin, New York University, and the College of the City of New York. At these institutions he experienced the phase of economic and political thinking characteristic of the younger group of native writers. Through the social sciences he worked to an immediate contact with American life. Has written stories, poems, literary criticism, and plays. Author of "Cane," 1923. Lives in Washington, D. C.

Blood-Burning Moon.

Esther.

Fern.

Kabnis.

(3456789) VORSE, MARY HEATON (*for biography, see 1917*).

Promise.

Single Man.

Story of Aimée Lothrop.

Twilight of the God.

WILKINS, MARY E. *See* FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS.

WILKINS, ZORA PUTNAM. Graduate of Massachusetts public schools and of Wellesley College. For eight years secretary to late Hugo Munsterberg, and assisted in the preparation of thirteen of his books. Was a co-worker in his pioneer experiments in industrial psychology. In Berlin, 1910-11, upon organization work in the Amerika-Institut. During the past six years chiefly engaged in industrial research work. Now Assistant Secretary of the Bureau of Commercial and Industrial Affairs of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Author of "Letters from a Business Woman to Her Daughter," 1922. Lives in Boston.

Clinging Vines.

WILSON, HARRY LEON. Born at Oregon, Illinois, May 1, 1867. Married Rose O'Neill, 1902. Editor of Puck, 1896-1902. Author of "Zig Zag Tales," 1896; "The Spenders," 1902; "The Lions of the Lord," 1903; "The Seeker," 1904; "The Boss of Little Arcady," 1905; "Ewing's Lady," 1907; "The Man From Home" (with Booth Tarkington), 1908; "Bunker Bean," 1912; "Ruggles of Red Gap," 1915; and "Somewhere in Red Gap," 1916. Lives in New York City.

Flora and Fauna.

(5) WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER (*for biography, see 1918*).

Boy's Best Friend.

WRIGHT, SALLY DIXON.

Candle in the Sun.

THE ROLL OF HONOR OF FOREIGN SHORT STORIES IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

OCTOBER, 1922, TO SEPTEMBER, 1923

NOTE. *The index figures from 1 to 9 prefixed to the name of the author indicate that his work has been included in the Rolls of Honor for 1914, 1915, etc., up to and including 1922. The list excludes reprints.*

I. ENGLISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

(123456789) AUMONIER, STACY.
Angel of Accomplishment.
Funny Man's Day.
Octave of Jealousy.

AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN.
On the Boulevard.

BANISTER, MAYELL.
Man Afraid of Women.

(9) "BARRINGTON, E."
"Two and Nelson."

(78) BECK, L. ADAMS.
Dead Clew.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.
Last Love.

BLACAM, AODH DE.
Joy of the Republic.

CLIFFORD, MRS. W. K.
Lady Margrave.
Mr. Webster.

(89) COPPARD, A. E.
Poor Man.
Simple Simon.
Tribute.

DANE, CLEMENCE.

Dearly Beloved of Benjamin Cobb.

(4567) DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY.

Finger Post.

(5) FRIEDLAENDER, V. H.

Lovers' Meeting.

(12345689) GALSWORTHY, JOHN.

Acme.

Blackmail.

Conscience.

Had a Horse.

Late—299.

Long Ago Affair.

Smile.

Stroke of Lightning.

Virtue.

(4) GEORGE, W. L.

Death of the Jester.

(289) GIBBON, PERCEVAL.

Dark Ride.

Misadventure.

"HAY, IAN."

"Liberry."

HEWLETT, MAURICE.

Cuckoo.

HUTCHINSON, A. S. M.

Return of the Swordsman.

Rough Little Girl and Smooth Little Girl.

(9) KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.

Day in a Woman's Life.

KENNARD, LADY DOROTHY.

Romance.

LYONS, A. NEIL.

Please Sir, the Plumber.

(8) MCFEE, WILLIAM.

Deckers on the Coast.

(9) "MANSFIELD, KATHERINE."

Married Man's Story.

Six Years After.

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.
Oakfield House.

MAUCHAM, W. SOMERSET.
Before the Party.
Bewitched.
Princess and the Nightingale.

(7) MERRICK, LEONARD.
Poet of the Heavenly Cook.

PRYCE, RICHARD.
Bell.

RANSOME, ARTHUR.
Soldier and Death.

(789) SINCLAIR, MAY.
Token.

(2789) WALPOLE, HUGH.
Little Ghost.
That Man Gets On My Nerves.

WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
In the Orchard.
Mrs. Dalloway in Bond Street.

(346) WYLIE, I. A. R.
Rendezvous.
To the Unknown.

II. TRANSLATIONS

"AHLGREN, ERNST" (VICTORIA BENEDICTSSON) (*Swedish*).
Mother Malena's Hen.

(479) ANDREYEV, LEONID (*Russian*).
Donkeys.

ARAGON, LOUIS (*French*).
When All Is Ended.

ASCH, SHOLOM (*Yiddish*).
Wiles of Destiny.

BENEDICTSSON, VICTORIA (*Swedish*). See "AHLGREN, ERNST."

(679) BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE (*Spanish*).
Wedding Serenade.

(9) BOJER, JOHAN (*Norwegian*).
When a Man is Bashful.

BOURGET, PAUL (*French*).
My House at Saint-Cloud.

(45) BOUTET, FREDERIC (*French*).
Matchmaker and the Mendicant.

BUSSON, PAUL (*German*).
Shot on the Moor.

CHRISTITCH, ANNIE (*Serbian*). See "SAVATOVITCH, OBREN."

CIVININI, GUELFO (*Italian*).
Yanoulé's Broken Heart.

DARIO, RUBEN.
Bourgeois King.
Deaf Satyr.

DORIN, RENE (*French*).
Three Problems.

(6) DUHAMEL, GEORGES (*French*).
Wreck.

EFTIMIU, VICTOR (*Rumanian*).
Boujor, the Highwayman.

FALKBERGET, JOHAN (*Norwegian*).
Nails of Iron from the North.

FONHUS, MIKKJEL (*Norwegian*).
Moose-Hunter.

GERTCHUNOFF, ALBERTO (*Argentine*).
Owl.

(358) GORKY, MAXIM (*Russian*).
Comrades.

GUNNARSSON, GUNNAR (*Danish*).
Never Too Late.

HAGEN-THURNAU, CARL (*German*).
Atlas.

HALLSTROM, PER (*Swedish*).
Out of the Dark.

HAMSUN, KNUT (*Norwegian*).
On the Island.

HEMON, LOUIS (*French*).
He-Who-Sees-the-Gods.

IBANEZ, VICENTE BLASCO (*Spanish*). See BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE.

KUPRIN, ALEXANDER (*Russian*).
Piebald Horses.

(6) LAGERLOF, SELMA (*Swedish*).
Changeling.
Eclipse.
Hobgoblin of Töreby.

LINDAU, RUDOLF (*German*).
Voice of Allah.

LOBATO, MONTEIRO (*Brazilian*).
Farm Magnate.
Patchwork Quilt.

(8) MANN, THOMAS (*German*).
Hungry Souls.
Tristan.

MOLNAR, FERENC (*Hungarian*).
Man Who Couldn't Learn.

(9) MORAND, PAUL (*French*).
Kneeling Woman.

NAZHIVIN, IVAN (*Russian*).
Autumn Flowers.

NEXO, MARTIN ANDERSEN (*Danish*).
Fate.
Gold Watch.

PANZINI, ALFREDO (*Italian*).
Library Mouse.

(6) PAPINI, GIOVANNI (*Italian*).
September the Third.

PIRANDELLO, LUIGI (*Italian*).
Bat in Search of an Author.
Other Son.

PONTOPPIDAN, HENRIK (*Danish*).
Fishing Settlement.

PUGELJ, MILAN (*Yugo-Slav*).
Burden of Authority.

"SAVATOVITCH, OBREN" (ANNIE CHRISTITCH) (*Serbian*).
Destiny.

SKAPPEL, ARVID (*Norwegian*).
Fresh Bread.

TALENEVSKY, JACED (*Russian*).
First Born.

UGARTE, MANUEL (*Argentine*).
Indian Raid.

VAL, ADRIO (*Rumanian*).
Jasmina, the Flower of Dobrodja.
Romany Pride.

WASSERMANN, JACOB (*German*).
Golovin.

THE BEST BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES OF 1923

AMERICAN AUTHORS

1. ANDERSON. Men and Horses. Huebsch.
2. BERCOVICI. Murdo. Boni and Liveright.
3. COBB. Snake Doctor. Doran.
4. DE WIT. Island-India. Yale University Press.
5. FINGER. In Lawless Lands. Kennerley.
6. GLASGOW. The Shadowy Third. Doubleday, Page.
7. HEMINGWAY. Three Stories and Ten Poems. Paris: Contact.
8. JESSUP. Representative American Short Stories. Allyn and Bacon.
9. STEELE. The Shame Dance. Harper.
10. TOOMER. Cane. Boni and Liveright.
11. WINSLOW. Picture Frames. Knopf.

ENGLISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

12. ARMSTRONG. Puppet Show. Brentano's.
13. AUMONIER. Miss Bracegirdle and Others. Doubleday, Page.
14. BECK. Perfume of the Rainbow. Dodd, Mead.
15. BRAMAH. Kai Lung's Golden Hours. Doran.
16. BRAMAH. Wallet of Kai Lung. Doran.
17. COPPARD. The Black Dog. Knopf.
18. DE LA MARE. The Riddle. Knopf.
19. FORSTER. The Celestial Omnibus. Knopf.
20. GALSWORTHY. Captures. Scribner.
21. GEORGIAN STORIES, 1922. Putnam.
22. LAWRENCE. The Captain's Doll. Seltzer.
23. MANSFIELD. Doves' Nest. Knopf.
24. MAYNE. Nine of Hearts. Harcourt, Brace.
25. MONTAGUE. Fiery Particles. Doubleday, Page.
26. NICHOLS. Fantastica. Macmillan.
27. POWYS. Ebony and Ivory. American Library Service.
28. POWYS. The Left Leg. Knopf.
29. RANSOME. The Soldier and Death. Huebsch.
30. RHYS and DAWSON SCOTT. Thirty-One Stories by Thirty-One Authors. Appleton.
31. SINCLAIR. Uncanny Stories. Macmillan.
32. BUNIN. Dreams of Chang. Knopf.
33. BUNIN. The Gentleman from San Francisco. Seltzer.
34. CHEKHOV. Love. Macmillan.
35. GOGOL. The Overcoat. Knopf.

36. HALLSTROM. Selected Short Stories. American-Scandinavian Foundation.
37. HEMON. My Fair Lady. Macmillan.
38. HOFFMANN. Weird Tales. Scribner.
39. LUCATELLI. Teodoro the Sage. Boni and Liveright.
40. LYESKOV. The Sentry. Knopf.
41. MAUPASSANT. Collected Stories. (Vols. 1-7.) Knopf.
42. MORAND. Open All Night. Seltzer.
43. STORK. Modern Swedish Masterpieces. Dutton.

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES

OCTOBER, 1922, TO SEPTEMBER, 1923.

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction. This list includes single short stories and collections of short stories. Volumes announced for publication in the autumn of 1923 are listed here, although in some cases they had not yet appeared at the time this book went to press.*

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

- ABBOTT, ELEANOR HALLOWELL. *Fairy Prince*. Dutton.
 ADAMS, BILL. **Fenceless Meadows*. Stokes.
 ALLEN, JOHN EDWARD. *Tales of the Print Shop*. Oswald Pub. Co.
 ALLINSON, ANNE C. E. *Children of the Way*. Harcourt, Brace.
 ANDERSON, SHERWOOD. **Horses and Men*. Huebsch.
 ANONYMOUS. *Marriage*. Doubleday, Page.
 ATKINSON, WILLIAM P., *editor*. *Short-Story*. Allyn and Bacon.
 BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM. *Blind Cupid*. Appleton.
 BAKER, KARLE WILSON. *Old Coins*. Yale University Press.
 BARNES, DJUNA. **A Book*. Boni and Liveright.
 BEACH, REX. *Big Brother*. Harper.
 BENCHLEY, ROBERT CHARLES. *Love Conquers All*. Holt.
 BERCOVICI, KONRAD. **Murdo*. Boni and Liveright.
 BERGEGREN, RALPH WILHELM ALEXIS. *Gentlemen All and Merry Companions*. Brimmer Co.
 BOYTON, S. J. NEIL. *In God's Country*. Benziger.
 BROWN, BRIAN, *editor*. **Chinese Nights Entertainments*. Brentano's.
 BYRNE, DONN. **Changeling*. Century.
 CALVERT, ELIZABETH. *Little Christ Stories*. Roxburgh.
 CANFIELD, DOROTHY. **Raw Material*. Harcourt, Brace.
 COBB, IRVIN S. **Snake Doctor*. Doran.
 COCHRAN, JEAN CARTER. *Church Street*. Westminster Press.
 COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. *Dark Days, and Black Knights*. Dodd, Mead.
 CRAM, MILDRED. *Stranger Things*. Dodd, Mead.
 CURRAN, HENRY H. *Van Tassel and Big Bill*. Scribner.
 DAWSON, WILLIAM CONINGSBY. *Christmas Outside of Eden*. Dodd, Mead.
 DERIEUX, SAMUEL A. *Animal Personalities*. Doubleday, Page.
 DE WIT, AUGUSTA. **Island-India*. Yale University Press.
 DREISER, THEODORE. **Color of a Great City*. Boni and Liveright.
 FINGER, CHARLES J. **Highwaymen*. McBride. **In Lawless Lands*. Kennerley.
 FISH, HORACE. **Terassa of Spain*. Kennerley.

- FOOTE, JOHN TAINTOR. *Song of the Dragon*. Appleton.
- FURMAN, LUCY. **Quare Women*. Atlantic Monthly Press.
- GLASGOW, ELLEN. **Shadowy Third*. Doubleday, Page.
- GRENFELL, WILFRED T. *Northern Neighbors*. Houghton Mifflin.
- GREY, ZANE. *Tappan's Burro*. Harper.
- HARRISON, MARGUERITE E. *Unfinished Tales from a Russian Prison*.
Doran.
- HART, FRANCES NOYES. **Contact*. Doubleday, Page.
- HAWKES, CLARENCE. *Way of the Wild*. Phil. Jacobs.
- HEARN, LAFCADIO. **Kotto*. Macmillan.
- HECHT, BEN. **Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago*. Covici-McGee.
- HEMENWAY, ERNEST. **Three Stories and Ten Poems*. Paris:
Contact.
- "HENRY, O." **Postscripts*. Harper.
- HOLLIDAY, ROBERT CORTES. *In the Neighborhood of Murray Hill*.
Doran.
- JESSUP, ALEXANDER, *editor*. **Representative American Short Stories*. Allyn and Bacon.
- KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR. *East Wind*. Putnam.
- LEVINGER, ELMA EHRLICH. *In Many Lands*. Bloch Pub. Co.
- LONDON, JACK. **Dutch Courage*. Macmillan.
- "MACINTYRE." *Colored Soldiers*. J. W. Burke Co., Macon, Georgia.
- MARQUAND, JOHN PHILLIPS. *Four of a Kind*. Scribner.
- MELVILLE, HERMAN. **Piazza Tales*. Gabriel Wells.
- MORRIS, HARRISON S. *Landlord's Daughter*. Penn.
- NYE, HELENA MAY. *No Strange Tongue*. "The Bookfellows."
- O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. *Best Short Stories of 1922*. Small,
Maynard.
- PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW. *Single Reels*. Harper.
- PEARSE, MARK GUY. *Orthodox Devil*. Abingdon Press.
- PITKIN, WALTER B., *editor*. **As We Are*. Harcourt, Brace.
- POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON. *Monsieur Jonquelle*. Appleton. Ran-
dolph Mason: *Corrector of Destinies*. Putnam.
- PULSIFER, HAROLD T. *Glory of the Dawn*. Houghton Mifflin.
- REMINGTON, FREDERIC. *Crooked Trails*. Harper.
- ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D. *Wisdom of the Wilderness*. Macmillan.
- RUSSELL, JOHN. **In Dark Places*. Knopf.
- SMITH, HENRY JUSTIN. *Deadlines*. Covici-McGee.
- SMITH, WALLACE. *Little Tigress*. Putnam.
- SOCIETY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, *editors*. **O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1922*. Doubleday, Page.
- SQUIER, EMMA-LINDSAY. *On Autumn Trails*. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.
- STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL. **Shame Dance*. Harper.
- STEIN, GERTRUDE. *Geography and Plays*. Four Seas Co.
- STREET, JULIAN. **Cross Sections*. Doubleday, Page.
- TARKINGTON, BOOTH. **Fascinating Stranger*. Doubleday, Page.
- THAYER, HARRIET MAXON. *Genial Sultan*. Dorrance & Co.
- TOOMER, JEAN. **Cane*. Boni and Liveright.

- TRAIN, ARTHUR. *Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt.* Scribner.
 TRAIN, ETHEL. *"Son."* Scribner.
 TUCKER, LOUIS. *Men of the Way.* Morehouse Pub. Co.
 VAN DOREN, CARL, *editor.* **Tales by Nathaniel Hawthorne.* Oxford University Press.
 VOLLMAR, AGNES. *Winter Roses.* Rock Island, Ill. Augustan Book Concern.
 WEBSTER, HENRY KITCHELL. *Other Story.* Bobbs-Merrill.
 WEIMAN, RITA. *Footlights.* Dodd, Mead.
 WILLIAMS, BEN AMES. **Thrifty Stock.* Dutton.
 WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER. **Picture Frames.* Knopf.
 YATES, ELIZABETH HALL. *Masques.* Penn.
 YEZIERSKA, ANZIA. **Children of Loneliness.* Funk and Wagnalls.
 ZANUCK, DARRYL FRANCIS. *Habit.* Western Book Co.

II. ENGLISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

- ADCOCK, A. ST. JOHN. **With the Gilt Off.* Putnam.
 ARMSTRONG, MARTIN. **Puppet Show.* Brentano's.
 ASHBY, PHILIP. *Mad Rani.* Dutton.
 AUMONIER, STACY. **Miss Bracegirdle and Others.* Doubleday, Page.
 AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN. **On the Borderland.* Doubleday, Page.
 BECK, L. ADAMS. **Perfume of the Rainbow.* Dodd, Mead.
 BOTTOME, PHYLLIS. **Victim and the Worm.* Doran.
 BRAMAH, ERNEST. **Kai Lung's Golden Hours.* Doran.
 **Wallet of Kai Lung.* Doran.
 COPPARD, A. E. **Black Dog.* Knopf.
 DE LA MARE, WALTER. **Riddle.* Knopf.
 FORSTER, E. M. **Celestial Omnibus.* Knopf.
 GALSWORTHY, JOHN. **Captures.* Scribner.
 **GEORGIAN STORIES, 1922.* Putnam.
 HARKER, L. ALLEN. *Vagaries of Tod and Peter.* Scribner.
 HICHENS, ROBERT. *Last Time.* Doran.
 HOUSMAN, LAWRENCE. **Doorway in Fairyland.* Harcourt, Brace.
 **Moonshine and Clover.* Harcourt, Brace.
 HOWARD, FRANCIS MORTON. *"Strictly Business."* Dutton.
 HUTCHINSON, A. S. M. **Eighth Wonder.* Little, Brown.
 JOHNSTON, SIR HARRY HAMILTON. **Little Life Stories.* Macmillan.
 LAWRENCE, D. H. **Captain's Doll.* Seltzer.
 LYONS, ALBERT MICHAEL NEIL. **Fifty-fifty.* Dodd, Mead.
 MACHEN, ARTHUR. **Shining Pyramid.* Covici-McGee.
 MACKAIL, DENIS GEORGE. *According to Gibson.* Houghton, Mifflin.
 **MANSFIELD, KATHERINE.* **Doves' Nest.* Knopf.
 MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD. **Clinton Twins.* Dodd, Mead.
 MAUCHAM, W. SOMERSET. **On a Chinese Screen.* Doran.
 MAYNE, ETHEL COLBURN. **Nine of Hearts.* Harcourt, Brace.
 MONTAGUE, CHARLES EDWARD. **Fiery Particles.* Doubleday, Page.
 **NEW DECAMERON. THIRD DAY.* Brentano's.
 NICHOLS, ROBERT. **Fantastica.* Macmillan.

- O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., and COURNOS, JOHN, *editors*. Best British Short Stories of 1923. Small, Maynard.
- OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS. Michael's Evil Deeds. Little, Brown.
- PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. *Black, White, and Brindled. Macmillan.
- POWYS, LLEWELYN. *Ebony and Ivory. American Library Service.
- POWYS, THEODORE FRANCIS. *Left Leg. Knopf.
- QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR. *Selected Stories. Dutton.
- RANSOME, ARTHUR. *Soldier and Death. Huebsch.
- RHYS, ERNEST, and DAWSON SCOTT, C. A., *editors*. *Thirty-one Stories by Thirty and One Authors. Appleton.
- SABATINI, RAFAEL. Banner of the Bull. Houghton, Mifflin.
- SCHREINER, OLIVE. *Stories, Dreams, and Allegories. Stokes.
- SCOTT, R. T. M. Secret Service Smith. Dutton.
- SINCLAIR, MAY. *Uncanny Stories. Macmillan.
- STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. *Short Stories. (Collected edition.) Scribner.
- WALPOLE, HUGH. *Jeremy and Hamlet. Doran.
- WINDELER, B. C. *Elimus. Paris: Three Mountains Press.
- WODEHOUSE, PELHAM GRENVILLE. Jeeves. Doran.
- ZANGWILL, ISRAEL. *Ghetto Comedies. Macmillan.

III. TRANSLATIONS

- BUNIN, IVAN (*Russian*). *Dreams of Chang. Knopf.
- *Gentleman from San Francisco, Seltzer.
- CHEKHOV, ANTON (*Russian*). *Love. Macmillan.
- CLEMENCEAU, GEORGES (*French*). At the Foot of Sinai. Richards.
- GOGOL, NIKOLAY (*Russian*). *Overcoat. Knopf.
- HALLSTROM, PER (*Swedish*). *Selected Short Stories. American Scandinavian Foundation.
- HEMON, LOUIS (*French*). *My Fair Lady. Macmillan.
- HOFFMANN, E. T. W. (*German*). *Weird Tales. Scribner.
- LUCATELLI, LUIGI (*Italian*). *Teodoro the Sage. Boni and Liveright.
- LYESKOV, NICOLAI (*Russian*). *Sentry. Knopf.
- MAUPASSANT, GUY DE (*French*). *Doctor Heraclius Gloss. Brentano's.
- *That Pig, Morin. Knopf.
- MORAND, PAUL (*French*). *Open All Night. Seltzer.
- STORK, CHARLES WHARTON, *translator*. *Modern Swedish Masterpieces. Dutton.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY

OCTOBER, 1922, TO SEPTEMBER, 1923

Authors of articles are printed in capital letters. For articles in English periodicals, see "The Best British Short Stories of 1923."

The following abbreviations are used in this index:

<i>Asia</i>	Asia
<i>Atl.</i>	Atlantic Monthly
<i>Book. (N. Y.)</i>	Bookman (New York)
<i>Broom</i>	Broom
<i>Cath. W.</i>	Catholic World
<i>Cen.</i>	Century
<i>D. D.</i>	Double Dealer
<i>Dial</i>	Dial
<i>Free.</i>	Freeman
<i>L. H. J.</i>	Ladies' Home Journal
<i>Lib.</i>	Liberator
<i>Med.</i>	Mediator
<i>Mod. R.</i>	Modern Review
<i>Nat. (N. Y.)</i>	Nation (New York)
<i>N. Rep.</i>	New Republic
<i>N. Y. Times.</i>	New York Times Review of Books
<i>Outl. (N. Y.)</i>	Outlook (New York)
<i>Pearson (N. Y.)</i>	Pearson's Magazine (New York)
<i>Prairie</i>	Prairie
<i>Reviewer</i>	Reviewer
<i>Scan.</i>	American-Scandinavian Review
<i>Scr.</i>	Scribner's Magazine
<i>Shadow.</i>	Shadowland
<i>S. S.</i>	Smart Set

ADAMS, ELBRIDGE L.

Joseph Conrad. *Outl. (N. Y.)* April 18. (133:710.)

Ade, George.

By Carl Van Doren. *Cen.* Jan. (105:471.)

AIKEN, CONRAD.

Katherine Mansfield. *N. Rep.* Aug. 8. (35:308.)

American Short Story.

By Louis Bromfield. *Book. N. Y.)* July. (57:568.)

By Henry James Forman. *N. Y. Times.* June 24. (2.)

By Montrose J. Moses. *N. Y. Times.* April 8. (10.)

By Rebecca N. Porter. *Scr.* July. (74:90.)

By Gilbert Seldes. *Dial.* Aug. (75:184.)

By Johan J. Smertenko. *Book. (N. Y.)* Jan. (56:584.) *Nat.*
(*N. Y.*) June 20. (116:724.) *Nat. (N. Y.)* Sept. 5.
(117:243.)

- By Ben Ames Williams. Book. (N. Y.) May. (57:352.)
July. (57:555.)
- ANDERSON, JOHN H.
Ernest Bramah. Shadow. July. (51.)
C. E. Montague. Shadow. July. (51.)
- ANDERSON, SHERWOOD.
Ring W. Lardner. N. Rep. Oct. 11, '22. (32:171.)
- Anderson, Sherwood.
By Joseph Collins. N. Y. Times. June 24. (8.)
By Alyse Gregory. Dial. Sept. (75:243.)
- Andreyev, Leonid.
By Alexander Kaun. Free. June 20. (7:356.) N. Rep.
Aug. 8. (35:282.)
- ANGELL, KATHARINE SERGEANT.
Elizabeth Bibesco. Nat. (N. Y.) April 4. (116:397.)
- ANTHONY, KATHERINE.
Edgar Allan Poe. N. Rep. June 6. (35:50.)
Thyra Samter Winslow. Free. May 30. (7:283.)
- ASCH, NATHAN.
Anton Chekhov. Nat. (N. Y.) May 23. (116:601.)
- Asch, Sholom.
By Herbert S. Gorman. Book. (N. Y.) June. (57:394.)
By Johan J. Smertenko. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 14. (116:180.)
- AYSCOUGH, JOHN.
George Washington Cable. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)
Bret Harte. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)
Nathaniel Hawthorne. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)
Washington Irving. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)
Henry James. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)
- Balzac, Honoré de.
By Stanton A. Coblenz. N. Y. Times. June 3. (14.)
By T. R. Ybarra. N. Y. Times. Nov. 19, '22. (2.)
- Barrington, E.
By Hildegard Hawthorne. N. Y. Times. Nov. 19, '22. (5.)
- Bartsch, Rudolf Hans.
By John E. Jacoby. Free. Oct. 11, '22. (6:106.)
- BEEBE, WILLIAM.
Lord Dunsany. N. Y. Times. Oct. 1, '22. (3.)
- BENET, LAURA.
Waldo Frank. Nat. (N. Y.) July 25. (117:94.)
- BERNSTEIN, HERMAN.
Georges Clémenceau. N. Y. Times. Dec. 17, '22. (20.)
- Bibesco, Elizabeth.
By Katharine Sergeant Angell. Nat. (N. Y.) April 4.
(116:397.)
- Bierce, Ambrose.
By Van Wyck Brooks. Free. Jan. 17. (6:454.)
- Blackwood, Algernon.
By Walter Tittle. Cen. May. (106:53.)

BLIVEN, BRUCE.

Thyra Santer Winslow. N. Rep. April 11. (34:193.)

Bourget, Paul.

By Henry Longan Stuart. Free. May 30. (7:274.)

Bramah, Ernest.

By John H. Anderson. Shadow. July. (51.)

By Mary Siegrist. N. Y. Times. March 18. (9.)

BRANDES, GEORG.

Otto Rung. N. Y. Times. April 8. (7.)

British Short Stories.

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. Feb. 25. (8.)

By Johan J. Smertenko. Nat. (N. Y.) June 20. (116:725.)

By Blanche Colton Williams. Book. (N. Y.) May. (57:332.)

BROCK, H. I.

Joseph Conrad. N. Y. Times. June 10. (2.)

BROMFIELD, LOUIS

American Short Story. Book. (N. Y.) July. (57:568.)

BROOKS, VAN WYCK.

Ambrose Bierce. Free. Jan. 17. (6:454.)

Fyodor Dostoevsky. Free. Aug. 1. (7:502.)

Henry James. Dial. July. (75:29.) Sept. (75:225.)

Herman Melville. Free. Feb. 14. (6:550.)

Bunin, I. A.

By Edwin Muir. Free. June 6. (7:309.)

BURKE, KENNETH.

Waldo Frank. Dial. Oct., '22. (73:449.)

BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN.

D. H. Lawrence. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 17. (116:73.)

Butts, Mary.

By Glenway Wescott. Dial. Sept. (75:282.)

Cabell, James Branch.

Anonymous. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (56:741.)

By Aleister Crowley. Reviewer. July. (3:907.)

Cable, George Washington.

By John Ayscough. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)

CARNEVALI, EMANUEL.

Giovanni Papini. Mod. R. Autumn, '22. (11.)

Cather, Willa Sibert.

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. June 24. (5.)

Chekhov, Anton.

By Nathan Asch. Nat. (N. Y.) May 23. (116:601.)

By Alexander Kaun. Book. (N. Y.) March. (57:93.)

By Stark Young. N. Rep. May 23. (34:343.)

Chesterton, Gilbert K.

By Louise Maunsell Field. N. Y. Times. Dec. 10, '22. (10.)

By Walter Tittle. Cen. July. (106:455.)

CHEW, SAMUEL C.

Thomas Hardy. N. Rep. May 16. (34:325.)

George Moore. N. Rep. Nov. 1, '22. (32:256.)

Clémenceau, Georges.

By Herman Bernstein. N. Y. Times. Dec. 17, '22. (20.)

COBLENTZ, STANTON A.

Honoré de Balzac. N. Y. Times. June 3. (14.)

COLLINS, JOSEPH.

Sherwood Anderson. N. Y. Times. June 24. (8.)

Katherine Mansfield. N. Y. Times. Feb. 18. (7.)

Paul Morand. N. Y. Times. April 29. (28:13.)

COLUM, MARY M.

Aldous Huxley. Free. Jan. 24. (6:474.)

Conrad, Joseph.

By Elbridge L. Adams. Outl. (N. Y.) April 18. (134:710.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 26. (9.)

By H. I. Brock. N. Y. Times. June 10. (2.)

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. Oct. 1, '22. (2.)

By Percy A. Hutchinson. N. Y. Times. April 29. (6.)

By Robert Littell. N. Rep. May 16. (34:319.)

By Robert Morss Lovett. Asia. May. (23:325.)

By Dorothy Martin. Free. Sept. 12. (8:10.)

By H. L. Mencken. S. S. Dec., '22. (138.)

By Grant Overton. Book. (N. Y.) May. (57:275.)

By Ernest Rhys. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '22. (56:402.)

By Harry Salpeter. Nat. (N. Y.) June 6. (116:670.)

By Walter Tittle. Cen. May. (106:53.)

COWLEY, MALCOLM.

Georges Duhamel. Book. (N. Y.) April. (57:160.)

André Salmon. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (56:714.)

CROWLEY, ALEISTER.

James Branch Cabell. Reviewer. July. (3:907.)

Frank Harris. Pearson (N. Y.) Oct., '22. (10.)

De La Mare, Walter.

By Edwin Muir. Free. Sept. 5. (7:620.)

By J. K. Singleton. N. Rep. Sept. 5. (36:52.)

By Walter Tittle. Cen. May. (106:53.)

By Jean Wright. N. Y. Times. June 3. (12.)

Dostoevsky, Fyodor.

By Van Wyck Brooks. Free. Aug. 1. (7:502.)

By Alexander Kaun. Book. (N. Y.) Sept. (58:80.)

By Alexander I. Nazarov. N. Y. Times. July 15. (5.)

By Herbert J. Seligmann. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 29. (117:220.)

By Abraham Yarmolinsky. N. Rep. Aug. 29. (36:25.)

DOUGLAS, A. DONALD.

Arthur Machen. N. Rep. Aug. 8. (35:300.)

John Russell. N. Rep. Sept. 12. (36:82.)

Dreiser, Theodore.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 24, '22. (14.)

Duhamel, Georges.

By Malcolm Cowley. Book. (N. Y.) April. (57:160.)

Dunsany, Lord.

By William Beebe. N. Y. Times. Oct. 1, '22. (3.)

Elgström, Anna Lenah.

By Johan Mortensen. Scan. Nov., '22. (10:667.)

ERSKINE, JOHN.

Lafcadio Hearn. Book. (N. Y.) April. (57:203.)

FAGIN, N. BRYLLION.

Maxim Gorky. D. D. May. (5:165.)

FIELD, LOUISE MAUNSELL.

Gilbert K. Chesterton. N. Y. Times. Dec. 10, '22. (10.)

Leonard Merrick. N. Y. Times. Nov. 26, '22. (8.)

John Russell. N. Y. Times. May 13. (12.)

Fitzgerald, F. Scott.

By Hildegard Hawthorne. N. Y. Times. Oct. 29, '22. (12.)

FORMAN, HENRY JAMES.

American Short Story. N. Y. Times. June 24. (2.)

FOVITSKY, A. L.

Lyof Tolstoy. Pearson (N. Y.) July. (27.)

Frank, Waldo.

By Laura Benét. Nat. (N. Y.) July 25. (117:94.)

By Kenneth Burke. Dial. Oct., '22. (73:449.)

By Matthew Josephson. Broom. Dec., '22. (4:57.)

By Robert Littell. N. Rep. Sept. 26. (36:12.)

By Lewis Mumford. N. Rep. May 2. (34:276.)

FULLER, HENRY B.

Thomas Nelson Page. Free. July 18. (7:450.)

FURNISS, HARRY.

Rudyard Kipling. N. Y. Times. April 1. (3.)

Galsworthy, John.

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. May 13. (5.)

By Grant Overton. Book. (N. Y.) April. (57:153.)

German Short Stories.

By Ethel Talbot Scheffauer. Book. (N. Y.) March. (57:116.)

Gerould, Katharine Fullerton.

By Charles Trueblood. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 7. (116:152.)

GIBSON, LYDIA.

D. H. Lawrence. Lib. Jan. (34.)

GORDON, ARMISTEAD C.

Thomas Nelson Page. Scr. Jan. (73:75.)

Gorky, Maxim.

By N. Bryllion Fagin. D. D. May. (5:165.)

GORMAN, HERBERT S.

Sholom Asch. Book. (N. Y.) June. (57:394.)

British Short Story. N. Y. Times. Feb. 25. (8.)

Willa Cather. N. Y. Times. June 24. (5.)

Joseph Conrad. N. Y. Times. Oct. 1, '22. (2.)

John Galsworthy. N. Y. Times. May 13. (5.)

W. H. Hudson. N. Y. Times. June 3. (8.)

Rudyard Kipling. N. Y. Times. May 13. (5.)

GREGORY, ALYSE.

Sherwood Anderson. Dial. Sept. (75:243.)

Lafcadio Hearn. Dial. March. (74:289.)

- Hamsun, Knut.
By Edith Rickert. N. Rep. April 11. (34:22.)
- Hardy, Thomas.
By Samuel C. Chew. N. Rep. May 16. (34:325.)
- Harris, Frank.
By Aleister Crowley. Pearson (N. Y.) Oct., '22. (10.)
- Harte, Bret.
By John Ayscough. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)
- HAWTHORNE, HILDEGARDE.
E. Barrington. N. Y. Times. Nov. 19, '22. (5.)
F. Scott Fitzgerald. N. Y. Times. Oct. 29, '22. (12.)
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
By John Ayscough. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)
By William Lyon Phelps. L. H. J. March. (15.)
- HAY, AUSTIN.
Lyof Nikolaievitch Tolstoy. N. Y. Times. Nov. 12, '22. (3.)
- Hearn, Lafcadio.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 17, '22. (3.)
By John Erskine. Book. (N. Y.) April. (57:203.)
By Alyse Gregory. Dial. March. (74:289.)
By Ellwood Hendrick. Nat. (N. Y.) April 11. (116:432.)
By Henry Tracy Kneeland. Atl. Jan. (131:20.)
- HELLMAN, GEORGE S.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Cen. Dec., '22. (105:240.)
- Hémon, Louis.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. June 3. (7.)
- HENDRICK, ELLWOOD.
Lafcadio Hearn. Nat. (N. Y.) April 11. (116:432.)
- Henry, O.
By George MacAdam. N. Y. Times. June 3. (1.)
By Edwin Markham. N. Y. Times. Oct. 22, '22. (22.)
- Hewlett, Maurice.
By Joseph Pennell. N. Y. Times. Aug. 19. (2.)
By L. F. Ramsey. N. Y. Times. July 22. (13.)
By Walter Tittle. Cen. June. (106:253.)
- HILL, PHILIP L.
George Moore. N. Rep. Nov. 1, '22. (32:253.)
- HILLYER, ROBERT.
Arthur Machen. N. Y. Times. Nov. 5, '22. (6.) March 4. (5.)
- Hoffman, Ernst Theodor Amadeus.
By Edwin Muir. Free. May 23. (7:250.)
- Housman, Laurence.
By Marianne Moore. Dial. Sept. (75:293.)
- Hudson, W. H.
By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. June 3. (8.)
- HUNTER, REX.
Henry Lawson. Book. (N. Y.) Sept. (58:31.)
- Hutchinson, A. S. M.
By Walter Tittle. Cen. June. (106:253.)

HUTCHISON, PERCY A.

Joseph Conrad. N. Y. Times. April 29. (28:6.)

Mark Twain. N. Y. Times. June 10. (8.)

Huxley, Aldous.

By Mary M. Colum. Free. Jan. 24. (6:474.)

Irving, Washington.

By John Ayscough. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)

Jacobs, W. W.

By Walter Tittle. Cen. July. (106:455.)

JACOBY, JOHN E.

Rudolf Hans Bartsch. Free. Oct. 11, '22. (6:106.)

James, Henry.

By John Ayscough. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)

By Van Wyck Brooks. Dial. July. (75:29.) Sept. (75:225.)

JOSEPHSON, MATTHEW.

Waldo Frank. Broom. Dec., '22. (4:57.)

KAUN, ALEXANDER.

Leonid Andreyev. Free. June 20. (7:356.) N. Rep. Aug. 8. (35:282.)

Anton Chekhov. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (57:93.)

Fyodor Dostoevsky. Book. (N. Y.) Sept. (58:80.)

Kipling, Rudyard.

By Harry Furniss. N. Y. Times. April 1. (3.)

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. May 13. (5.)

KNEELAND, HENRY TRACY.

Lafcadio Hearn. Atl. Jan. (131:20.)

Lagerlöf, Selma.

By T. R. Ybarra. N. Y. Times. Sept. 16. (1.)

Lardner, Ring W.

By Sherwood Anderson. N. Rep. Oct. 11, '22. (32:171.)

By Carl Van Doren. Cen. July. (106:471.)

Lawrence, D. H.

By Ben Lucien Burman. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 17. (116:73.)

By Lydia Gibson. Lib. Jan. (34.)

By Robert Littell. N. Rep. June 27. (35:132.)

By John Macy. Nat. (N. Y.) June 6. (116:665.)

By Jean Toomer. Broom. Aug. (5:47.)

Lawson, Henry.

By Rex Hunter. Book. (N. Y.) Sept. (58:31.)

LEWISOHN, LUDWIG.

George Moore. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 27, '22. (115:721.)

LITTELL, ROBERT.

Joseph Conrad. N. Rep. May 16. (34:319.)

Waldo Frank. N. Rep. Sept. 26. (36:12.)

D. H. Lawrence. N. Rep. June 27. (35:132.)

Katherine Mansfield. N. Rep. Feb. 28. (34:22.)

LOVETT, ROBERT MORSS.

Joseph Conrad. Asia. May. (23:325.)

LOVING, PIERRE.

Katherine Mansfield. Lib. Dec., '22. (5:35.)

Lucatelli, Luigi.

By Howard Irving Young. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 19. (117:301.)

MACADAM, GEORGE.

O. Henry. N. Y. Times. June 3. (1.)

Machen, Arthur.

By A. Donald Douglas. N. Rep. Aug. 8. (35:300.)

By Robert Hillyer. N. Y. Times. Nov. 5, '22. (6.) March 4. (5.)

By H. L. Mencken. S. S. Aug. (138.)

By Cuthbert Wright. D. D. March-April. (5:104.) Free. April 4. (7:90.)

MACY, JOHN.

D. H. Lawrence. Nat. (N. Y.) June 6. (116:665.)

"Mansfield, Katherine."

By Conrad Aiken. N. Rep. Aug. 8. (35:308.)

By Joseph Collins. N. Y. Times. Feb. 18. (7.)

By Robert Littell. N. Rep. Feb. 28. (34:22.)

By Pierre Loving. Lib. Dec., '22. (5:35.)

By Lloyd Morris. N. Y. Times. Aug. 3. (11.)

MARKHAM, EDWIN.

O. Henry. N. Y. Times. Oct. 22, '22. (22.)

Marshall, Archibald.

By Lloyd Morris. N. Y. Times. April 8. (6.)

MARTIN, DOROTHY.

Joseph Conrad. Free. Sept. 12. (8:10.)

Maupassant, Guy de.

By Allen W. Porterfield. N. Y. Times. June 3. (11.)

By Ben Ray Redman. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 1. (117:118.)

Melville, Herman.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 21. (3.)

By Van Wyck Brooks. Free. Feb. 14. (6:550.)

MENCKEN, H. L.

Joseph Conrad. S. S. Dec., '22. (138.)

Arthur Machen. S. S. Aug. (138.)

Merrick, Leonard.

By Louise Maunsell Field. N. Y. Times. Nov. 26, '22. (8.)

Middleton, Richard.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 4. (7.)

By George H. Sargent. Book. (N. Y.) May. (57:334.)

Montague, C. E.

By John H. Anderson. Shadow. July. (51.)

Moore, George.

By Samuel C. Chew. N. Rep. Nov. 1, '22. (32:256.)

By Philip L. Hill. N. Rep. Nov. 1, '22. (32:253.)

By Ludwig Lewisohn. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 27, '22. (115:721.)

By Marianne Moore. Dial. Dec., '22. (73:664.)

By Temple Scott. Free. Nov. 22, '22. (6:261.)

MOORE, MARIANNE.

Laurence Housman. Dial. Sept. (75:293.)

George Moore. Dial. Dec., '22. (73:664.)

Morand, Paul.

By Joseph Collins. N. Y. Times. April 29. (28:13.)

MORRIS, LLOYD.

Katherine Mansfield. N. Y. Times. Aug. 5. (11.)

Archibald Marshall. N. Y. Times. April 8. (6.)

MORTENSEN, JOHAN.

Anna Lenah Elgström. Scan. Nov., '22. (10:667.)

MOSES, MONTROSE J.

American Short Story. N. Y. Times. April 8. (10.)

MOSS, ARTHUR.

James Stephens. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (56:596.)

MUIR, EDWIN.

I. A. Bunin. Free. June 6. (7:309.)

Walter De La Mare. Free. Sept. 5. (7:620.)

Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann. Free. May 23. (7:250.)

MUMFORD, LEWIS.

Waldo Frank. N. Rep. May 2. (34:276.)

NAZAROFF, ALEXANDER I.

Fyodor Dostoevsky. N. Y. Times. July 15. (5.)

O'Higgins, Harvey.

By Edward H. Reede. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (56:756.)

OVERTON, GRANT.

Joseph Conrad. Book. (N. Y.) May. (57:275.)

John Galsworthy. Book. (N. Y.) April. (57:153.)

V. Sackville-West. Book. (N. Y.) June. (57:411.)

Page, Thomas Nelson.

By Henry B. Fuller. Free. July 18. (7:450.)

By Armistead C. Gordon. Scr. Jan. (73:75.)

By Charles Willis Thompson. N. Y. Times. June 24. (13.)

Papini, Giovanni.

By Emanuel Carnevali. Mod. R. Autumn, '22. (1.)

By Raffaello Piccoli. Dial. Jan. (74:77.)

PEARS, SIR EDMUND RADCLIFFE.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Scr. Jan. (73:3.)

PENNELL, JOSEPH.

Maurice Hewlett. N. Y. Times. Aug. 19. (2.)

PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. L. H. J. March. (15.)

Mark Twain. L. H. J. May. (18.)

PICCOLI, RAFFAELLO.

Giovanni Papini. Dial. Jan. (74:77.)

Poe, Edgar Allan.

By Katherine Anthony. N. Rep. Jan. 6. (35:50.)

By John Ayscough. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:41.)

By Augusta Shuford. N. Y. Times. Jan. 21. (7.)

By Gardner Teall. N. Y. Times. Dec. 3., '22. (7.)

By Beverley Randolph Tucker. Reviewer. April. (3:829.)

PORTER, REBECCA N.

American Short Story. Scr. July. (74:90.)

PORTERFIELD, ALLEN W.

Guy de Maupassant. N. Y. Times. June 3. (11.)

POWYS, LLEWELYN.

Arthur Schnitzler. Free. April 4. (7:93.)

RAMSEY, L. F.

Maurice Hewlett. N. Y. Times. July 22. (13.)

REDMAN, BEN RAY.

Guy de Maupassant. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 1. (117:118.)

REEDE, EDWARD H.

Harvey O'Higgins. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (56:756.)

RICKERT, EDITH.

Knut Hamsun. N. Rep. April 11. (34:22.)

RHYS, ERNEST.

Joseph Conrad. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '22. (56:402.)

Rung, Otto.

By Georg Brandes. N. Y. Times. April 8. (7.)

RUSSELL, BERTRAND.

Lyof Nikolaievitch Tolstoy. Free. Jan. 31. (6:501.)

Russell, John.

By A. Donald Douglas. N. Rep. Sept. 12. (36:82.)

By Louise Maunsell Field. N. Y. Times. May 13. (12.)

Sackville-West, V.

By Grant Overton. Book. (N. Y.) June (57:411.)

Salmon, André.

By Malcolm Cowley. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (56:714.)

SALPETER, HARRY.

Joseph Conrad. Nat. (N. Y.) June 6. (116:670.)

SARGENT, GEORGE H.

Richard Middleton. Book. (N. Y.) May. (57:334.)

SCHEFFAUER, ETHEL TALBOT.

German Short Stories. Book. (N. Y.) March. (57:116.)

Schnitzler, Arthur.

By Llewelyn Powys. Free. April 4. (7:93.)

SCHWEIKERT, H. C.

Spanish American Short Story. Med. May 10. (3.)

SCOTT, TEMPLE.

George Moore. Free. Nov. 22, '22. (6:261.)

SELDES, GILBERT.

American Short Story. Dial. Aug. (75:184.)

SELIGMANN, HERBERT J.

Lyof Tolstoy and Fyodor Dostoevsky. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 29.
(117:220.)

SHUFORD, AUGUSTA.

Edgar Allan Poe. N. Y. Times. Jan. 21. (7.)

SIEGRIST, MARY.

Ernest Bramah. N. Y. Times. March 18. (9.)

SINGLETON, J. K.

Walter De La Mare. N. Rep. Sept. 5. (36:52.)

SMERTENKO, JOHAN J.

American Short Story. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (56:584.) Nat.
(N. Y.) June 20. (116:725.) Sept. 5. (117:243.)

Sholom Asch. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 14. (116:180.)

British Short Story. Nat. (N. Y.) June 20. (116:725.)

Spanish American Short Story.

By H. C. Schweikert. Med. May 10. (3.)

Stenbock, Count Stanilaus Eric.

By Arthur Symons. Prairie. Jan.-Feb. (15.)

Stephens, James.

By Arthur Moss. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (56:596.)

Stevenson, Robert Louis.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 28. (9.)

By George S. Hellman. Cen. Dec., '22. (105:240.)

By Sir Edmund Radcliffe Pears. Scr. Jan. (73:3.)

STUART, HENRY LONGAN.

Paul Bourget. Free. May 30. (7:274.)

Sudermann, Hermann.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 18. (3.)

SYMONS, ARTHUR.

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The following abbreviations are used in the index:

- Adams B.*..... *Adams.* Fenceless Meadows.
Adcock *Adcock.* With the Gilt Off.
Atkinson *Atkinson.* The Short Story.
Aumonier B...... *Aumonier.* Miss Bracegirdle and Others.
Austin *Austin.* On the Borderland.
Bercovici B...... *Bercovici.* Murdo.
Bibesco B...... *Bibesco.* Balloons.
Bottome *Bottome.* The Victim and the Worm.
Bramah A...... *Bramah.* Kai Lung's Golden Hours.
Bunin *Bunin.* The Gentleman from San Francisco.
Bunin B...... *Bunin.* The Dreams of Chang.
Byrne *Byrne.* Changeling.
Canfield B...... *Canfield.* Raw Material.
Chekhov J...... *Chekhov.* Love.
Chesterton *Chesterton.* The Man Who Knew Too Much.
Clémenceau B.... *Clémenceau.* At the Foot of Sinai.
Cobb E...... *Cobb.* Snake Doctor.
Colcord *Colcord.* An Instrument of the Gods.
Coppard B...... *Coppard.* The Black Dog.
De La Mare...... *De La Mare.* The Riddle.
De Wit...... *De Wit.* Island-India.
Ferber C...... *Ferber.* Gigolo.
Fitzgerald A..... *Fitzgerald.* Tales of the Jazz Age.
Forster *Forster.* The Celestial Omnibus.
French H...... *French.* Great Pirate Stories.
Furman *Furman.* The Quare Women.
Georgian A...... *Georgian* Stories, 1922.
Gerould *Gerould.* Valiant Dust.
Glasgow *Glasgow.* The Shadowy Third.
Gogol B...... *Gogol.* The Overcoat.
Hallström *Hallström.* Selected Short Stories.
Hart *Hart.* Contact.
Hawthorne *Hawthorne.* Tales. (Van Doren.)
Hecht *Hecht.* A Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago.
Heidenstam *Von Heidenstam.* The Charles Men.
Hutchinson *Hutchinson.* The Eighth Wonder.
Jessup B...... *Jessup.* Representative American Short Stories.
Johnston *Johnston.* Little Life Stories.
Lawrence A...... *Lawrence.* The Captain's Doll.
Lawrence B...... *Lawrence.* England, My England.

- London B.*.....London. Dutch Courage.
LyeskovLyeskov. The Sentry.
Lyons B......Lyons. Fifty-Fifty.
Mansfield C......Mansfield. The Doves' Nest.
MarriageMarriage: Short Stories of Married Life by American Writers.
Marshall B......Marshall. The Clinton Twins.
Maugham B......Maugham. On a Chinese Screen.
Maupassant A.....Maupassant. Boule de Suif.
Maupassant B.....Maupassant. Mademoiselle Fifi.
Maupassant C.....Maupassant. Doctor Heraclius Gloss.
Maupassant D.....Maupassant. That Pig, Morin.
Maupassant E.....Maupassant. Miss Harriet.
Maupassant F.....Maupassant. The Sisters Rondoli.
MayneMayne. Nine of Hearts.
Melville A......Melville. The Apple Tree Table.
Melville B......Melville. The Piazza Tales.
Merrick D......Merrick. To Tell You the Truth.
Montague D.....Montague. Fiery Particles.
Morand A......Morand. Open All Night.
New Dec. C......The New Decameron. Third Volume.
O'Brien F......O'Brien. Best Short Stories of 1922.
O'Brien G......O'Brien and Cournos. Best British Short Stories of 1922.
O'Brien H......O'Brien and Cournos. Best British Short Stories of 1923.
O'Higgins B......O'Higgins. Some Distinguished Americans.
Phillpotts B.....Phillpotts. Black, White, and Brindled.
PitkinPitkin. As We Are.
Post D......Post. Monsieur Jonquelle.
Post E......Post. Randolph Mason: The Corrector of Destinies.
Powys A......Powys. Ebony and Ivory.
Powys B......Powys. The Left Leg.
Prize D......O. Henry. Memorial Prize Stories of 1922.
RansomeRansome. The Soldier and Death.
Russell B......Russell. In Dark Places.
SabatiniSabatini. The Banner of the Bull.
SchreinerSchreiner. Stories, Dreams, and Allegories.
Smith C......Smith. Deadlines.
Steele B......Steele. The Shame Dance.
StorkStork. Modern Swedish Masterpieces.
StreetStreet. Cross-Sections.
TarkingtonTarkington. The Fascinating Stranger.
ToomerToomer. Cane.
WebsterWebster. The Other Story.
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MAGAZINE AVERAGES

OCTOBER, 1922, TO SEPTEMBER, 1923

The following table includes the averages of distinctive stories in certain American periodicals published from October, 1922, to September, 1923, inclusive. One, two, and three asterisks are employed to indicate relative distinction. "Three-asterisk stories" are of somewhat permanent literary value. The list excludes reprints. As certain issues of Broom, Good Housekeeping, McCall's Magazine, and The Saturday Evening Post were not procurable by purchase, loan, or editorial courtesy, despite frequent requests, I am unable to include their averages in these tables.

PERIODICALS	No. OF STORIES PUB- LISHED	No. OF DISTINCTIVE STORIES PUBLISHED			PERCENTAGE OF DISTINCTIVE STORIES PUBLISHED		
		*	**	***	*	**	***
Asia	12	5	5	2	42	42	17
Atlantic Monthly	24	19	10	5	79	42	21
Century Magazine	38	34	25	22	89	66	58
Collier's Weekly	105	10	3	2	9	3	2
Cosmopolitan	96	21	10	5	22	10	5
Delineator	27	10	4	2	37	15	7
Dial	12	12	12	10	100	100	83
Double Dealer	15	11	8	6	73	53	40
Everybody's Magazine	75	16	2	1	21	3	1
Harper's Bazar	33	6	1	1	18	3	3
Harper's Magazine	47	40	33	23	85	73	50
Hearst's International	99	22	10	7	22	10	7
Ladies' Home Journal	53	10	5	4	19	9	7
Metropolitan	60	15	6	6	25	10	10
New York Tribune	53	19	7	2	36	13	4
Our World							
(including World Fiction)	76	73	53	33	96	70	43
Pearson's Magazine	21	18	14	11	86	66	52
Pictorial Review	50	39	29	20	78	58	40
Red Book Magazine	130	29	12	7	22	9	5
Scribner's Magazine	45	21	13	6	47	29	13
Smart Set	109	49	23	10	45	26	9
Woman's Home Companion	58	14	1	0	24	2	0

The following tables indicate the rank, during the period between October, 1922, and September, 1923, inclusive, by number and percentage of distinctive short stories published, of twenty-one periodicals coming within the scope of my examination which have published an average of 15 percent or more of distinctive stories. The lists exclude reprints, but not translations.

BY PERCENTAGE

1.	Dial	100%
2.	Our World (including World Fiction)	95%
3.	Century Magazine	89%
4.	Pearson's Magazine	86%
5.	Harper's Magazine	85%
6.	Atlantic Monthly	79%
7.	Pictorial Review	78%
8.	Double Dealer	73%
9.	Scribner's Magazine	47%
10.	Smart Set	45%
11.	Asia	42%
12.	Delineator	37%
13.	New York Tribune	36%
14.	Metropolitan	25%
15.	Woman's Home Companion	24%
16.	Red Book Magazine	22%
17.	Hearst's International	22%
18.	Cosmopolitan	22%
19.	Everybody's Magazine	21%
20.	Ladies' Home Journal	19%
21.	Harper's Bazar	18%

BY NUMBER

1.	Our World (including World Fiction)	73
2.	Smart Set	49
3.	Harper's Magazine	40
4.	Pictorial Review	39
5.	Century Magazine	34
6.	Red Book Magazine	29
7.	Hearst's International	22
8.	Scribner's Magazine	21
9.	Cosmopolitan	21
10.	Atlantic Monthly	19
11.	New York Tribune	19
12.	Pearson's Magazine	18
13.	Everybody's Magazine	16
14.	Metropolitan	15
15.	Woman's Home Companion	14
16.	Dial	12
17.	Double Dealer	11

The following periodicals have published during the same period ten or more "two-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations. Periodicals represented in this list during 1915, 1916, etc., to 1922 inclusive are represented by the prefixed letters a, b, etc., to h inclusive.

The following periodicals have published during the same period five or more "three-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations. The same signs are used as prefixes as in the previous list.

Ties in the above lists have been decided by taking relative rank in other lists into account.

INDEX OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

OCTOBER, 1922, TO SEPTEMBER, 1923

All short stories published in the following magazines and newspapers are indexed:

All's Well	Menorah Journal
American Hebrew	Metropolitan
American Magazine	Midland
American Scandinavian Review	Milwaukee Arts Monthly
Asia	Modern Quarterly
Atlantic Monthly	Modern Review
Bookman	Nation
Broom	New Republic
Catholic World	New York Tribune
Century Magazine	Our World
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)	Outlook
Clay	Pearson's Magazine
Collier's Weekly	Pictorial Review
Cosmopolitan	Prairie
Delineator	Red Book Magazine
Dial	Reviewer
Double Dealer	Rhythmus
Everybody's Magazine	S. 4. N.
Freeman	Saturday Evening Post
Good Housekeeping	Scribner's Magazine
Harper's Bazar	Secession
Harper's Magazine	Shadowland
Hearst's International	Smart Set
Ladies' Home Journal	Sunset
Liberator	Wave
Little Review	Woman's Home Companion
McCall's Magazine	Woman's World
McClure's Magazine	World Fiction

Short stories of distinction only, published in the following magazines during the same period, are indexed:

Adventure	Gargoyle
Ainslee's Magazine	Haldeman-Julius Weekly
American Boy	Holland's Magazine
Blue Book Magazine	MacLean's Magazine
Brief Stories	Mediator
Designer	Munsey's Magazine

Open Road
People's Popular Monthly
Popular Magazine

Sea Stories Magazine
Short Stories
Weird Tales

I have considered many other magazines without finding any stories of distinction. One, two, or three asterisks are prefixed to the titles of stories to indicate distinction. Three asterisks prefixed to a title indicate the fact that the story is listed in the "Roll of Honor." Cross references after an author's name refer to the last previous volume of this series in which his name appeared. These cross references can be followed backward through each volume, and thus form a more or less complete history of any author's work since 1914. (H) after the name of an author indicates that other stories by this author have been published in American periodicals between 1900 and 1914, and that these stories are listed in "The Standard Index of Short Stories," by Francis J. Hannigan, published by Small, Maynard and Company, 1918. The figures in parentheses after the title of a story refer to the volume and page number of the magazine. In cases where successive numbers of a magazine are not paged consecutively, the page number only is given in this index.

I am unable to report upon the stories published in the following issues of certain periodicals.

Broom. July, 1923.

Good Housekeeping, April, May, and July, 1923.

McCall's Magazine, September, 1923.

Saturday Evening Post, Nov. 11, 1922. January 6, 20, and 27, 1923.

Shadowland, June, 1923.

Sunset, September, 1923.

Wave, Jan.-May, 1923.

If any of my readers care to loan me such copies of these issues as they may possess, I shall be glad to acknowledge their courtesy, and to report upon the stories which they contain next year. These periodicals may be addressed to me Care of Andrew H. Dakers, 4, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W. C. 2, England.

The following abbreviations are used in the index:

<i>A. W.</i>	All's Well
<i>Adv.</i>	Adventure
<i>Ain.</i>	Ainslee's Magazine
<i>Am.</i>	American Magazine
<i>Am. B.</i>	American Boy
<i>Am. H.</i>	American Hebrew
<i>Asia</i>	Asia
<i>Atl.</i>	Atlantic Monthly
<i>Blue</i>	Blue Book Magazine
<i>Book. (N. Y.)</i>	Bookman

<i>Br. St.</i>	Brief Stories
<i>Broom</i>	Broom
<i>Cath. W.</i>	Catholic World
<i>Cen.</i>	Century Magazine
<i>Chic. Trib.</i>	Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)
<i>Clay</i>	Clay
<i>Col.</i>	Collier's Weekly
<i>Cos.</i>	Cosmopolitan
<i>D. D.</i>	Double Dealer
<i>Del.</i>	Delineator
<i>Des.</i>	Designer
<i>Dial</i>	Dial
<i>Ev.</i>	Everybody's Magazine
<i>Free</i>	Freeman
<i>G. H.</i>	Good Housekeeping
<i>Gargoyle</i>	Gargoyle
<i>Haldeman</i>	Haldeman-Julius Weekly
<i>Harp. B.</i>	Harper's Bazar
<i>Harp. M.</i>	Harper's Magazine
<i>Hear.</i>	Hearst's International
<i>Hol.</i>	Holland's Magazine
<i>L. H. J.</i>	Ladies' Home Journal
<i>Lib.</i>	Liberator
<i>Lit. R.</i>	Little Review
<i>McC.</i>	McClure's Magazine
<i>McCall.</i>	McCall's Magazine
<i>MacL.</i>	MacLean's Magazine
<i>Med.</i>	Mediator
<i>Men. J.</i>	Menorah Journal
<i>Met.</i>	Metropolitan
<i>Mid.</i>	Midland
<i>Mil.</i>	Milwaukee Arts Monthly
<i>Mod. Q.</i>	Modern Quarterly
<i>Mod. R.</i>	Modern Review
<i>Mun.</i>	Munsey's Magazine
<i>N. Rep.</i>	New Republic
<i>N. Y. Trib.</i>	New York Tribune
<i>Nat. (N. Y.)</i>	Nation
<i>O. R.</i>	Open Road
<i>O. W.</i>	Our World
<i>Outl.</i>	Outlook
<i>Pearson.</i>	Pearson's Magazine
<i>Peop.</i>	People's Popular Monthly
<i>Pict. R.</i>	Pictorial Review
<i>Pop.</i>	Popular Magazine
<i>Prairie</i>	Prairie
<i>(R)</i>	Reprint
<i>Red Bk.</i>	Red Book Magazine
<i>Reviewer</i>	Reviewer
<i>Rhyth.</i>	Rhythmus

<i>S. 4. N.</i>	<i>S. 4. N.</i>
<i>S. E. P.</i>	Saturday Evening Post
<i>S. S.</i>	Smart Set
<i>Scan.</i>	American Scandinavian Review
<i>Scr.</i>	Scribner's Magazine
<i>Sea</i>	Sea Stories Magazine
<i>Secession</i>	Secession
<i>Sh. St.</i>	Short Stories
<i>Shadow</i>	Shadowland
<i>Sun</i>	Sunset
<i>Wave</i>	Wave
<i>W. F.</i>	World Fiction
<i>W. H. C.</i>	Woman's Home Companion
<i>W. W.</i>	Woman's World
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See "RONALSON, JOHN MOTT."
CARMAN, TRAVERS D.
 "Th' Leavin's o' th' Litter." Outl.
 May 23. (139:41.)

- CARR, HARRY.
Blunders of Vladimir. McC. Jan. (54.)
- CARRINGTON, ELAINE STERNE. (1894-.) (See 1921.)
Mirage. Pict. R. May. (24.)
*Otherwise Perfect. Pict. R. March. (24.)
Shaft of Light. Pict. R. May. (10.)
- CARROLL, MARY TARVER.
Curse on the House of De Jarnie. Met. July. (57.)
- CARRUTH, (FRED) HAYDEN. (1862-.) (See 1921.) (H.)
Julius Caesar Redeems Himself. W. H. C. Nov., '22. (9.)
- CARVER, GEORGE. (1888-.) (See 1922.)
*Scarlet One. Mid. June-July-Aug. (9:133.)
- CARY, HAROLD. (See 1921.)
Kiss an' Run. Red Bk. Aug. (103.)
- CART, LUCIAN. (1886-.) (See 1922.)
All About Men. W. H. C. Sept. (19.)
Daughter of the Day. Chic. Trib. April 8.
Three Great Truths. W. H. C. March. (17.)
- CASEY, JACK.
Wilbur and His Educated Hams. Am. Oct., '22. (41.)
- CASTLE, EVERETT RHODES. (See 1922.)
So-So. S. E. P. April 28. (15.)
- CAVENDISH, JOHN C. (See 1922.)
*Markley Street. S. S. Sept. (113.)
- CHAMBERLAIN, GEORGE AGNEW. (1879-.) (See 1921.)
Buried These Twenty Years. S. E. P. June 16. (24.)
***Folded Wings. Harp. B. Dec., '22. (48.)
Great Van Suttart Mystery. S. E. P. May 19. (5.)
Highboy Rings Down the Curtain. S. E. P. Dec. 30, '22. (6.)
John Blake On Tour. S. E. P. June 2. (18.)
Marriage by the Underground Route. S. E. P. June 9. (22.)
Quality of Mercy. Harp. B. March. (54.)
Three Black Pills In a Bottle. S. E. P. May 26. (20.)
- CHAMBERS, ANNE.
Sacred Trust. Sun. Jan. (26.)
- CHAMBERS, ROBERT HUSTED.
Captain Sebastien. Ev. Dec., '22. (16.)
- CHAMBRUN, CLARA LONGWORTH, COMTESSE DE. (See 1920.)
*Daughter of Barbary. Scr. Oct., '22. (72:439.)
- CHAPMAN, EDITH. (EDITH CHAPMAN TRACY.) (1893-.) (See 1922.)
***Hegira. D. D. Nov., '22. (4:226.)
- CHESTER, EMMA S. (MRS. FREDERICK D. CHESTER.)
Empty Cup. Cath. W. July. (117:459.)
- CHESTER, GEORGE RANDOLPH. (1869-.) (See 1920.) (H.)
All For the Ladies. S. E. P. Aug. 11. (16.)
Bigger and Better. S. E. P. May 12. (12.)
Boy Wonder. S. E. P. May 26. (8.)
Dixie Day, Herself. S. E. P. July 28. (9.)
Fried Eggs. S. E. P. July 14. (16.)
Isidor Iskovitch Presents. S. E. P. Sept. 8. (25.)
Named by Izzy Iskovitch. S. E. P. April 21. (10.)
Tale of Three Fillums. S. E. P. June 16. (8.)
- CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN. (1881-.) (See 1922.) (H.)
Bottom of the Barrel. Chic. Trib. Jan. 28.
Fresh Waters. Pict. R. June. (10.)
*Keats Shadd. Harp. B. April. (72.)
*Primitive. Pict. R. Aug. (14.)
*Roaring Boss. Col. Dec. 16, '22. (9.)
*Streak of Personality. Harp. Feb. (83.)
They Call It Ruin. Col. July 21. (3.)
What Would Any Woman Do? Met. April. (15.)
- CHURCHILL, DAVID. (See 1922.)
Bread. McC. April. (19.)
- CLARK, (CHARLES) BADGER. (See 1922.)
Home-Wreckers. Scr. Jan. (73:81.)
- CLARK, EMILY.
Stuffed Peacocks. S. S. June. (66.)
- CLARK, VALMA. (See 1922.)
***Ignition. Scr. Jan. (73:50.)
*Plagiarism. Scr. March. (73:337.)
Timothy's Last Joke. Am. May. (38.)
***Two Men Who Murdered Each Other. W. T. July-Aug. (23.)
- CLAUSEN, CARL. (See 1922.)
Chastening of Grizzly McCloud. Chic. Trib. Feb. 25.
Stay Away From That Man! Met. Aug. (54.)
Time—the Present. S. E. P. Feb. 24. (40.)
When McTurk Met Greek. S. E. P. May 12. (42.)
Year Longer to Live. Met. June. (49.)

- COATES, ROBERT M. (1897-) (See 1922.)
- ***Bisected Circle. Gargoyle. Nov.-Dec., '22.
- COBB, IRVIN SHREWSBURY. (1876-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- ***Chocolate Hyena. Cos. July. (54.)
- *Eminent Dr. Deeves. Cos. April. (30.)
- **His Mother's Apron Strings. G. H. Mar. (10.)
- *Hunch-Player. Cos. May. (38.)
- *One Block From Fifth Avenue. Cos. Jan. (18.)
- *Otherwise Sweet William. Cos. March. (26.)
- *Red Handed. Cos. June. (30.)
- **Special Extra. Cos. Dec., '22. (22.)
- **Snake Doctor. Cos. Nov., '22. (14.)
- **Thirteenth Degree. Cos. Feb. (32.)
- *This Hero Business. Cos. Oct., '22. (28.)
- ***Unbroken Chain. Cos. Sept. (26.)
- *Value of a Good Name. Cos. Aug. (38.)
- COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. (1891-) (See 1922.)
- Birth of a Notion. S. E. P. Sept. 1. (14.)
- Buyer's Risk. Chic. Trib. April 1.
- Fifty-Fifty-Fifty. Chic. Trib. Nov. 26, '22.
- Focus Pocus. S. E. P. Oct. 21, '22. (16.)
- Goofy Guy. Hear. April. (26.)
- Helen of Troy, N. Y. S. E. P. Oct. 7, '22. (22.)
- His Bitter Half. S. E. P. Jan. 13. (14.)
- Knight's Gambit. Chic. Trib. July 8.
- Law and the Profits. S. E. P. April 28. (17.)
- Melancholy Dame. Hear. Nov., '22. (32.)
- One Half Dozen Raw. S. E. P. Oct. 14, '22. (36.)
- Pay-Off. Col. April 14. (3.)
- Pink Bait. Col. July 7. (3.)
- There's No Plate Like Home. Hear. Sept. (62.)
- To Have and Toe Hold. Hear. Oct., '22. (40.)
- Wife Preserver. Hear. Feb.
- COHEN, ROSE GOLLUP. (1880-) (See 1922.)
- ***Katinka. Pict. R. May. (24.)
- ***Voice of the Sod. Pict. R. Oct., '22. (6.)
- COLCORD, LINCOLN. (Ross.) (1883-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- Beauty of Hina. Hear. Sept. (45.)
- *Girl Who Was a Mystery To Her Town. Am. March. (13.)
- *"Sailor Bill" Harriman Just Had To See Roosevelt. Am. Sept. (39.)
- *Unmasked. Am. June. (23.)
- COLEMAN, LOUISE LORD.
- ***Escape. Pearson (N. Y.) April. (34.)
- COLLINS, DALE.
- Face of Buddha. Sun. May. (5.)
- COLLINS, FREDERICK L.
- Man Who Just Sat. Harp. M. Oct., '22. (145:689.)
- COMFORT, WILL LEVINGTON. (1878-) (See 1922.)
- Eleven Forty-Five. Hear. Dec., '22. (15.)
- Jungle's Mad Laughter. Chic. Trib. June 17.
- CONDON, FRANK. (See 1922.) (H.)
- Hot Water. Col. Sept. 29. (11.)
- Man Going East. Red Bk. Nov., '22. (68.)
- Pie a la Mode. Sun. June. (20.)
- Why Wives Leave Home. Sun. Aug. (23.)
- CONNELL, RICHARD. (1893-) (See 1922.)
- ***And the Night Shall Be Filled With Music. Met. June. (21.)
- Battle of Washington Square. S. E. P. June 9. (12.)
- Champions All. S. E. P. Aug. 18. (14.)
- *Fists. S. E. P. March 10. (12.)
- *Friend of Napoleon. S. E. P. June 30. (12.)
- Hands Across the Dumb-Waiter. L. H. J. Jan. (32.)
- Her Arabian Knight. Ev. May. (134.)
- House In the Country. S. E. P. March 24. (12.)
- Last of the Flatfeet. S. E. P. Sept. 29. (10.)
- Lobster Thermidor. S. E. P. Dec. 9, '22. (20.)
- Man Who Could Imitate a Bee. Harp. B. Jan. (68.)
- New York Knight. S. E. P. April 21. (18.)
- Prince Has the Mumps. S. E. P. Sept. 8. (12.)
- Son of a Sloganeer. S. E. P. Feb. 24. (10.)
- *Unfamiliar. Cen. Sept. (106:664.)
- CONNOLLY, JAMES BRENDON. (1868-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- *Down By the Harbor Side. Red Bk. Aug. (97.)
- *Hailing from Gloucester. Hear. June. (91.)
- *Sea Faker. Sea. March 20. (69.)
- *When the Fishing's Good. Red Bk. Dec., '22. (47.)
- COOPER, COURTNEY RYLEY. (1886-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- Box of White Powder. Red Bk. July. (89.)

COOPER, COURTNEY RYLEY. (*contd.*)
 Cage Mates. Red Bk. May. (76.)
 Dopester. Ev. Oct., '22. (153.)
 Last Laugh. Chic. Trib. Aug. 12.
 Terror. Red Bk. April. (64.)

COOPER, FRANCES L.
 That Dam' Lamb! Sun. Dec., '22.
 (47.)

CORBEL, JOHN.
 ***Contact. D. D. Feb. (5:77.)

CORLEY, DONALD. (*See* 1922.)
 **Crossroads of Renunciation. Hol.
 May. (7.)
 *Flèches. Pearson (N. Y.) May. (42.)
 ***Price of Reflection. Harp. M.
 March. (146:481.)

CORYELL, JOHN R.
 What Chance Has a Husband Against
 a Poodle? Met. July. (42.)

COULSON, RAYMOND A.
 Towers of Yaghistan. McC. Sept.
 (82.)

COURNOS, JOHN. (1881-)
 ***Samovar. Dial. June. (74:595.)

COWLEY, MALCOLM.
 Snapshot of a Young Lady. Broom.
 Aug. (5:3.)
 "CRABB, ARTHUR." (*See* 1922.)
 Gay Dog. Ev. Oct., '22. (162.)
 Incog. W. H. C. March. (15.)
 Perfect Fool. W. W. March. (12.)

CRAIGIE, HAMILTON.
 Kerry and the Knobkerrie. McC.
 Aug. (35.)

CRAM, MILDRED R. (1889-) (*See*
 1922.)
 *Fifteen Dollars. McC. Jan. (25.)
 On Dit. Harp. B. Nov., '22. (78.)
 Syringa. Harp. B. Oct., '22. (84.)

CROSBY, MARION.
 ***Space of Years. Mid. Feb. (9:
 25.)

CURCI, J. MILO.
 Faithful Delilah. Del. June. (6.)

CURRAN, HENRY HASTINGS. (1877-)
 Callahan of Carmine Street. Scr.
 Nov., '22. (72:580.)
 Heads Up! Scr. Aug. (74:225.)
 Hey, Toolan's Marchin'! Scr. Oct.,
 '22. (72:423.)
 Imperturbability of Pick. Scr. Dec.,
 '22. (72:721.)
 "Uffs." Scr. Jan. (73:97.)

CURTIS, MARGUERITE. (*See* 1922.)
 Added Inch. S. E. P. Feb. 17.
 (24.)
 Jacqueline. S. E. P. April 21.
 (24.)
 Manisty's Eyes. S. E. P. April 7.
 (43.)
 On Business. S. E. P. June 23.
 (16.)
 Tweeds. S. E. P. Oct. 21, '22.
 (14.)

CURTIS, PHILIP. (EVERETT.) (1885-
) (*See* 1922.) (H.)

One Hundred Years of Joan. L.
 H. J. Feb. (16.)
 ***Party of the Third Part. Scr. Dec.,
 '22. (72:730.)

CURWOOD, JAMES OLIVER. (1878-)
 (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Gentleman Comes to Five Fingers.
 Cos. Sept. (82.)
 Where the Lean Wolves Run. Cos.
 Aug. (28.)

D

DALE, VIRGINIA.
 Girl of Thirty. Red Bk. Aug. (83.)

DALY, CARROLL JOHN.
 Paying An Old Debt. Am. April.
 (13.)

DANE, YARDLEY. (*See* 1922.)
 Yea-Sayer. S. S. March. (99.)
 Unique One. S. S. Oct., '22.
 (97.)

DARNTON, BYRON.
 *Harold C. Mills. S. S. Oct., '22.
 (59.)

DAVIES, MARIA THOMPSON. (*See* 1916.)
 (H.)
 No Respector of Person. Chic.
 Trib. Sept. 30.

DAVIS, J. FRANK. (*See* 1922.)
 Gay Señor. Hear. May. (53.)
 Out on a Limb. Hear. Dec., '22.
 (71.)

DAY, FRANK PARKER. (1881-)
 ***Epic of Marble Mountain. Harp. M.
 Sept. (147:493.)

DAY, HOLMAN FRANCIS. (1865-)
 (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Madam, I'm Adam. Red Bk. Jan.
 (50.)

DAY, LILLIAN.
 *What Did You Expect—From a
 German? Met. May. (15.)

DEAN, WILLIAM HARPER. (*See* 1922.)
 On Mount Moriah. L. H. J. April.
 (18.)
 Randolph of the Courier. L. H. J.
 May. (26.)
 Under Battered Hatches. McC.
 July. (33.)

DE JACERS, DOROTHY. (*See* 1922.)
 Her Master's Voice. Sept. 1. (18.)
 Psyche and Cupidity. S. E. P.
 Oct. 28, '22. (14.)

DELANO, EDITH BARNARD. (*See* 1922.)
 ("H" under BARNARD, EDITH, and
 DELANO, EDITH BARNARD.)
 **Anna. W. W. Sept. (5.)
 Gods and the Machine. L. H. J.
 May. (12.)
 Grandma. W. W. June. (5.)
 ***Rich and Strange. L. H. J. Sept.
 (10.)

DE LEON, WALTER. (*See* 1922.)
 Cloven Heel. Ev. Jan. (47.)
 Cows of Madura. Ev. Sept. (129.)

- DE LEON, WALTER. (*contd.*)
Ecclesiastical Stuff. Ev. Nov., '22. (124.)
Gertie Puts It Over. S. E. P. April 7. (24.)
Jiggling Aerials. Ev. April. (33.)
Managing Molly. S. E. P. March 10. (37.)
Maneuvers of Molly. S. E. P. Dec. 16, '22. (12.)
Only the High Spots. Ev. Feb. (53.)
- DERFELDEN, MARGHERITA.
**Buddha. Scr. Aug. (74:203.)
- DERIEUX, SAMUEL A. (1881-1922.) (*See* 1922.)
Old Gideon—Detective. Am. May. (21.)
- DETZER, KARL W.
Act of Fiction. McC. July. (66.)
- DE WIT, AUGUSTA.
**Nellis. W. F. Nov., '22. (75.)
***Orpheus In a Javan Village. Asia. May. (23:341.)
- DICK, HELEN.
Raymon Fouquet. Reviewer. Oct., '22. (3:682.)
- DICKSON, HARRIS. (1868-) (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)
Illicit Lady. Red Bk. June. (81.)
Odyssey of 'Nias. Red Bk. Feb. (77.)
- DIVINE, CHARLES. (*See* 1922.)
*Words, Words, Words! S. S. May. (81.)
- DOBIE, CHARLES CALDWELL. (1881-) (*See* 1922.)
***Fallen Leaf. Harp. M. April. (144:609.)
- DODGE, LOUIS. (1870-) (*See* 1921.)
**Breaking-Point. Scr. July. (74: 97.)
- DOHERTY, EDWARD J.
Marked. McC. Dec., '22. (35.)
- DOUGLAS, FORD. (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)
Cousin Edgar. S. S. June. (53.)
Eye For An Eye. S. S. Aug. (51.)
Goat Bell. S. S. May. (61.)
Six Cold Bottles of Pilsener. S. S. Nov., '22. (89.)
- DOUNCE, HARRY ESTY. (*See* 1922.)
Balmung Umbrella. Col. Feb. 3. (7.)
Clayburn's Boy. Col. Aug. 18. (3.)
His Master's Bloodhound. Col. Oct. 21, '22. (7.)
Journey's End. Col. Sept. 22. (3.)
Profiteer. Col. May 19. (3.)
Swan Song of Jonathan Dobson. Col. July 14. (3.)
Two Sticks. Col. Dec. 23, '22. (14.)
Waxworks. Col. Nov. 11, '22. (5.)

- DOWNES, ANNE MILLER.
*Respectable. S. S. April. (61.)
- DRAKE, CARLOS C.
**Club Night. S. S. Nov., '22. (81.)
- DREISER, THEODORE. (1871-) (*See* 1921.) (*H.*)
***Ida Hauchawout. Cen. July. (106: 335.)
***Reina. Cen. Sept. (106:695.)
- DREW, HELEN. (*See* 1920.)
Hall-Mark of Merit. McC. May. (102.)
- DUBOIS, THEODORA. (*See* 1921.)
*Out of the Tunnel. W. H. C. July. (7.)
- DUGANNE, PHYLLIS. (*See* 1922.)
Eligibles. Harp. B. April. (94.)
It Can't Be Done. Harp. B. June. (78.)
Judges. Harp. B. Feb. (56.)
Little Savage. W. H. C. Jan. (20.)
Old-Fashioned Girl. Harp. B. July. (54.)
Peter Pan. W. H. C. May. (9.)
When a Wife Acts Like That. Met. Feb.—March. (57.)
- DUTTON, LOUISE ELIZABETH. (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)
Songs My Mother Taught Me. Hear. May. (41.)
White Gold. S. E. P. March 17. (17.)
- DWYER, JAMES FRANCIS. (1874-) (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)
Pines o' Maine. W. H. C. Nov., '22. (19.)
Dec., '22. (29.)
- DYAR, MURIEL CAMPBELL. (*See* 1916.) (*H.*)
***Long Road. Harp. M. Oct., '22. (145:666.)

E

- EASTMAN, REBECCA LANE HOOPER. (1877-) (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)
Love and Lucy Lane. G. H. Aug. (80.)
She Never Forgave Him. G. H. Feb. (18.)
Sunny Side of Thirty. S. E. P. June 23. (11.)
- EATON, WALTER PRITCHARD. (1878-) (*See* 1921.) (*H.*)
Tell Me Next Wednesdaw. W. H. C. June. (21.)
- EDHOLM, CHARLTON LAWRENCE. (1879-) (*See* 1920.) (*H.*)
Swan. Shadow. Aug. (21.)
- ELDRIDGE, PAUL. (*See* 1922.)
*Conte Giovanni Lapini. D.D. Feb. (5:47.)
- ELLIOTT, RANDOLPH.
Maverick Princess. Scr. May. (73: 596.)

- ENGLAND, GEORGE ALLAN. (1877-)
(See 1922.) (H.)
Nogg-Head. S. E. P. July 21.
(8.)
- EVANS, IDA MAY. (See 1922.) (H.)
Cream Comes to the Top. S. E. P.
Oct. 21, '22. (33.)
Fullness Thereof. S. E. P. Feb.
17. (12.)
Spare the Rod. Cos. July. (91.)
Through His Eyes. Hear. July.
(92.)
- EVANS, MARGARET.
*Nigger. Broom. Jan. (4:108.)
- EVANS, WAINWRIGHT.
Not Fit for a Good Boy to Read.
Met. July. (22.)
- EVARTS, HAL G. (See 1921.)
Drop-In. Red Bk. Jan. (62.)
Fatted Calf. Red Bk. Feb. (83.)
- EVERMAN, PAUL. (See 1922.)
Wooring of Peg-Leg's Daughters.
McC. July. (46.)

F

- FABIAN, WARNER.
Sunrise. Hear. Aug. (49.)
- FARACOH, FRANCIS EDWARDS. (See 1922.)
***Curtain! Pearson. Dec.-Jan. (21.)
***Distant Street. Pearson (N. Y.)
March. (18.)
- FAVROT, JR., GEORGE KENT.
**Son of Aally-Anne. S. S. Oct.,
'22. (37.)
- FELLOM, JAMES. (See 1921.)
First Page Stuff. McC. July. (72.)
- FERRER, EDNA. (1887-) (See
1922.) (H.)
**Gigolo. W. H. C. Nov., '22.
(7.)
***Home Girl. Pict. R. Nov., '22.
(14.)
*Sudden Sixties. W. H. C. Oct.,
'22. (18.)
- FINGER, CHARLES J. (1871-) (See
1922.)
**Blood's Wager. A. W. June-July.
(7.)
*Brace of Cowards. Am. B. Sept.
(14.)
**Folk-Tale—Argentine. A. W. April-
May. (10.)
**Jade Piece. A. W. Feb.-March.
(R.) (8.)
**Mobbing of Nolen. Haldeman.
Mar. 10.
**My Spottgeist. S. S. Oct., '22.
(109.)
**Net of Loose Fish. A. W. Aug.-
Sept. (13.)
***Tale That Cost a Dollar. A. W.
Aug.-Sept. (10.)
***Temple d'Arana. A. W. Jan.
(3:9.)
- FINKLER, ALBERT T.
Matin of a Maiden-Lady. Prairie.
March-April. (13.)
- FISHER, DOROTHY CANFIELD.
See CANFIELD, DOROTHY.
- FISHER, JR., PHILIP M. (See 1918.)
Gift of Lung Tau. Sun. July.
(20.)
Great Love of Lampho. Sun. Aug.
(12.)
- FITZGERALD, FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. (1896-
) (See 1922.)
Dice, Brassknuckles and Guitar.
Hear. May. (8.)
Hot and Cold Blood. Hear. Aug.
(80.)
- FLANDRAU, GRACE HODGSON. (See 1921.)
Path of Gold. Hear. Feb. (23.)
- FLOCKHART, LOLITA L. W.
Silver Mule. Sun. Feb. (39.)
- FOLSOM, ELIZABETH IRONS. (1876-)
(See 1922.)
*After. Ain. March. (152.)
**Behind the Curtains. Br. St. Feb.
(121.)
Girl With the Sawdust Heart. Met.
April. (25.)
*Hem of Her Skirt. G. H. Feb.
(44.)
Lion in His Den. G. H. June.
(46.)
Some Other Time. Sun. Feb.
(23.)
*Towers of Fame. McC. Aug.
(67.)
- FOOTE, JOHN TAINTOR. (See 1922.)
(H.)
Wedding Gift. S. E. P. Jan. 13. (6.)
- FORD, SEWELL. (1868-) (See
1919.) (H.)
Stumbling Sam. S. E. P. June 30.
(8.)
- FORT, GARRETT ELSDEN.
He Fell For His Own Stuff. Met.
May. (49.)
Kiss Bandit. Met. Sept. (57.)
- FOSTER, MAXIMILLAN. (1872-) (See
1922.) (H.)
Bench Warmers. S. E. P. Nov. 4,
'22. (16.)
Death Waitant. S. E. P. April 28.
(8.)
Everyone for Yourself. Red Bk.
Oct., '22. (84.)
- FRASER, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. (1859-
) (See 1921.) (H.)
Easy Money. S. E. P. Dec. 2,
'22. (13.)
- FREED, CLARENCE I.
Julius Goes on a Journey. Am. H.
Sept. 14. (45:453.)
- FREEDMAN, DAVID. (1898-) (See
1922.)
**Love-Life. Pict. R. Oct., '22. (10.)
**Nadelson & Shnaps. Pict. R. July.
(14.)

- FREEMAN, MARY ELEANOR WILKINS.
(1862- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
***Bright Side. Harp. M. April.
(144:630.)
FRIEDLANDER, GERALD.
Wonderful Slave. Am. H. Nov.
3, '22. (43:672.)
FROST, PHILIP PRESCOTT. (See 1915.)
(H.)
Moulder of Public Opinion. Scr.
July. (74:14.)
FURMAN, LUCY. (See 1922.) (H.)
*Moonshine. Atl. Dec., '22. (130:
767.)
*Out by Ox-Team. Outl. April 11.
(133:655.)
*Singing Gal. Atl. Oct., '22.
(130:473.)
*Widow-Man. Atl. Nov., '22. (130:
636.)

G

- CALE, ZONA. (1874- .) (See 1922.)
(H.)
April Night. Del. April. (5.)
Christmas Party. Del. Dec., '22.
(5.)
***Far Cry. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 1.
(117:112.)
*Winter's Tale. Del. March. (12.)
GALWEY, CHARLES.
Fugitives. Broom. Jan. (4:123.)
GARRETT, GARET. (1878- .) (See
1922.)
Once Chance Nodded. Ev. Feb.
(33.)
GATLIN, DANA. (See 1922.) (H.)
After a Man's Fifty. Harp. B.
Sept. (52.)
Born for Trouble. Hear. June.
(74.)
Mr. and Mrs. Kimble. S. E. P.
Sept. 15. (22.)
Princess Charming. Harp. B. July.
(66.)
Siren. Hear. Aug. (89.)
GAUSS, MARIANNE. (See 1922.) (H.)
Greatest Peril of His Life. McC.
Oct., '22. (76.)
GEER, CORNELIA THROOP.
See LE BOUTILLIER, CORNELIA GEER.
GELZER, JAY. (See 1922.)
Great Man's Wife. Hear. Dec., '22.
(49.)
Loser's End. Hear. May. (49.)
Man, A Side-Wheeler, and a Dog.
W. W. Sept. (11.)
GERTRUDE, GERTRUDE S. (MRS. JAMES
OPPENHEIM.)
***Mister 13. S. S. Feb. (79.)
GESCHICKTER, FRANCES.
Tiger. Wave. Oct., '22. (4.)
GILBERT, KENNETH. (See 1922.)
Loneliness of Six-Prong. Sun. Nov.,
22. (26.)

- Lord of the Trail. Am. Aug.
(54.)
GILBERT, MORRIS. (See 1921.)
Act of God. S. S. Dec., '22.
(115.)
Cold Fish. S. S. Dec., '22. (39.)
In the Making. S. S. Nov., '22.
(75.)
GILCHRIST, BETH BRADFORD. (See 1920.)
(H.)
New Wine. Hear. March. (101.)
Trap. Ev. Feb. (141.)
GILL, AUSTIN. (See 1917.)
Worm. Red Bk. Dec., '22. (72.)
GILLMORE, INEZ HAYNES.
See IRWIN, INEZ HAYNES.
GILPATRICK, (JOHN) GUY. (See 1920.)
(H.)
Black Cap. S. S. Sept. (101.)
*Pensioner. S. S. Aug. (49.)
GINGER, BONNIE R. (See 1922.) (H.)
In the Descendent. Ev. Sept.
(39.)
GLASGOW, ELLEN. (ANDERSON GHOLSON.)
(1874- .) (See 1921.)
Artless Age. S. E. P. Aug. 25.
(10.)
**Difference. Harp. M. June. (147:
28.)
**Whispering Leaves. Harp. M. Jan.
(146:147.) Feb. (146:334.)
GLASS, MONTAGUE MARSDEN. (1877- .)
(See 1921.) (H.)
Without Benefit of Dowry. Hear.
Dec., '22. (56.)
GLEASON, ARTHUR HUNTINGTON. (1878-
.) (See 1917.) (H.)
New Mates For Old. Hear. Dec.,
'22. (95.)
GLENN, ISA URQUHART.
Bats Macabre. Scr. July. (74:
107.)
GOLDRICK, HATTIE BOSLEY. (See 1922.)
He-House. Pict. R. March. (26.)
GOODMAN, HENRY. (See 1922.)
***Button. Clay. Summer. (18.)
**Fennia. Clay. Fall-Winter, '22.
(21.)
***One of Them. Mid. May. (9:82.)
***When the Tide Rises. Book. (N.
Y.) March. (57:22.)
GORDON, DOUGLAS.
***Wild Company. Pearson. July.
(43.)
GRACE, ANNE.
Fay's Prince. Am. H. Sept. 7.
(45:373.)
Frankie Called Francis. Am. H.
March 30. (44:632.)
Heart of Gold. Am. H. July 20.
(45:200.)
Musty Leaves. Am. H. Aug. 17.
(45:287.)
GRAEVE, OSCAR. (1885- .) (See
1922.) (H.)
Beggars' Pride. W. W. Feb. (7.)

- GRAEVE, OSCAR. (*contd.*)
 Children. S. S. June. (83.)
 *Dead-Wood. S. S. April. (47.)
 Lunch for One. S. E. P. May 5.
 (16.)
- GRANGER, HENRY FRANCIS. (*See* 1922.)
 Best Fun Yet. Ev. Dec., '22.
 (63.)
 "Geel 'Taint Easy." Ev. Jan.
 (113.)
 Giants. Ev. Nov., '22. (47.)
 When Fear Was Forgotten. Ev.
 Oct., '22. (73.)
- GRANT, BRUCE. (*See* 1922.)
 Patrician Hands. Wave. June.
 (35.)
- GRAY, DAVID. (1870-) (*See* 1921.)
 (H.)
 Mrs. Dev's Fourth Husband. Pict.
 R. Jan. (12.)
 Usual. S. E. P. Oct. 7, '22. (8.)
- GRAY, NEIL.
 Children of Hagar. McC. March.
 (11.)
 Terrible Turk. Del. June. (5.)
- GREENBERG, WILLIAM.
 Outgrown. Am. H. Oct. 6, '22.
 (43:555.)
- "GREET, CARLOTTA."
 ***Elegant Mr. Gason. S. S. July.
 (35.)
- GREY, ZANE. (1875-) (*See* 1921.)
 (H.)
 Tappan's Burro. L. H. J. June.
 (3.)
- GRIFFITH, HERMAN J.
 Dialogue in a Bath-House. Wave.
 June. (39.)
- GUERNON, CHARLES.
 Isn't That Just Like a Woman?
 Met. April. (22.)
 Pink. Ev. (163.)
- GUTHRIE, RAMON.
 *Marchand d' Habits. S. 4. N.
 Jan.-Feb.

H

- HALDEMAN-JULIUS, EMANUEL (1888-)
) and Mrs. EMANUEL. (*See* 1920.)
 *Comtesse du Jones. Atl. Feb.
 (131:219.)
- HALE, AGNES BURKE.
 Superior Mother. S. E. P. Sept.
 29. (8.)
 Technics Differ. S. E. P. June 2.
 (30.)
- HALL, AMANDA BENJAMIN. (*See* 1922.)
 Things. S. S. Jan. (99.)
- HALL, GLADYS. (*See* 1919.)
 If You've Forgotten My Kisses. S. S.
 Aug. (114.)
 "Rot!" Met. Sept. (22.)
- "HALL, HOLWORTHY." HAROLD EVERETT
 PORTER. (1887-) (*See* 1922.)
 (H.)

- Beach Roses. Cos. Jan. (69.)
 Cradle Snatcher. Red Bk. Sept.
 (80.)
 First Ace. Hear. March. (31.)
 Seller of Dreams. McCall. Nov.,
 '22. (11.)
- "HALL, HOLWORTHY," and HOLLISTER,
 PAUL M.
 Nice Little Hunk of Grit. S. E. P.
 May 19. (11.)
- "HALL, HOLWORTHY."
 Place Pig-Alley. S. E. P. July 7.
 (12.)
- HALL, WILBUR JAY. (*See* 1922.)
 Baldie's Garden. W. H. C. Aug.
 (9.)
 Burned Fingers. S. E. P. Oct. 7.
 '22. (18.)
 Business Nun. Sun. Nov., '22.
 (43.)
 Clinging Vine. Sun. May. (26.)
 Companions of the Road. Col.
 Dec. 30, '22. (3.)
 It's All in the Cutting. Met. Jan.
 (32.)
 Likeness. S. E. P. Sept. 22.
 (16.)
 Screws. Red Bk. Jan. (85.)
 Tang of the Sea. Sun. Feb. (5.)
 With Kitchenette. Sun. Oct., '22.
 (24.)
- HAMBY, WILLIAM HENRY. (1875-)
 (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Out of Court. Sub. Dec., '22.
 (5.)
- HAMILTON, DOROTHY M. (*See* 1922.)
 Approach. S. S. March. (65.)
 Bottle of Lilac Perfume. Broom.
 March. (4:237.)
 Spiritual Adviser. S. S. Oct., '22.
 (69.)
- HAMILTON, H. M. (*See* 1922.)
 Pierrette. McCall. Nov., '22. (9.)
 *Where Angels Fear. Br. St. Feb.
 (95.)
- HAMMETT, DASHIELL.
 Holiday. Pearson. July. (30.)
- HANFORD, HELEN ELLWANGER. (*See* 1920.)
 **My Uncle Jonathan. Peop. Aug.
 (1.)
- HARDON, ROBERT V.
 *Gratitude. S. S. Feb. (49.)
- HARDY, MYRA.
 *Red Apples. Outl. (N. Y.) Sept.
 12. (135:67.)
- HARNEY, GEORGE S.
 She Buys the Town. McC. June.
 (81.)
- HARRIS, KENNETT. (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Babes and Sucklings. S. E. P.
 Sept. 15. (20.)
 Ethelda and the Honeyed Tongue.
 S. E. P. Nov. 18., '22. (5.)
 Grandfather Goes to the Ball. S.
 E. P. April 21. (13.)

- HARRIS, KENNETT. (*contd.*)
 Woman of Affairs. S. E. P. Feb. 17. (10.)
- HARRIS, ROBERT J. (1887-)
 ***Renown. Br. St. Sept. (39.)
- HART, FRANCES NOYES. (1890-)
 (See 1922.)
 Cara Wonders. S. E. P. April 14. (12.)
 *Her Grace. McCall. April. (6.)
 ***His Majesty's Adviser. June. (9.)
 **Long-Distance. Pict. R. March. (22.)
 Noel. L. H. J. Oct., '22. (8.)
 Prince Rides Home. L. H. J. Dec., '22. (27.)
 Smith. L. H. J. Nov., '22. (25.)
- HART, HORTENSE SEYMOUR.
 *Captain Jackson Gives In. Am. April. (46.)
- HART, R. DE S.
 Kidnapping of Prunes Alaska. Am. March. (22.)
- HARTMAN, LEE FOSTER. (1879-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
- **Transit of Venus. Red Bk. May. (65.)
 *White Jade. Chic. Trib. May 13. (H.)
- HARTT, ROLLIN LYNDE. (1869-)
 (H.)
 Who Would Have Thought It? McC. June. (37.)
- HATCH, LEONARD. (See 1922.) (H.)
 Soothing Nervous Nick. Ev. Oct., '22. (83.)
- HATTON, FANNY.
 See HATTON, FREDERIC, and HATTON, FANNY.
- HATTON, FREDERIC, and HATTON, FANNY.
 Azure Shore. Harp. B. March. (68.)
 Personal Appearances. Hear. Sept. (89.)
- HECHT, BEN. (1896-) (See 1922.)
 Auctioneer's Wife. (R.) Am. H. June 8. (45:79.)
 Fanny. (R.) Am. H. March 30. (44:618.)
 *Great Traveler. (R.) Am. H. April 20. (44:748.)
 *Ill-Humoresque. (R.) Am. H. June 22. (45:116.)
 Masterpiece. (R.) Am. H. March 9. (44:525.)
 Mottka. (R.) Am. H. Aug. 10. (45:272.)
- ***Mr. Wiukelberg. (R.) Am. H. July 27. (45:220.)
- HELLMAN, SAM. (See 1922.)
 Amby. S. E. P. May 19. (14.)
 Blah Broadcasting. S. E. P. Sept. 15. (12.)
 Catch-Cans. S. E. P. April 7. (14.)
 Christening of Twins. S. E. P. Oct. 7, '22. (16.)
- Date With Hannibal. McC. Feb. (13.)
 Diary of a Problem. S. E. P. Dec. 2, '22. (18.)
 Eustace, F. O. B. S. E. P. Feb. 10. (16.)
 Heart of Willieboy. S. E. P. Feb. 3. (14.)
 High Bridge. S. E. P. July 14. (8.)
 Know Roque? S. E. P. Oct. 21, '22. (12.)
 Low Bridge. S. E. P. March 3. (8.)
 Off the Reservation. S. E. P. March 24. (20.)
 Spavs and Spinach. S. E. P. March 31. (6.)
 Upright Six. S. E. P. June 9. (8.)
 Yo-Ho for Yolo. S. E. P. Nov. 25, '22. (18.)
- HENKE, MARY.
 Their Father's Past. Met. Aug. (45.)
- HENRI, A.
 *"Eyes Right!" Pearson. Oct., '22. (33.)
- HEPENSTALL, W. R. (See 1919.)
 El Tancredo of Ballycan. Ev. July. (166.)
- HERBERT, F. HUGH.
 Bachelor. S. S. July. (67.)
 Freudian Case of Henry Cleeves. S. S. Aug. (97.)
- HERGSHIMER, JOSEPH. (1880-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 **Mahogany. S. E. P. June 30. (20.)
 **Maple. S. E. P. June 16. (12.)
 *Oak. S. E. P. July 21. (20.)
 *Walnut. S. E. P. June 2. (6.)
- HERRICK, GERTRUDE.
 **Circle. Mod. R. Autumn, '22. (1:3.)
- HEVESH, MARY.
 Chronic Courtship. Am. H. July 27. (45:221.)
- HEWLETT, IRMA WATERHOUSE.
 Hand of Fate. Am. Jan. (42.)
- HIBBARD, ADDISON. (See 1916.)
 Hurdy-Gurdy. S. S. Dec., '22. (113.)
- HINES, JACK. (See 1915.) (H.)
 Nine Points o' the Law. Hear. Oct., '22. (55.)
- HOFFMAN, LEIGH.
 Battle of the Books. S. S. May. (93.)
- HOLDING, ELISABETH SANXAY. 1889-)
 (See 1921.)
 Business Girl. W. H. C. May. (7.)
 Disgruntled Boarder. W. H. C. Aug. (29.)
 Down-and-Outter. W. H. C. July. (19.)

- HOLDING, ELISABETH SANXAY. (*contd.*)
 Girl He Picked Up at Coney. Met.
 Feb.-March. (31.)
 Hick. W. H. C. June. (13.)
 **Lost Luck. Book. (N. Y.) Dec.,
 '22. (56:391.)
 This Is Life. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug.
 15. (117:161.)
 ***With Unbowed Head. Cen. Aug.
 (106:573.)
- HOLLAND, ALMA BOICE.
 Healing Hand. W. W. Dec., '22.
 (13.)
 Quince Preserves for the Prodigal.
 W. W. Apr. (13.)
 *Set of the Sails. W. W. Sept.
 (9.)
 Something Different. W. W. June.
 (12.)
- HOLLINGSWORTH, CEYLON. (*See* 1921.)
 (H.)
 Mother Puts One Over on "Georgee."
 Am. Sept. (55.)
 Power of the Press. Ev. April.
 (162.)
 They Never Grow Up. Am. Feb.
 (47.)
- HOLLISTER, PAUL M.
See "HALL, HOLWORTHY," and HOL-
 LISTER, PAUL M.
- HOLT, GEORGE E.
 Chain. Ev. Nov., '22. (32.)
 Mescal. Ev. Aug. (110.)
- HOPKINS, MARY ALDEN.
 Whose Bride Is This? Met. Sept.
 (10.)
- HOPPER, JAMES (MARIE). 1876- .
 (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Célestine. Col. June 2. (3.)
 Fiery Revelation. Col. Jan. 27.
 (3.)
 Painted Bungalow. Col. March 17.
 (9.)
 *Wilful Loot. Col. May 5. (9.)
- HORN, SAMSON.
 Transformation of Trefekew. Wave.
 Dec., '22. (13.)
- HORTON, KATE E. (*See* 1922.)
 Cuckoo Is Right. S. E. P. March
 17. (26.)
- HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE. (*See* 1921.)
 (H.)
 Keeper of the Dream. L. H. J.
 Aug. (18.)
- HOVEY, ALMA BURNHAM.
 **Where's Minnie? Mid. Jan.
 (9:1.)
- HOVEY, PRISCILLA.
 Ashamed of His Wife. Am. Dec.,
 '22. (8.)
- HOWARD, J. C.
 Ny Jovel. S. E. P. Feb. 3. (17.)
- HOWE, EDGAR WATSON. (1854- .)
 (*See* 1917.) (H.)
 *Dying Like a Gentleman. S. E. P.
 Oct. 7, '22. (11.)
- HOYT, NANCY.
 Camellia. S. S. Sept. (89.)
- HOYT, VANCE.
 *Devil's Cabin. W. T. Sept. (35.)
- HUGHES, ELIZABETH BURGESS. (*See*
 1917.) (H.)
 Road to Olympus. W. W. Jan.
 (9.)
- HUGHES, RUPERT. (1872- .) (*See*
 1922.) (H.)
 Lightning Rod. Cos. Oct., '22.
 (46.)
- HULL, ALEXANDER. (1887- .) (*See*
 1922.)
 Justice In the Painted Hills. Am.
 July. (21.)
- HULL, HELEN R. (*See* 1921.)
 ***His Sacred Family. Harp. M. Nov.,
 '22. (145:711.)
- HULL, JAMES HOWARD.
 Subject for Investigation. McC.
 Sept. (59.)
- HUMMEL, GEORGE F.
 *Revenge. S. S. May. (111.)
- HUNT, LIAN. (*See* 1922.)
 One Ounce of Lead. Chic. Trib.
 March 18.
- HUNT, RUTH.
 Versatile Parrot Joshua. W. H. C.
 Sept. (25.)
- HURST, FANNIE. (1889- .) (*See*
 1921.) (H.)
 ***Brinkerhoff Brothers. Cos. April.
 (74.)
 **Forty-Five. Cos. Dec., '22. (15.)
 ***7 Candles. Cos. Sept. (36.)
- HURST, S. B. H. (*See* 1920.)
 **Bound Home. Sea. May 5. (21.)
- HUSKEY, L. M. (*See* 1922.)
 **Carver W. Ravenshaw. S. S. Sept.
 (61.)
 **Man of God. S. S. March. (122.)
 Romance of a Gargoyle. S. S.
 May. (99.)
 *West End Tragedy. S. S. Nov.,
 '22. (107.)
- HUSTON, MCCREADY.
 *Fairer Greens. Scr. April. (73:
 480.)
 **His. Scr. Feb. (73:223.)
 Owl. Red Bk. March. (79.)
- HUTCHISON, JAMES L.
 *Matter of Face. Ev. Jan. (125.)
- I
- IRWIN, INEZ HAYNES. (INEZ HAYNES
 GILLMORE.) (1873- .) (*See*
 1922.) (*See* "H" under GILL-
 MORE.)
 B. I. B. Chic. Trib. May 6.
 His Career. Harp. B. Jan. (40.)
 Isabel. Cos. May. (61.)
 Last Cartridge. McCall. Oct., '22.
 (11.)
 Optical Delusions. Chic. Trib.
 Sept. 9.

- IRWIN, INEZ HAYNES. (*contd.*)
 *Railroad! Mountains! Met. Jan. (11.)
 When They Leave the Nest. Hear. Sept. (22.)
 IRWIN, WALLACE. (1875-) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Bed On the Boulevard. S. E. P. Feb. 24. (5.)
 Brother Ben. Col. Sept. 15. (3.)
 Days of Joy. Pict. R. Sept. (14.)
 His Wife's Shadow. Hear. Jan. (81.)
 Kick. Col. May 12. (3.)
 To Grow a Rose. Red Bk. July. (75.)
 Touch of Eternity. Red Bk. April. (66.)
 IRWIN, WILLIAM HENRY. (1873-) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Refined Guy. Hear. Aug. (23.)
 Rough Stuff. S. E. P. Oct. 14, '22. (10.)
 IRWIN, WILLIAM HENRY (1873-) and MORTON, HOWARD E.
 Unknown. Hear. Nov., '22. (64.)

J

- JAMES, JOHN NELSON.
 Pooch. S. E. P. Feb. 3. (18.)
 JAMES, HAUTE TARKINGTON.
 ***Last Witch. Cos. Feb. (39.)
 JASON, LEWIS.
 Black Magic. S. S. Sept. (95.)
 JENKINS, BURRIS.
 Broken Pitcher. Scr. March. (73:362.)
 Magic Pipe. Scr. Feb. (73:182.)
 JEWELL, EDWARD ALDEN. (188-)
 **Night-Letter to Louisville. Gen. April. (105:833.)
 **Their Little Point of Honour. W. F. Oct., '22. (111.)
 JITRO, WILLIAM C. G. (1890-) (*See* 1922.)
 ***Spring Song: Night On the Fields. Lit. R. Winter, '22. (5.)
 JOHNS, ORRICK. (*See* 1920.)
 Matrimony No. 6497. S. S. April. (115.)
 JOHNSON, A. E. (1890-)
 *It Happened In Smyrna. W. F. Feb. (61.)
 JOHNSON, JOHN A.
 *Widow Agnes. Atl. March. (131:327.)
 JOHNSON, MORGAN.
 Island of Lost Pearls. McC. Aug. (11.)
 JOHNSON, NUNNALLY.
 Ashes to Ashes. S. S. May. (35.)
 I Owe It All to My Wife. S. S. July. (53.)
 Scarehead. S. S. May. (123.)
 JOHNSON, OWEN (McMAHON). (1873-) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Green and Fresh. Hear. Nov., '22. (76.)
 JOHNSTON, CALVIN. (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 *Agent at Ghost Station. Pop. Aug. 7. (140.)
 Clay of Ca'lina. S. E. P. April 7. (16.)
 *Held For Signals. Pop. June 20. (154.)
 I. O. Abandoned. S. E. P. May 26. (28.)
 **Invisible Flagman. Pop. Aug. 20. (175.)
 *Peak of Presentiment. Pop. Sept. 7. (141.)
 *Pioneer of Dust Storm Station. Pop. Sept. 20. (118.)
 *Rule G. Pop. July 20. (126.)
 *Thread of Destiny—Three Spools. Pop. July 7. (154.)
 JOHNSTON, MARY. (1870-) (H.)
 ***Nemesis. Gen. May. (106:3.)
 JOHNSTON, REM A.
 Black Veil. W. W. Dec., '22. (12.)
 JONES, CARTER BROOKE. (1893-) (*See* 1922.)
 **Heated Ploughshares. S. S. July. (91.)
 Inner Thralldom. S. S. Nov., '22. (63.)
 *Nietzschean Lovers. S. S. Feb. (113.)
 ***Superior Air. S. S. Oct., '22. (49.)
 JONES, EUGENE.
 Man Not Wasted. McC. June. (113.)
 Mender of Bridges and Hearts. Am. Aug. (21.)
 JONES, HERBERT.
 "Ain't We Got Fun," S. S. Dec., '22. (53.)
 JONES, VARA MACBETH.
 L'il Pup. Col. April 21. (7.)
 JONES, WALTER.
 He Was Only a Small Timer After All. Met. July. (63.)
 JORDAN, ELIZABETH. (GARVER.) (1867-) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Dora Sends a Successor. Chic. Trib. March 11.
 He Made Love to Both of Them. Met. Aug. (19.)
 He Thought He Needed a New Wife. Am. April. (22.)
 Love. Sun. Feb. (30.)
 Miss Consadine's Adventure. Chic. Trib. July 29.
 Self-Assembled Edward Bangs. Chic. Trib. Oct. 22, '22.

K

- "K. K."
 *August Moon. S. S. March. (113.)

- KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR.** (1883-)
(See 1922.)
Backgrounded. S. E. P. May 26.
(12.)
Back Numbers. S. E. P. Dec. 30,
'22. (12.)
Cat's-Paw. S. E. P. April 28.
(12.)
Comp'ny. S. E. P. July 28. (12.)
Downstream. S. E. P. Dec. 23,
'22. (10.)
Drawback. S. E. P. Oct. 28, '22.
(12.)
Edge of Everything. S. E. P.
Nov. 4, '22. (14.)
Mainspring. Red Bk. Dec., '22.
(31.)
Old Tricks. S. E. P. Sept. 29.
(14.)
Pine Mast. S. E. P. March 24.
(10.)
Pinhooker. S. E. P. June 23. (12.)
Power. L. H. J. Jan. (6.)
Rut. S. E. P. March 3. (10.)
Something Else. W. H. C. April.
(23.)
State's Evidence. S. E. P. May
12. (20.)
Under Glass. L. H. J. Aug. (3.)
Unsealed. S. E. P. Aug. 18.
(8.)
- KANDEL, A.**
What Shall It Profit a Man? Am.
H. May 25. (45:23.)
- KELLAND, CLARENCE BUDINGTON.** (1881-
) (See 1922.) (H.)
As to Husbands. S. E. P. July 14.
(22.)
Cave Canem! S. E. P. May 26.
(16.)
Hand That Rocks the Cradle. S.
E. P. June 9. (18.)
Matter of Handicap. S. E. P. Sept.
8. (22.)
Mental Attitude. S. E. P. Sept.
22. (10.)
Pigs and Politics. Sept. 1. (22.)
Politics by Ear. S. E. P. June 23.
(20.)
Scattergood Appraises the Pelt of
a Skunk. Am. Dec., '22. (23.)
Scattergood Becomes a Private De-
tective. Am. March. (47.)
Scattergood Dabbles in Romance.
Am. Sept. (21.)
Strange Bedfellows. S. E. P. May
5. (10.)
- KELLY, T. HOWARD.**
End of a Paris Night. Met. Aug.
(30.)
- KEMPTON, KENNETH PAYSON.** (1891-
) (See 1922.)
***Silent Room. Hol. Nov., '22. (7.)
- KENNEDY, EDITH.** (See 1922.)
Lyric and a Laundry. Atl. Dec.,
'22. (130:790.)

- KERR, ALVAH MILTON.**
Ban Ootah's Way. Sun. Aug.
(5.)
- KERR, SOPHIE.** (1880-) (See
1922.) (See "H" under UNDER-
WOOD, SOPHIE KERR.)
Barnacle. Red Bk. Jan. (34.)
Bloom of the Plum. McCall. Aug.
(6.)
Camilla Declines. W. H. C. Jan.
(9.)
Chin-Chin. S. E. P. May 12.
(8.)
Copy-Book Stuff. Am. Nov., '22.
(39.)
Furniture. Red Bk. Dec., '22.
(42.)
Gifts. W. H. C. Dec., '22. (19.)
Hard-Boiled. W. H. C. Feb.
(26.)
Hedge Rose. L. H. J. Oct, '22.
(6.)
Honesty. W. H. C. March. (7.)
Little Winged Birds, So Happy. L.
H. J. March. (26.)
Matter of Organization. S. E. P.
March 17. (10.)
Something for Nothing. Chic. Trib.
Oct. 3, '22.
Thanks For Your Kind Efforts. S.
E. P. July 21. (10.)
Women Are Different From Men.
W. H. C. Nov., '22. (13.)
- KESSEL, EVELYN G.**
*Great Mr. Manchester. Cen. July.
(106:424.)
- KILBOURNE, FANNIE.** ("MARY ALEX-
ANDER.") (See 1922.)
Cynic and the Spring. W. W. Nov.,
'22. (7.)
Dot Aldrich Has An Attack of
Conscience. Am. Feb. (29.)
Dot Joins the Ladyslipper Club.
Am. April. (56.)
Flivvers and Philosophies. Am.
June. (59.)
Flyer In Glass Slippers. McCall.
Oct., '22. (6.)
Getting Started Right. Am. Dec.,
'22. (42.)
Head of the Family. G. H. June.
(50.)
If You Love Her, Tell Her So.
L. H. J. Sept. (20.)
Love's Other Tenth. Red Bk. Nov.,
'22. (47.)
Managing Husbands Looks Easy
But— Am. July. (29.)
Margot's Day. L. H. J. June.
(32.)
Rhoda's Wedding. W. W. June.
(7.)
Siren and the Boss. S. E. P. May
12. (24.)
Sterling Young Dumb-Bell. L. H.
J. Jan. (12.)

KILMAN, JULIAN. (1878-) (See 1922.)
 Affair of the Man in Scarlet. W. T. Apr. (91.)
 "Hands" and Girls. D. D. Nov., '22. (4:239.)
 *Mystery of Black Jean. W. T. Mar. (41.)
 *Well. Weird. June. (57.)
 KILPATRICK, LEWIS H. (See 1918.)
 *Chimes of Courage. McC. June. (57.)
 Nomad Blood. Sun. July. (5.)
 KIMBALL, RICHARD BOWLAND.
 Troublesome Charm. D. D. Feb. (5:53.)
 KING, CHARLES C.
 ***Cliff of Destiny. Met. June. (10.)
 KIRK, R. G. (See 1922.)
 Fat Tim Shoots Polaris. S. E. P. Sept. 15. (14.)
 Hitty Liz. S. E. P. June 16. (26.)
 "KIRKLAND, JEANNE." (See 1921.)
 *Michael's Bookshop. Br. St. Nov., '22. (20.)
 KLAHR, EVELYN GILL. (See 1922.) (H.)
 Heat Wave. W. H. C. Aug. (23.)
 Miss Ida Jones. W. H. C. Feb. (13.)
 My Cousin Martin. W. H. C. May. (25.)
 ***Romance. Harp. M. March. (146:461.)
 KLINE, BURTON. (1877-) (See 1921.)
 *Phantom In the Cab. Ev. March. (42.)
 KLOOMOK, ISAAC. (See 1922.)
 *Call. Clay. Summer. (5.)
 *Mimi. Clay. Fall-Winter, '22. (3.)
 KNAPP, MARTIN.
 Mist Chance. Col. April 23. (9.)
 KOMROFF, MANUEL. (1890-) (See 1922.)
 ***Moscow Rehearsal. Dial. Sept. (75:239.)
 ***Wedding Feast. Dial. April. (74:381.)
 KRENZLER, MARGARET.
 Story of Therese. Am. H. March 9. (44:527.)
 KUHN, SAMUEL O.
 Edge. Am. H. June 15. (45:97.)
 Test of Ilma Waterman. Am. H. March 23. (44:564.)
 'Twixt 4 and 5. Am. H. July 13. (45:181.)
 KUMMER, FREDERIC ARNOLD. (1873-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 Chicken That Came Home to Roost. Cos. Nov., '22. (33.)
 Finer Clay. S. E. P. Dec. 16, '22. (18.)

Five Brass Cartridge-Cases. Ev. Jan. (89.)
 Luck. Met. Jan. (63.)
 Surrender. Hear. Nov., '22. (49.)
 Temptation. Del. April. (2.)
 Why Not? Cos. Aug. (81.)
 Woman Who Talked In Her Sleep. Chic. Trib. Sept. 2.
 KYNE, PETER BERNARD. (1880-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 Bread Upon the Waters. Hear. Sept. (30.)
 Discipline. Cos. April. (53.)
 Foolish Like a Fox. Hear. Aug. (12.)
 Long Lane. Cos. Nov., '22. (75.)
 Semper Fidelis. Cos. March. (40.)

L

LA FORCE, HARTMAN.
 Back Home—and Back. Am. Jan. (31.)
 LALLEY, JOSEPH MICHAEL.
 ***Wake. S. S. April. (125.)
 LA MOTTE, ELLEN NEWBOLD. (1873-) (See 1920.)
 **Cardiff Giant. Hol. Nov., '22. (16.)
 LANDMAN, MICHAEL.
 *Becky. Am. H. Feb. 23. (44:479.)
 LA SPINA, GREY.
 Love Across the Ages. Met. May. (60.)
 LARDNER, RING W. (1885-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 *Cinderella. Hear. Aug. (26.)
 LARSSON, GENEVIEVE.
 ***Black Eric's Son. Pict. R. Sept. (12.)
 ***Witch Mary. Pict. R. Jan. (14.)
 LATHROP, HARLEY P.
 Irish Linnet. McC. Sept. (22.)
 Square Guy. Ev. Sept. (49.)
 LAUFFERTY, LILIAN. (See 1921.)
 Cinderella's Sister. Red Bk. March. (86.)
 LAW, MERDEN.
 *Judge. S. S. Aug. (65.)
 LEA, FANNIE HEASLIP. (Mrs. H. P. ACEE.) (1884-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 I'd Be Thirty Forever. G. H. Aug. (22.)
 Introducing Miss Clancy. Chic. Trib. Dec. 3, '22.
 "Line-a-Day" Book. Del. June. (8.)
 Old Man's Darling. G. H. Nov. '22. (26.)
 Peau d'Espagne. Harp. B. Nov., '22. (34.)
 Slick-Haired Lad. G. H. Jan. (29.)
 States Mail. McCall. Nov., '22. (5.)

- LE BOUTILLIER, CORNELIA GEER. (1894-
.) (See 1922.)
**Wind's Will. Atl. Oct., '22.
(130:524.)
- LEDERHENDLER, SAMSON.
Portrait of a Married Woman. Am.
H. Nov. 10, '22. (43:687.)
Shoemaker's Daughter. Am. H.
June 8. (45:77.)
- LEE, HARRY.
Closed Case of Mamselle Fleuravant.
Outl. March 14. (133:485.)
- LEE, JENNETTE. (BARBOUR PERRY).
(1860-.) (See 1922.) (H.)
Conscience Money. L. H. J. Feb.
(8.)
- LEECH, MARGARET KERNOCHAN.
***Children. Cen. June. (106:186.)
- LEIGH, W. R.
Coward. Scr. Dec., '22. (72:738.)
- LENGEL, WILLIAM C. (See 1922.)
Rita and the Jazz Bo. Red Bk.
Jan. (72.)
- "LESSING, BRUNO." (RUDOLPH BLOCK.)
(1870-.) (See 1922.) (H.)
He Knew All About Women. Hear.
Oct., '22. (93.)
Lady, the Maid and the Vamp.
Hear. Jan. (101.)
Lapidowitz Meets Two Gonifs.
Hear. Nov., '22. (100.)
Love and Cloaks and Suits. Hear.
March. (87.)
Love and Furniture. Hear. Sept.
(100.)
- LETHBRIDGE, OLIVE. (See 1922.)
Black Web. McCall. May. (8.)
- LEVINGER, ELMA EHRLICH.
Birds of a Feather. Am. H. Aug.
24. (45:309.)
Cemetery Jew. Am. H. Aug. 10.
(45:271.)
Poor Minnie. Am. H. Sept. 21.
(45:473.)
Purim Cinderella. Am. H. March
2. (44:500.)
Romance of Old Egypt. Am. H.
March 30. (44:624.)
Snapshot. Am. H. May 11. (44:
848.)
Twenty Years After. Am. H. Aug.
31. (45:329.)
- LEWIS, SINGLAIR. (1885-.) (See
1922.)
**Hack Driver. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug.
29. (117:211.)
- LIEBE, HAPSBURG. (See 1922.) (H.)
So Passeth the Glory. McC. May.
(53.)
- LIEBERMAN, ELIAS. (1883-.) (See
1919.) (H.)
*Aaronson on Who's Who In Cos-
mos. Am. H. Dec. 1, '22. (44:
80.)
Wagon and the Star. Am. H.
March 30. (44:610.)
- When Lovely Woman Stoops to
Folly. Am. H. Sept. 7. (45:
386.)
- LINCOLN, JOSEPH CROSBY. (1870-.)
(See 1921.) (H.)
Realist. L. H. J. July. (8.)
- LINDSEY, MYRA MASON.
Vanilla Wafers. Scr. July. (74:
72.)
- LINSKY, FANNIE BARTLETT.
Wind and Wine. Am. H. July 27.
(45:223.)
- LISLE, CLIFTON.
High Ougar. L. H. J. Feb. (6.)
*Raheela Colleen. L. H. J. Oct.,
'22. (10.); Nov., '22. (26.)
- LISTER, WALTER B. (See 1922.)
***Pro Patria. Pearson. Dec.-Jan. 36.
- LITSEY, EDWIN CARLILE.
*Last Stand. D. D. March-April.
(5:109.)
- LITTLE, ELEANOR J.
**Out of Fever. Mid. March.
(9:51.)
- LOCKWOOD, SCAMMON. (See 1922.)
Man Who Discovered God. Col.
Aug. 11. (3.)
- LONG, HANIEL. (See 1922.)
*Caddo and Aphrodite. Prairie.
Jan.-Feb. (19.)
Jottings for a Ballet. Mil. Nov.-
Dec., '22. (19.)
*Lady Bellamira. D. D. Dec., '22.
(4:283.)
- LOOMIS, ESTELLE.
Eleanore the Second. McC. March.
(29.)
- LOVEWELL, REINETTE. (See 1922.)
Number Nine Schoolhouse. Am.
June. (43.)
- LOWE, CORINNE. (See 1922.) (H.)
Muse's Son. Red Bk. July. (84.)
- LOWELL, AMY. (1874-.) (See
1919.)
Dracula of the Hills. Cen. June.
(106:173.)
- LOWNDES, CARY GAMBLE.
*Ethnan. Scr. June. (73:748.)
Marley's Cove. Scr. Dec., '22.
(72:713.)
- LUTHER, MARK LEE. (1872-.) (See
1922.) (H.)
Clever People. Harp. M. Sept.
(147:475.)
- LYNDE, FRANCIS. (1856-.) (See
1916.) (H.)
Making of a Man. McC. Sept.
(87.)
- LYONS, EUGENE. (See 1922.)
Santa Marianova. Lib. Dec., '22.
(20.)

M

- McALMON, ROBERT.
*What Is Left Undone. Lit. R.
Spring. (32.)

- McCALLUM, MELLA RUSSELL. (See 1922.)
 Girl Who Was Brought Up To Be
 a Snob. Am. Feb. (23.)
 Silver. Sun. May. (21.)
 Where Their Roads Parted. Am.
 June. (31.)
- McCARTHY, PIERRE.
 To the Victors. Pearson. (N. Y.)
 March. (51.)
- McCLOY, WILLIAM C. (See 1922.)
 Enter "The Fixer." Ev. May.
 (71.)
 Rise of Spotty Lafitte. Ev. Oct.,
 '22. (113.)
- McCLURE, JOHN. (See 1922.)
 *Centurion's Brother. S. S. Sept.
 (57.)
- McCUTCHEON, GEORGE BARR. (1866-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 He Found a Girl In the House.
 Met. May. (10.); June. (17.)
- McELLIOTT, MABEL. (See 1922.)
 Vencer. S. S. Jan. (111.)
- MACFARLANE, PETER CLARK. (1871-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 Cut in the Film. Red Bk. May.
 (89.)
- McGIBNEY, Donald. (See 1922.)
 Consul Plays His Ace. McC. Feb.
 (74.)
- MACHARG, WILLIAM BRIGGS. (1872-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 Alimony. Hear. Sept. (75.)
 Girl From His Home Town. Met.
 April. (44.)
 Man Who Didn't Play Fair. Hear.
 Oct., '22. (21.)
- MACKENZIE, JEAN KENTON. (1874-)
 Silver Cup. Atl. Nov., '22. (130:
 608.)
- McMORROW, THOMAS. (See 1918.)
 Mr. Harris Meets Mr. Harris. S.
 E. P. Aug. 4. (12.)
 No Sale. S. E. P. June 16. (14.)
 Pink. S. E. P. Sept. 29. (5.)
 Pro Bono Publico. S. E. P. June
 30. (14.)
 Ready Money. S. E. P. July 7.
 (14.)
 Second Thief. S. E. P. Sept. 15.
 (18.)
 This Way Out. S. E. P. June 2.
 (13.)
 Under New Management. S. E. P.
 March 24. (13.)
 Yours For Better Real Estate. S.
 E. P. April 14. (14.)
- McNUTT, WILLIAM SLAYENS. (See 1922.)
 (H.)
 Broadway Pioneer. Hear. July. (60.)
 Coward. Col. Jan. 6. (5.)
 Free Road. Col. Jan. 20. (5.)
 Friends As You Might Say. Hear.
 Dec., '22. (26.)
 Girl He Left Behind Him. Hear.
 Nov., '22. (26.)
- Hands and Arms. Col. Aug. 25.
 (3.)
 Indian Sign of Harvey. Hear. Aug.
 (99.)
 Just a Business. Col. Nov. 18, '22.
 (7.)
 Ninety-Nine. Col. July 28. (8.)
 Out of the Rough. Hear. Jan.
 (70.)
 Pestered In His Mind. Col. Oct. 7,
 '22. (5.)
- MAHONEY, JAMES. (1893-) (See
 1922.)
 Girl Who Could Not Pay Her Rent.
 Met. Aug. (16.)
 ***Hat of Eight Reflections. Cen.
 April. (105:896.)
- MALKUS, ALIDA SIMS.
 Serena and the Cave-Men. McC.
 May. (84.)
- MANN, JANE. (See 1920.) (H.)
 **Peter Wing. Scr. May. (73:613.)
- MARKEY, CORINNE HARRIS. (See 1922.)
 Combination That Couldn't Be
 Beaten. Am. April. (31.)
 Earth and Everything. W. W. May.
 (7.)
 Now, If It Only Hadn't Rained.
 W. H. C. April. (19.)
- MARQUAND, JOHN PHILLIPS. (1893-)
 (See 1922.)
 By the Board. S. E. P. March 17.
 (5.)
 Captain of His Soul. S. E. P.
 Nov. 4., '22. (5.)
 ***Ship. Scr. Jan. (73:106.)
- MARSHALL EDISON. (1894-) (See
 1922.)
 Landy the Little. Ev. Dec., '22.
 (73.)
 Savage Breast. Ev. May. (33.)
- MARTIN, GEORGE MADDEN. (1866-)
 (See 1915.) (H.)
 North Country. Harp. M. June.
 (147:73.)
 Sleeping Sickness. McC. Oct., '22.
 (65.)
- MARTIN, HUGH S. (See 1922.)
 Behind the Lines. Ev. Dec., '22.
 (101.)
- MASON, ARTHUR.
 Lobster-Creels. Scr. Sept. (74:
 308.)
 *Sailmaker. Atl. July. (132:36.)
 *Ship. Atl. Aug. (132:205.)
- MASON, ELMER BROWN. (See 1922.)
 (H.)
 Slaves of Freedom. McC. March.
 (75.)
- MASON, GRACE SARTWELL. (1877-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 Clarissa and the Post Road. S. E.
 P. July 14. (5.)
 Dear Clarence. W. H. C. Jan.
 (7.)
 Diamonds. Hear. May. (30.)

MASON, GRACE SARTWELL. (contd.)
 Home Brew. S. E. P. Aug. 18.
 (10.)
 Lucy, Inc. S. E. P. April 7.
 (8.)
 Nicky the Giant Killer. S. E. P.
 Dec. 23, '22. (8.)
 Raft. Del. March. (7.)
 MATHEWS, C. HODGE.
 Harmony Chapel. Ev. April. (26.)
 MAURY, REUBEN H. (See 1922.)
 Doors. Red Bk. May. (52.)
 MAXWELL, GEORGIA.
 Bees In Wistaria. Sun. Aug.
 (40.)
 Everything Was Going Nicely
 When— Met. July. (45.)
 Purple Party Coat. Sun. Dec., '22.
 (19.)
 MAY, MARCERY LAND.
 No Fool Like a Middle-Aged One.
 Am. May. (31.)
 Something About Her Husband.
 Met. May. (57.)
 MAYER, CHARLES.
 Elephants For a Sultan. Asia.
 March. (23:168.)
 My Friend, the Sultan of Treng-
 ganu. Asia. July. (23:489.)
 Tiger, a Rhino and the Ghost
 Mountain. Asia. Feb. (23:93.)
 MAYNARD, RICHARD FIELD. (See 1921.)
 Napoleon Takes His Mind Off.
 McC. Nov., '22. (42.)
 MELLETT, BERTHE KNATVOLD. (See
 1922.)
 Backward Benjamin. Del. July.
 (10.)
 Beautiful Room. Del. Feb. (13.)
 Iron Man. Del. Aug. (12.)
 NELSON, IDA E.
 *Mating of Oby Shorts. Harp. M.
 Dec., '22. (146:107.)
 *Pleasing Father. Harp. M. July.
 (147:167.)
 MERWIN, SAMUEL. (1874- .) (See
 1921.) (H.)
 Guarantees for Francis. W. W.
 June. (9.)
 Peter Bell Ivor on Broadway. Ev.
 April. (3.)
 *Peter Bell Ivor Presents. Ev. Aug.
 (29.)
 Theme With Variations. Red Bk.
 Feb. (37.)
 MITTA, V. B. (1885- .) (See
 1922.)
 *How Samalio Got Rid of His Wife.
 W. F. Jan. (36.)
 *Soul For a Soul. W. F. Oct., '22.
 (107.)
 MICHENER, CARROLL K. (See 1920.)
 *Heathen. Hol. Oct., '22. (16.)
 MIDDLEMAS, ESTELLE STRAWN.
 Younger Generation. Col. March
 31. (9.)

MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT. (Mrs.
 BOISSEVAIN.) (1892- .)
 ***Murder In the Fishing Cat. Cen.
 March. (105:663.)
 MILLER, ALICE DUER. (1874- .) (See
 1922.) (H.)
 American Husband. S. E. P. Dec.
 9, '22. (3.)
 **Devoted Women. S. E. P. Sept.
 22. (6.)
 Whose Petard Was It? S. E. P.
 Aug. 25. (16.)
 Widow's Might. S. E. P. July 14.
 (14.)
 Woman With a Past. S. E. P.
 Feb. 10. (12.)
 MILLER, HELEN TOPPING. (See 1922.)
 As Old As Adam. McCall. April.
 (5.)
 Good Will to Wives. McCall. Dec.,
 '22. (6.)
 Tune Diggers. Chic. Trib. Dec.
 10, '22.
 MILLS, DOROTHY CULVER. (See 1922.)
 Daughter of Adam. Col. July 28.
 (3.)
 Love Is the Word. Col. April 7.
 (7.)
 MILN, LOUISE JORDAN. (1864- .)
 (See 1922.)
 **Doll In the Swing. W. F. Jan.
 (3.)
 MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT. (Mrs.
 SANBORN YOUNG.) (See 1922.)
 (H.)
 *Five Set Forth In a Christmas Fog.
 W. H. C. Dec., '22. (7.)
 Scarab's Luck. Chic. Trib. Dec.
 24, '22.
 Short Vamp. Red Bk. Sept. (42.)
 MONTAGUE, KATE BIGELOW. (See 1922.)
 White Goat. Sun. March. (24.)
 MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT. (1878-
 .) (See 1922.) (H.)
 ***To-day To-morrow. Atl. Aug. (132:
 159.)
 ***Up Eel River. Atl. May. (131:
 636.)
 MONTROSS, LOIS SEYSTER.
 **Rickard's Daughter. S. S. Sept.
 (81.)
 MOON, LORNA. (See 1922.)
 *Corp.' Cen. Nov., '22. (105:91.)
 MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR. (1876- .) (See
 1922.) (H.)
 Argument. Cos. March. (62.)
 Derrick's Return. Cos. Aug. (69.)
 *Enforced Cheat. Harp. B. Aug.
 (56.)
 "Hereafter." Harp. B. May. (50.)
 *Instinct Primeval. Hear. Dec., '22.
 (62.)
 Knife. Cos. Sept. (89.)
 Lonesome Dog. Hear. Feb. (49.)
 Magdalen and Cristabel. Harp. B.
 July. (36.)

- MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR. (*contd.*)
 Miracles. Cos. April. (69.)
 Mr. Ig's Amok. Cos. Dec., '22.
 (53.)
 *Old Boy. Cos. Jan. (47.)
 Revolt of Camposanto. Cos. Feb.
 (86.)
 **Three Words. Cos. Nov., '22.
 (89.)
 MORRIS, LAWRENCE S.
 **Night in Port. Free. June 13.
 (7:324.)
 MORTON, HOWARD E.
 See IRWIN, WILL, and MORTON,
 HOWARD E.
 MOSHER, JOHN CHAPIN. (1892- .)
 (See 1922.)
 Lochinvar, Ltd. Met. Jan. (17.)
 ***Next Door to Zelli's. S. S. Aug.
 (117.)
 MULLINS, HELENE.
 Dust. Wave. June. (29.)
 MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS. (ETHEL WATTS-
 MUMFORD GRANT.) (1878- .)
 (See 1921.) (H.)
 *Across the Border. Pict. R. Oct.,
 '22. (12.)
 *Ether. Mun. Sept. (79:706.)
 MUNSSELL, LELIA.
 Mother Who Was Afraid. Am. Oct.,
 '22. (57.)
 MUNTAN, ARTHUR T. (See 1922.)
 Executive Bureau. S. S. Feb.
 (25.)
 Genius of the Busy Marts. S. S.
 Oct., '22. (73.)
 MUTH, EDNA TUCKER. (See 1920.)
 Crystal Cave Man. Sun. May.
 (8.)
 "K. Pitter Witter." Sun. Jan.
 (32.)

N

- NATTEFORD, J. F.
 Winged Victory. Red Bk. June.
 (90.)
 NEEDHAM, WILBUR LAURENCE.
 Pig. D. D. Oct., '22. (4:193.)
 NEEDIG, WILLIAM JONATHAN. (1870-
 .) (See 1922.) (H.)
 Night Work. S. E. P. March 31.
 (12.)
 Yucca Bird. S. E. P. Sept. 8.
 (20.)
 NELSON, ELIZABETH.
 King Had Seven Wives. Review.
 April. (3:841.)
 NESBITT, HELEN. (See 1922.)
 Jim Finds Out What His Mother
 Meant. Am. July. (49.)
 NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND. (See 1922.)
 ***Little Noises. Pearson (N. Y.)
 June. (45.)
 NICHOLSON, J. K.
 See BEHRMAN, S. N., and NICHOL-
 SON, J. K.

- NICHOLSON, MEREDITH. (1866- .)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 McGillicuddy. Red Bk. Jan. (80.)
 Set a Thief to Catch a Thief.
 Cos. Nov., '22. (59.)
 NOBLE, JOHN.
 **Bet. Lib. Aug. (14.)
 NORRIS, KATHLEEN. (1880- .) (See
 1922.) (H.)
 Blindman's Buff. Cos. March.
 (34.)
 Ellen Plays With Fire. Cos. July.
 (82.)
 Ellen's Luncheon. Cos. June. (24.)
 Exquisite Arbitress. G. H. Nov.,
 '22. (11.)
 Guests of Honor. Cos. May. (31.)
 Hour of Ida Moran. Cos. Nov.,
 '22. (69.)
 Josie Takes the Beaten Path. Dec.,
 '22. (89.)
 Kelly Kid. Cos. Aug. (98.)
 Ma Callahan Capitulates. Cos.
 Oct., '22. (59.)
 Man Afraid of His Job. Cos. Feb.
 (27.)
 Return of the Tide. Cos. Jan.
 (95.)
 That Night: The Vanderventer Man-
 sion. Cos. Sept. (92.)
 NORTON, ROY. (1869-1917.) (See 1922.)
 (H.)
 "Easy" Miller's Valentine. W. W.
 Feb. (12.)
 NOWAK, EMANUEL L.
 Two Village Delegates. Outl. May
 9. (133:849.)
 NUGENT, HOMER H.
 *Safe. Am. Sept. (28.)

O

- O'BRIEN, HOWARD VINCENT. (See 1917.)
 On the Desert Air. Ev. Aug.
 (167.)
 O'HAGAN, ANNE. (ANNE O'HAGAN
 SHINN.) (1869- .) (See
 1920.) (H.)
 Adrienne Serves the Community.
 W. H. C. July. (9.)
 OLCIN, MOISSAYE J. (1878- .)
 ***From a Letter. Free. Aug. 15.
 (7:541.)
 *Prophet. Free. Aug. 22. (7:565.)
 OLIVER, JENNIE HARRIS. (See 1917.)
 Door-Step Baby. G. H. Aug. (54.)
 Interrupted Ghost. G. H. Oct.,
 '22. (66.)
 Splendid Liars. G. H. Mar. (34.)
 OLIVER, OWEN. (See 1922.) (H.)
 Girl Who Was Afraid of Mice.
 Chic. Trib. June 24.
 Love Island. Chic. Trib. Dec.
 17, '22.
 Use for a Man. McCall. July. (12.)

- OLMSTED, STANLEY. (See 1919.) (H.)
 "Pierrot, Rêveur." Scr. May.
 (73:577.)
 Saki of Sei-Go-Yo. Pearson. (N.
 Y.) March. (34.)
- O'NEIL, MARY ELLEN.
 Colored Crayon for Charlie. S. S.
 May. (53.)
- O'NEILL, HUGH. (See 1922.) (H.)
 Betty Beats the Barrier. McC.
 April. (97.)
- OPPENHEIM, JAMES. (1882-) (See
 1922.) (H.)
 *Black Wings. Chic. Trib. May 20.
 Mr. Letts Comes Back to Rivington
 Street. Met. Sept. (29.)
 So It Goes. Ev. Nov., '22. (89.)
 *Story of Bertha. Ev. Jan. (20.)
- O'RYAN, JANE.
 Pink Ghost. Wave. Oct., '22.
 (13.)
- OSBOURNE, LLOYD. (1868-) (See
 1922.) (H.)
 City of Refuge. S. E. P. Sept. 29.
 (18.)
- "O'SHASNAIN, BRIAN P." (BERNARD
 SEXTON.) (See 1922 and 1920
 under SEXTON, BERNARD.)
 Old Man Bush Finds the Joyful
 Exit. Cath. W. Feb. (116:621.)
- O'SHAUGHNESSY, EDITH LOUISE COVES.
 Mrs. Briggs at Deauville. Harp. B.
 Aug. (42.)
- OTIS, HENRY NOYES.
 *Banglock. O. R. May. (40.)
- OURSLE, FULTON.
 Forever and Forever, Amen! Met.
 April. (31.)
 Go and Sin No More! Met. May.
 (28.)
 Kind of Man That Ought to Be
 Shot. Met. July. (24.)

P

- PACKARD, DORIS.
 Rebecca. Am. H. April 20. (44:
 747.)
- PAHLOW, GERTRUDE.
 Dull Gold Circlet. Col. March 10.
 (7.)
- PALMER, FREDERICK. (1873-) (See
 1915.) (H.)
 Flaming Woman. Col. April 14.
 (7.)
 Little Dog Bob. Col. June 30.
 (10.)
 Mary Wanted a Duke. Col. May
 26. (13.)
 Million-Dollar Rose. Col. March
 24. (3.)
 Spooks With Spinach. Col. Aug.
 25. (6.)
- PANGBORN, GEORGIA WOOD. (1872-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 Nana. W. H. C. Dec., '22. (32.)

- PARADISE, VIOLA I. (See 1921.)
 Only a Conversation. Atl. Jan.
 (131:81.)
- PARKER, AUSTIN. (See 1922.)
 Babs the Unbeatable. S. E. P.
 June 30. (34.)
 Death Defiers. Col. Sept. 22. (10.)
 Forty-Niner. Col. June 23. (5.)
 Human Angle. Col. Sept. 1. (7.)
 Triangle. Col. Jan. 6. (9.)
 You Can't Keep a Squirrel On the
 Ground. Col. Feb. 24. (3.)
- PARKER, CORNELIA STRATTON.
 Concerning a Woman Who Loved
 Too Well. C. H. Mar. (24.)
- PARKER, DOROTHY.
 Such a Pretty Little Picture. S. S.
 Dec., '22. (73.)
 Too Bad. S. S. July. (79.)
- PARKER, MAUDE.
 **One of the Free. S. S. Dec., '22.
 (89.)
- PARMENTER, CHRISTINE WHITING. (1877-
) (See 1921.)
 Beautiful Dream. W. W. Feb. (9.)
 Black Sheep. Sun. July. (34.)
 Coming of Peter Piper. Del. Oct.,
 '22. (12.)
 Wife Who Wondered If She Could
 Leave Her Husband. Am. Jan.
 (9.)
- PARTRIDGE, EDWARD BELLAMY. (See
 1920.)
 Life. Ev. June. (82.)
- PATTON, JOSEPH LAWRENCE.
 ***"Hound of Heaven." Scr. Sept.
 (74:347.)
- PATTULLO, GEORGE. (1879-) (See
 1922.) (H.)
 Barrel-House Ben. S. E. P. June
 23. (5.)
 Concierge and the King. S. E. P.
 Nov. 25, '22. (8.)
 Lease Hounds. S. E. P. July 28.
 (5.)
 Oil on Troubled Waters. S. E. P.
 Aug. 25. (8.)
 Rough-Heavy Stuff. S. E. P. Dec.
 9, '22. (12.)
 Such-a-Much. S. E. P. Feb. 10.
 (24.)
 That Devil, Fanfaron. S. E. P.
 Dec. 30, '22. (14.)
- PAUL, ELLIOT H.
 Portrait of An Old Believer. Am.
 H. March 30. (44:604.)
- PAYNE, WILL. (1855-) (See 1922.)
 (H.)
 Blackguard. S. E. P. Nov. '18,
 '22. (22.)
 Boss' Bounty. Chic. Trib. Oct. 29,
 '22.
 Crooked Key. S. E. P. March 10.
 (5.)
 Pearl Hunt. Red Bk. Dec., '22.
 (90.)

- PAYNE, WILL. (*contd.*)
 Punch. S. E. P. Oct. 14, '22.
 (15.)
 Shylock. S. E. P. Dec. 16, '22.
 (10.)
- PEASE, FRANK CHESTER. (1882-)
 (H.)
 Goof. S. S. Dec., '22. (101.)
- PECK, LELAND W. (*See* 1922.)
 Accomplice. Sun. June. (28.);
 July. (26.)
 Unexpected. Sun. March. (9.)
- PELLEY, WILLIAM DUDLEY. (*See* 1922.)
 Idols Mended. Red Bk. Nov., '22.
 (83.)
 There Still Are Fairies. Red Bk.
 Feb. (89.)
 William the Ancestor. Red Bk.
 April. (90.)
- PELTIER, FLORENCE. (*See* 1921.)
 **Temple Gate. W. F. Dec., '22.
 (56.)
- PENDEKTER, HUGH. (1875-) (*See*
 1918.) (H.)
 Man and the Mountains. W. W.
 May. (9.)
- PERRY, LAWRENCE. (1875-) (*See*
 1922.) (H.)
 Champion. Red Bk. Aug. (69.)
 Down the Old Church Aisle. S.
 E. P. Oct. 28, '22. (58.)
 Measure of a Man. Harp. B. May.
 (76.)
 Ninth Hole. Red Bk. April.
 (48.)
 Out of Newport. Harp. B. June.
 (40.)
 Sporting Blood. Chic. Trib. Sept.
 16.
 Squizzer's Lame Duck. Red Bk.
 June. (61.)
 Winning Play. Red Bk. Nov., '22.
 (42.)
- PETERKIN, JULIA M. (*See* 1922.)
 *From a Plantation. Reviewer. July.
 (3:925.)
 *Missy's Twins. Reviewer. Oct., '22.
 (3:668.)
- PETROV, FEODOR.
 Sign of the Times. Am. H. Aug.
 17. (45:293.)
- PFEIFFER, EDWARD H.
 **Beast. D. D. Dec., '22. (4:259.)
- PHILLIPS, DOROTHY SANBURN. (*See*
 1922.)
 Girl Who Discovered Her Family.
 Am. Dec., '22. (29.)
 Outwitting the Flapper. Am.
 March. (30.)
 Second Best. G. H. Nov., '22.
 (60.)
- PHILLIPS, JOHN S.
 June Magic. Col. June 2. (10.)
- PHILLIPS, TERESA HYDE.
 Girl Who Would Be Queen. S. E.
 P. Feb. 3. (16.)
- PICKTHALL, MARJORIE LOWRY CHRISTIE.
 (? -1922.) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 *Anything in the World. Red Bk.
 Sept. (48.)
 ***Basswood Bough. Col. Sept. 29.
 (3.)
 Blossoming. McC. Feb. (99.)
 Closed Door. McC. Oct., '22.
 (84.)
 Dor On the Past. McC. March.
 (86.)
 **Fisher of the Moon. Cen. Oct.,
 '22. (104:803.)
 *Freedom. Red Bk. April. (77.)
 Good Time. McC. Jan. (44.)
 *Hordisa of the Fair Braids. McC.
 Nov., '22. (55.)
 Matches. Del. Nov., '22. (10.)
 Proof. Col. Dec. 16, '22. (5.)
 *Rankin's Table. Red Bk. Oct.,
 '22. (66.)
 *Second Shot. Red Bk. July. (50.)
 Sleeping Faun. Col. Feb. 10. (7.)
 *Two Ways. Del. Aug. (5.)
 *What He Wanted. Del. Jan. (4.)
 *Woman In the Shrine. McC. Dec.,
 '22. (73.)
- PIERCE, FRANK RICHARDSON. (*See* 1922.)
 Heart of Coach Riley. McC. Nov.,
 '22. (75.)
 In the Nick of Time. Am. Feb.
 (10.)
 Miracle Baby. Am. Nov., '22.
 (21.)
 Settled Outside of Court. Am.
 Aug. (44.)
 Vortex. Am. May. (47.)
- PINKERTON, KATHRENE GEDNEY.
 Jungle Drama. Met. Jan. (51.)
- PITKIN, WALTER B.
 Harp and the Trip Hammer. L. H.
 J. March. (8.)
 *Masters of Ourselves and Ours.
 Pict. R. April. (12.)
- PITT, CHART. (*See* 1922.)
 Dead Men's Shoes. W. W. April.
 (9.)
 Law of the Wilderness. McCall.
 Nov., '22. (16.)
 Spirit of the Light. W. W. Nov.,
 '22. (10.)
 Wage of the War-Wolf. W. W.
 July. (7.)
- PLUMLEY, LADD. (*See* 1921.) (H.)
 Oh, My Son! Outl. June 20.
 (134:234.)
- POOLE, ERNEST. (1880-) (H.)
 ***Avalanche. Harp. M. March. (146:
 500.)
 *Little Village of Stars. W. H. C.
 June. (14.)
- POPKIN, ZELDA F.
 Curb Lizards. Am. H. Nov. 24,
 '22.
- PORTER, HAROLD EVERETT.
See "HALL, HOLWORTHY."

- PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE. (1894- .)
(See 1920.)
***Maria Concepcion. Cen. Dec., '22.
(105:224.)
Martyr. Cen. July. (106:410.)
PORTOR, LAURA SPENCER. (LAURA SPEN-
CER PORTOR POPE.) (See 1922.)
(H.)
*Shadow Christmas. Harp. M. Dec.,
'22. (146:1.)
Three Wise Man. McCall. Dec.,
'22. (7.)
POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON. (1871- .)
(See 1922.) (H.)
*Cuneiform Inscription. Pict. R.
Dec., '22. (26.)
*Hole In the Glass. W. H. C.
July. (23.)
*Laughing Woman. Red Bk. Feb.
(56.)
*Phantom Woman. W. H. C. Aug.
(21.)
*Problem of the Five Marks. W.
H. C. Nov., '22. (27.)
PRICE, EDITH BALLINGER. (1897- .)
(See 1918.)
***Great White Anchorage. Col. Sept.
1. (10.)
John B. Mason. Col. Nov. 4, '22.
(14.)
PRIM, MARY ELIZABETH.
Lee Takes Stock of Love. McC.
Aug. (41.)
PRINGLE, HENRY F.
Only Ten Minutes to Spare. Am.
Sept. (47.)
PULSIFER, HAROLD TROWBRIDGE. (1886-
.)
*Glory o' the Dawn. Outl. Nov.
22, '22. (132:524.)
PULVER, MARY BRECHT. 1883- .) (See
1922.) (H.)
History In the Making. S. E. P.
May 5. (42.)
Interlude. S. E. P. Feb. 10. (14.)
PUMPHREY, F. M. (1890- .)
***Old Man Neilandecker. S. S. Sept.
(121.)
PUTNAM, NINA WILCOX. (1888- .)
(See 1922.) (H.)
Distilled Waters Run Steep. S. E.
P. July 14. (12.)
Making the World Safe For Junior.
S. E. P. Oct. 14, '22. (12.)
Silver Threads Among the Dye. S.
E. P. Sept. 22. (8.)
What Is Wrong With This Etiquette.
L. H. J. Sept. (26.)

Q

- QUEEN, HELEN DUNCAN. (See 1921.)
(H.)
Friend to Tuys. W. H. C. March.
(36.)

R

- RAPHAELSON, SAMPSON. (See 1922.)
Carols. Ev. April. (15.)
RATLIFF, BEULAH AMIDON.
Stranger. W. H. C. May. (27.)
RAY, MARIE BEYNON. (See 1922.)
He Just Couldn't Stand His Wife.
Met. June. (45.)
One of the Unaccountable Varons.
Harp. B. Dec., '22. (76.)
RAYMOND, CLIFFORD. (See 1921.) (H.)
Soft Boiled. Hear. Jan. (60.)
READ, ELIZABETH BADLEY.
*Old House Speaks. G. H. Feb.
(30.)
READ, FRANCES KAUTZ.
Engagement On the Rhine. Atl.
Jan. (131:28.)
REDINGTON, HELEN. (See 1922.)
Questing Thirties. G. H. Oct., '22.
(26.)
REDMAN, BEN RAY. (1896- .)
***One Road Alone. Cen. June.
(106:216.)
REESE, LOWELL OTUS. (1866- .) (See
1922.)
Pussy Willows. S. E. P. May 5.
(20.)
REEVE, ARTHUR BENJAMIN. (1880- .)
(H.)
Thicker Than Water. Ev. Sept.
(80.)
REILLY, THOMAS B.
Mike. Cath. W. Oct., '22. (116:
82.)
REYNOLDS, KATHARINE. (See 1918.)
(H.)
Undeafed. W. W. Oct., '22.
(10.)
RHODES, HARRISON GARFIELD. (1871-
.) (See 1922.) (H.)
**Fountain. Harp. M. July. (147:
213.)
Thomas Robinson and the Under-
world. Ev. Feb. (104.)
Thomas Robinson, Matrimonial
Agent. S. E. P. April 28.
(5.)
RICE, ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN. (1870-
.) (See 1920.) (H.)
Phoebe. Atl. April. (131:467.)
RICHMOND, GRACE LOUISE SMITH. (1866-
.) (See 1921.) (H.)
For Value Received. W. H. C.
Oct., '22. (9.)
"RIDJ."
*Return. Mod. R. Autumn, '22.
(1:16.)
RILEY, A. DALE. (See 1922.)
**Track of the Typhoon. Asia. Oct.,
'22. (22:769.)
RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS. (1876- .)
(See 1922.) (H.)
Baby Blimp. S. E. P. Aug. 25.
(3.)

RIVERS, STUART. (See 1920.)
 *Breed of Him. Hol. Jan. (8.)
 ROBBINS, LEONARD H. (1877-) (See 1922.)
 Good Car For the Money. McC. Oct., '22. (22.)
 ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS. (1860-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 Bill. Red Bk. March. (64.)
 Black Fisherman. Red Bk. Feb. (68.)
 King of the Floes. Red Bk. June. (76.)
 Mishi of Timberline. Red Bk. Sept. (89.)
 Queen Bomba of the Honey-Pots. S. E. P. Sept. 1. (16.)
 Wild Adoption. Red Bk. Dec., '22. (86.)
 ROBERTSON, MORGAN. (1861-1915.) (See 1915.) (H.)
 *Finegan's Eyesight. Sea. May 5. (126.)
 ROBIN, MAX. (See 1921.)
 **Friendless and Unfriendly. S. 4. N. Jan.-Feb.
 **Saturday. Men. J. Aug. (9:177.)
 ***Weeping Shaindel. Prairie. Jan.-Feb. (29.)
 ROCHE, ARTHUR SOMERS. (1883-) (See 1921.) (H.)
 Button, Button. Red Bk. June. (56.)
 Club of One-Eyed Men. Red Bk. April. (36.)
 Crooked Wheel. Col. March 24. (7.)
 Dayless Diamonds. Col. Feb. 24. (8.)
 Flutter In Finance. Col. Jan. 20. (9.)
 Gray Ghost Returns. Col. Oct. 14, '22. (8.)
 His Past. Cos. June. (69.)
 "Illimore." Col. Oct. 28, '22. (5.)
 Gray Ghost Returns. Col. Oct. 14, '22. (9.)
 Jeweled Casket. Red Bk. Aug. (92.)
 Last Adventure. Col. July 14. (6.)
 Legerdemain. Red Bk. March. (32.)
 Perkins' Career. Cos. March. (94.)
 Premiere Danseuse. Col. Nov. 25, '22. (9.)
 Robbery at the Cafe Ravasan. Col. Dec. 9, '22. (7.)
 Seven Vanished Men. Col. April 21. (9.)
 Thieves' Justice. Red Bk. Sept. (62.)
 To Catch a Thief. Red Bk. July. (54.)
 Upon the Waters. Col. May 19. (7.)

Voice on the Telephone. Col. Dec. 30, '22. (9.)
 White Collar Girl. Cos. Aug. (60.)
 Writ of Habeas Corpus. Col. June 16. (9.)
 RODSON, MARK.
 Money. Mod. Q. July. (31.)
 ROE, VINCIE E. (See 1922.) (H.)
 Bully of St. Ann's. McCall. Jan. (9.)
 Clory of Gold. Ev. Feb. (87.)
 Grace of the Dim Strain. Hear. July. (22.)
 Lawless. McCall. Aug. (5.)
 Lump. Chic. Trib. April 22.
 One-Man Dog. McCall. Oct., '22. (16.)
 Prince. Hear. March. (53.)
 Rider of Ran's Run. Hear. June. (33.)
 ROGERS, JOEL TOWNSLEY.
 Other Man's Wife. Met. April. (57.)
 They Lived, They Loved, They—Met. May. (30.)
 "RONAELSON, JOHN MOTT." (ELEANOR MOFFETT CARLSON.) (1890-)
 ***Vermilion Fringe. Asia. Feb. (23: 113.)
 ROOT, DONALD S.
 Moro Justice. McC. Feb. (47.)
 ROSENHOLTZ, JENNIE.
 Flowing With Milk and Honey. Outl. July 25. (34:462.)
 ROUSSEAU, VICTOR. (1865) (See 1915.) (H.)
 Square Peg. McC. May. (25.)
 ROWLAND, HENRY COTTRELL. (1874-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 Cheek. Chic. Trib. Nov. 12, '22.
 Golden Silence. Red Bk. Jan. (76.)
 RUSSELL, MAJOR C. E. (1860-) (See 1922.)
 Cherchez la Femme. McC. Sept. (67.)
 Stolen Passports. McC. March. (61.)
 Train-Robbers. McC. Jan. (39.)
 Underground Railroad. McC. Dec., '22. (29.)
 Woman Spy of Biarritz. McC. Feb. (22.)
 RUSSELL, JOHN. (1885-) (See 1922.)
 *Color of the East. Harp. B. April. (98.)
 *Digger. Ev. Feb. (43.)
 *Gun Metal. S. E. P. June 30. (11.)
 *Son of the Handmaid. Hear. March. (44.)
 RUSSELL, PHILLIPS. (See 1920.)
 Chimney. McC. Nov., '22. (85.)
 Imbobo. S. S. April. (109.)

- "RUTLEDGE, MARYSE." (MARYSE RUTLEDGE HALE.) ("MARICE RUTLEDGE.") (MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS.) (MARIE LOUISE VAN SAANEN.) (1884-) (See 1922.) (*H under GOETCHIUS.*)
- *Bigaud & Sons. W. H. C. Nov., '22. (16.)
- Brassington Hall. S. E. P. Dec. 9, '22. (36.)
- Glamour. S. E. P. May 26. (26.)
- Lost Verona. S. E. P. Oct. 14, '22. (24.)
- RYERSON, FLORENCE. (See 1921.)
- Bumtown Battler. W. W. March. (7.)

S

- SACHS, EMANIE N. (See 1922.)
- Railroad Tracks. Pict. R. March. (20.)
- SACMASTER, WALTER E. (See 1922.)
- Vanity Fair. S. S. May. (78.)
- ST. JOHNS, ADELA ROGERS. (See 1922.)
- Dolls. Cos. July. (69.)
- Droit du Seigneur. Harp. B. Feb. (66.)
- Eyes of the Blind. G. H. Aug. (24.)
- Great God Four-Flush. Cos. May. (83.)
- Hollywood Love-Story. G. H. Sept. (76.)
- Maggie Qunanne. Cos. Feb. (94.)
- One Motto for a Married Woman. Cos. Dec. '22. (75.)
- Poor Lady. Harp. B. Sept. (84.)
- Starring Mrs. Tim Hale. Cos. Oct., '22. (87.)
- Thumbs Down. Cos. Sept. (53.)
- Two Masters. McCall. Feb. (10.)
- SANBORN, ROBERT ALDEN.
- *House of Conover. Broom. Jan. (4:89.)
- SANEORN, RUTH BURR.
- *Born Teacher. Book. (N. Y.) April. (57:140.)
- Other David. S. E. P. March 31. (24.)
- Pobble & Co. S. E. P. Oct. 14, '22. (3.)
- Poor Old Nincompoop. S. E. P. Feb. 24. (22.)
- Younger Mr. Burrage. Cos. March. (69.)
- SANDERS, CHARLES WESLEY.
- Ten Thousand Dollars Reward. McC. Sept. (99.)
- SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH, JR. (1894-) (See 1922.)
- Littlest Orphan and the Christ Baby. G. H. Jan. (56.)
- Mother Fingers. G. H. June. (32.)
- Our Street. G. H. Aug. (36.)
- SAPPINGTON, T. L.
- Spring Tonic. Ev. June. (89.)
- SAUNDERS, LOUISE.
- **In a Strange Land. S. S. Sept. (43.)
- SAUNDERS, W. O.
- Ki Meadows. Col June 9. (8.)
- SAWHILL, MYRA. (See 1921.)
- Spunk. Am. Nov., '22. (57.)
- SAWYER, RUTH. (MRS. ALBERT C. DURAND.) (1880-) (See 1922.) (*H.*)
- Magic Box. Outl. June 13. (134:174.)
- SAXBY, CHARLES. (See 1922.) (*H.*)
- Conquest. Red Bk. June. (87.)
- SAXBY, CHESTER L. (See 1915.)
- Conversion of Torowa. Scr. March. (73:306.)
- *Streak. Adv. Dec. 30, '22. (88.)
- SEXTON, BERNARD.
- See "O'SHASNAIN, BRIAN P."
- SCHAFFNER, HALLE.
- *Letters. S. S. Sept. (98.)
- SCHNEIDER, ISIDOR.
- **Last Word. Rhyth. June-July. (5.)
- SCOGGINS, CHARLES ELBERT. (See 1922.)
- Gate of Mighty Dreams. S. E. P. Dec. 2, '22. (16.)
- Keg Henderson Learns a Song. Red Bk. Nov., '22. (91.)
- Loose Foot. S. E. P. Feb. 17. (14.)
- Pure Reason Higgs. Red Bk. April. (85.)
- Spring Fever. S. E. P. Sept. 8. (16.)
- Three Links and a Dinger. Red Bk. Dec., '22. (81.)
- Toast to the Bride. W. H. C. April. (15.)
- SCOTT, LEROY. (1875-) (See 1917.) (*H.*)
- Folly's Gold. McCall. May. (6.)
- Missing Wife. McCall. July. (6.)
- SCOVILLE, JR., SAMUEL. (1872-) (See 1921.) (*H.*)
- Abyss. L. H. J. March. (29.)
- Sea King. L. H. J. Jan. (28.)
- SEACROVE, GORDON. (See 1915.)
- *His Last Appearance. S. S. June. (41.)
- SEIFERT, SHIRLEY L. (See 1922.)
- Little Window Into Heaven. G. H. Dec., '22. (72.)
- Miss Fussbuttons. Del. Sept. (10.)
- SHANNON, MARY.
- Red Fad. McCall. June. (8.)
- SHAW, CHARLES G.
- Subtle Alchemist. S. S. Dec., '22. (110.)
- SHORE, VIOLA BROTHERS. (See 1922.)
- Woman's Place. W. H. C. April. (25.)
- SIMPSON, ROBERT. (See 1922.)
- Who's the Boss? S. E. P. Dec. 16, '22. (32.)

- SINGMASTER, ELSIE. (ELSID SINGMASTER LEWARS.) (1879-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- *Assured Income. Outl. Feb. 7. (133:268.)
- *Brother. Outl. March 7. (133:438.)
- **Chance. Pict. R. Jan. (5.)
- ***Dreamer. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (56:570.)
- *Maria Rapallo. Outl. Dec. 20, '22. (132:719.)
- *Messenger. S. E. P. June 2. (12.)
- *Nemesis. Outl. July 18. (134:420.)
- *Singing Oaks. W. H. C. Oct., '22. (7.)
- **Truth. S. E. P. March 24. (18.)
- *Visit. W. H. C. June. (23.)
- **Zion Valley. S. E. P. April 7. (20.)
- SMALLWOOD, L. V.
St. Barbara's Image. Cath. W. Aug. (117:592.)
- SMITH, EDGAR VALENTINE.
- **Prelude. Harp. M. May. (146:769.)
- **Substance of Things Hoped For. Harp. M. Aug. (147:317.)
- SMITH, GARRET. (See 1921.)
- Spirit of Peter Birch. Ev. Aug. (77.)
- SMITH, GORDON ARTHUR. (1886-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- Accept No Substitute. S. E. P. Aug. 4. (8.)
- Great Man. S. E. P. Oct. 14. '22. (20.)
- Under a Cloud. S. E. P. April 14. (22.)
- SMITH, HARRY B.
Her Last Fade-Out. S. S. Nov., '22. (39.)
- SMITH, MAXWELL. (See 1921.)
- Low Bridge. Red Bk. Feb. (72.)
- SMITH, WALTON HALL.
Pandora, Pugh and I. Ev. Nov., '22. (35.)
- SNEDDON, ROBERT W. (1880-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- *Grand Woman. Pict. R. Sept. (10.)
- Mark of Murder. Met. Sept. (19.)
- **"Wonder of It." Pict. R. June. (14.)
- SOLOMON, DAVID R. (See 1922.)
- Live Coals. Hear. Dec., '22. (37.)
- SPADONI, ADRIANA. (See 1922.) (H.)
- *Wax of the Abruzzi. Cen. Feb. (105:549.)
- SPEARE, DOROTHY. (See 1922.)
- Cream-Puffs. Del. Oct., '22. (10.)
- Golf-Widows. Pict. R. Oct., '22. (14.)
- SPEARS, RAYMOND SMILEY. (1876-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- **When It's In the Heart. Scr. Feb. (73:207.)
- SPITZER, MARIAN. (See 1922.)
- *Best Husbands. S. S. April. (87.)
- *Great Adventure of Aleck Johnson. S. S. Oct., '22. (119.)
- Three Little Words. Pict. R. April. (22.)
- SPRINGER, FLETA CAMPBELL. (1886-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- *Scar. Cen. Jan. (105:410.)
- SQUIER, EMMA LINDSAY. (See 1922.)
- But Once an Emperor. L. H. J. May. (10.)
- Friend Who Was Hurt. G. H. Mar. (60.)
- Friends of a Quill. G. H. Dec., '22. (52.)
- Held In Trust. G. H. Nov., '22. (22.)
- In Memory of the Loon. G. H. Feb. (72.)
- Last Moose. G. H. Jan. (42.)
- On Autumn Trails. G. H. Oct., '22. (56.)
- STARRETT, VINCENT. (See 1922.)
- Princess Antimacassar. Wave. Dec., '22. (3.)
- STEELE, ALICE GARLAND. (Mrs. T. AUSTIN-BALL.) (1880-) (See 1921.) (H.)
- Apples of Eden. W. W. Apr. (7.)
- Pearls Before Swine. W. W. Aug. (7.)
- STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL. (1886-) (See 1922.) (H.)
- ***"Arab Stuff." Harp. M. Jan. (146:171.)
- ***Crocuses. Pict. R. March. (8.)
- ***First-Born. Pict. R. Dec., '22. (14.)
- ***Tower of Sand. Pict. R. June. (5.)
- STERNE, ELAINE.
See CARRINGTON, ELAINE STERNE.
- "STEVENS, MARGARET DEAN."
See ALDRICH, BESS STREETER.
- STEWART, SOLON K. (1883-)
- ***Contract of Corporal Twing. Harp. M. Feb. (146:379.)
- *Man Who Sat on His Topee. Peop. Jan. (7.)
- STIMSON, FREDERIC JESUP. ("J. S. OF DALE.") (1855-) (H.)
- ***By Due Process of Law. Scr. April. (73:454.)
- *Plum-Colored Coat. Scr. June. (73:662.)
- STOCKARD, WILLETT. (See 1921.)
- But Outside of That— W. H. C. July. (32.)
- STONE, ELINORE COWAN. (See 1922.)
- Mama of Manuelito. Cen. April. (105:862.)
- STREET, MARY DALLAS.
Back Windows. Reviewer. July. (3:915.)

- STRINGER, ARTHUR JOHN ARBUTHNOTT. (1874- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
 Bear Trap. Cos. Jan. (89.)
 Coward. Hear. March. (60.)
 Cowgirl. S. E. P. Dec. 9, '22. (8.)
 Dogs of War. McCall. Dec., '22. (11.)
 Man Who Went Home. Hear. April. (62.)
 SUCKOW, RUTH. (1892- .) (See 1922.)
 ***Renters. Cen. Aug. (106:599.)
 SULLIVAN, ALAN. (1868- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
 "Nor Iron Bars a Cage." W. H. C. Jan. (15.)
 SUTTON, BERTHA M. R.
 "Grand National." Cath. W. Sept. (117:779.)
 SWANSON, ROY W. (1899- .)
 ***Young In Soul. Scan. Oct., '22. (10:608.)
 SWIFT, HELEN.
 ***Chicken-Woman and the Hen-Man. Free. Sept. 19. (8:36.)
 **Zachariah Jones. Free. Sept. 26. (8:62.)
 SYNON, MARY. (1881- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
 *High Mountains. L. H. J. April. (6.)
 *Out of Days Like These. G. H. Oct., '22. (14.)
 Portage. Red Bk. Oct., '22. (56.)
 *Shadowed. Red Bk. May. (60.)
 Three Ants—and Another. G. H. Sept. (44.)
 Under Orders. Chic. Trib. Feb. 4.

T

- TANAQUEL, PAUL.
 Battlefields. S. S. Feb. (99.)
 Last Class. S. S. Dec., '22. (61.)
 Rat of the One-Night Stands. S. S. Nov., '22. (55.)
 Victim. S. S. Aug. (87.)
 TAPHAM, THOMAS.
 Mr. Piper Hires a Pirate. McC. June. (17.)
 TARKINGTON, NEWTON BOOTH. (1869- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
 ***One Hundred Dollar Bill. McCall. Jan. (10.)
 *What Chance Has a Man? Red Bk. May. (31.)
 *Young Love and Younger Crime. Red Bk. Oct., '22. (36.)
 TAYLOR, KATHARINE HAVILAND. (See 1921.)
 Basement Symphony. Sun. June. (52.)
 TAYLOR, MERLIN MOORE.
 Payback. Asia. Aug. (23:558.)

- TERHUNE, ALBERT PAYSON. (1872- .)
 Amateur Inn. L. H. J. July. (3.)
 Bag of Tricks. Hear. May. (81.)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 Bobby Bruce and the Two Humans. Hear. April. (98.)
 Clean-Up. Red Bk. Nov., '22. (58.)
 Dynamite. L. H. J. Oct., '22. (18.)
 Lady of Lions. L. H. J. May. (23.)
 Mystery Man. S. E. P. Dec. 23, '22. (12.)
 Yankee Killer. S. E. P. Oct. 7, '22. (12.)
 TERHUNE, ANICE.
 *Guest of Honor. McCall. May. (5.)
 TERRILL, LUCY STONE. (See 1922.) (H.)
 Last Green Leaf. S. E. P. May 19. (18.)
 Moderns. S. E. P. June 9. (14.)
 THADDEUS, VICTOR. (See 1922.)
 Brightest Spot In Town. S. S. March. (39.)
 Chiaroscuro. S. S. Dec., '22. (93.)
 Happiest Day of Her Life. S. S. May. (69.)
 *Love Affairs of Mrs. Kate Deckle. S. S. Sept. (103.)
 Romance of Old Port Shane. S. S. Oct., '22. (83.)
 THOMPSON, JEAN M.
 Tokochi, Alien of the Wild. W. May. (10.)
 THOMPSON, MARY WOLFE.
 ***Old Diz. Mid. April. (9:70.)
 TILDEN, FREEMAN. (See 1921.) (H.)
 Jonah. S. E. P. Dec. 2, '22. (12.)
 No Business Ability. S. E. P. Aug. 11. (14.)
 TILDEN, JR., WILLIAM T.
 Double Comeback. Hear. July. (77.)
 TITUS, HAROLD. (1888- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
 Candle In the Window. Del. Dec., '22. (11.)
 When a Strong Man Really Loves. Met. April. (10.)
 TOKSVIG, FRITHJOF. (1897- .)
 *Strange Case of Eddie McGarry. W. F. Oct., '22. (51.)
 TOLMAN, ALBERT W. (1866- .) (See 1918.) (H.)
 **Sentence. Pop. Aug. 20. (183.)
 TOOMER, JEAN. (1894- .)
 ***Blood-Burning Moon. Prairie. March-April. (18.)
 **Esther. Mod. R. Jan. (1:50.)
 ***Fern. Lit. R. Autumn, '22. (25.)
 ***Kabnis. Broom. Aug. (5:12.); Sept. (5:83.)

TORREY, GRACE. (See 1922.) (H.)
 Cheap People. S. E. P. Dec. 16,
 '22. (16.)
 *Nine to Three. W. H. C. Aug.
 (7.)
 Woman Who Skipped. W. W.
 July. (9.)
 TRACY, EDITH CHAPMAN.
 See CHAPMAN, EDITH.
 TRAIN, ARTHUR CHENEY. (1875-)
 Cloak of St. Martin. S. E. P.
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 March 3. (18.)
 Desert Rubaiyat. McCall. June.
 (12.)
 Her Crowded Hour. S. E. P.
 May 19. (38.)
 Poisoner. Cos. March. (77.)
 TRAIN, ARTHUR CHENEY (1875-),
 .) (See 1922.)
 and TRAIN, ETHEL KISSAM (1875-
 Fork In the Road. Col. Jan. 13.
 (9.)
 TRAIN, ETHEL KISSAM. (1875-)
 (See 1922.)
 Children of Yesterday. W. W.
 Oct., '22. (7.)
 Reformation of Rhoda. Col. Aug.
 4. (7.)
 TREASTER, FANNY JORDAN.
 Projectitis. Ev. March. (82.)
 TRIEM, PAUL ELLSWORTH. (See 1922.)
 (H.)
 Little Bill and the Mad Bull. Am.
 Jan. (22.)
 TUCKERMAN, ARTHUR. (See 1921.)
 Alluring Enemies. Chic. Trib.
 July 1.
 TUNIS, JOHN R.
 *Dinner at the Ritz. O. R. March.
 (28.)
 TUPPER, TRISTRAM. (See 1922.)
 Storm at the Crossroads. S. E. P.
 June 16. (20.)
 TURNBULL, AGNES SLIGH. (See 1922.)
 Good Sport. W. W. Dec., '22.
 (10.)
 There's No Fool Like An Old Fool.
 Am. Nov., '22. (31.)
 TURNER, GEORGE KIBBE. (1869-)
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 Milk Bath and the Card Catalogue.
 S. E. P. Sept. 29. (16.)
 Phantom Factory and the Million-
 Dollar Dog. S. E. P. Sept. 15.
 (8.)
 Pom and the Parrot. Red Bk.
 March. (27.)
 TUTTLE, WORTH.
 **Charity. Pearson. (N. Y.) April.
 (24.)
 *Cleobalus the Great. Pearson. Feb.
 (28.)
 **Tree in the Forest. Pearson. (N. Y.)
 May. (19.)

U

UELAND, BRENDA. (See 1922.)
 Big, Broad Modern Point of View.
 L. H. J. April. (10.)
 ULRICH, DANIEL.
 **Rainy Morning. S. S. July. (117.)

V

VAN DEUSEN, A. M.
 Marriages of Minnie. Sun. May.
 (12.)
 VAN RIPER, CHARLES KING. (See 1920.)
 *Requiem. Adv. Feb. 10. (125.)
 .) (See 1920.) (H.)
 VAN SLYKE, LUCILLE BALDWIN. (1880-
 .) (See 1920.) (H.)
 VORSE, MARY MARVIN HEATON. (See
 Next. Ev. Jan. (168.)
 1922.) (H.)
 ***Promise. Harp. M. July. (147:
 189.)
 ***Single Man. Cen. July. (106:
 372.)
 ***Story of Aimée Lothrop. Harp. M.
 Oct., '22. (145:583.)
 **Ten Light, Fourteen Night. Lib.
 July. (11.)
 ***Twilight of the God. Harp. M.
 Nov., '22. (145:772.)

W

WAHLENBERG, ANNA.
 Tom. Chic. Trib. Feb. 18.
 WALDO, FULLERTON.
 *Father Ravier Gets a Letter. Outl.
 May 2. (133:804.)
 WALROND, ERIC D.
 **Miss Kenny's Marriage. S. S. Sept.
 (73.)
 WALSH, W. E.
 White Lady. Cath. W. Nov., '22.
 (116:230.) Dec., '22. (116:370.)
 WALSHE, DOUGLAS.
 Soft Spot. S. E. P. April 28.
 (16.)
 WARREN, PHILIP.
 Never Wait Too Long For a Man.
 Met. April. (53.)
 WASTE, HENRIE.
 Her Pot-Boiler. Reviewer. April.
 (3:816.)
 WATSON, JEAN. (See 1918.)
 Good People. Mid. March. (9:
 43.)
 WATSON, MARION ELIZABETH. (See
 1921.)
 **By Parcel Post. Pict. R. Aug.
 (10.)
 Points of View. Harp. M. Sept.
 (See 1922.) (H.)
 WATTS, MARY STANBERRY. (1868-)
 (147:443.)
 *Toiling Masses. Harp. M. Dec.,
 '22. (146:23.)

- WEADOCK, LOUIS. (*See* 1915.) (H.)
 Keep Off the Set. Pict. R. Sept. (24.)
 Saving San Clementine. Ev. June. (159.)
- WEBSTER, HENRY KITCHELL. (1875- Inside and Out. Hear. June. (40.)
 .) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
- WEEKS, RAYMOND.
 Arkansas. Mid. June-July-Aug. (9:112.)
- WEIMAN, RITA. (1889- .) (*See* 1922.)
 Fleishpots. Red Bk. Aug. (43.)
 Melodrama. Harp. B. Aug. (50.)
 Upstage. Cos. Oct., '22. (35.)
- WELLES, HARRIET OGDEN DEEN. (*See* 1922.)
 *Old Ships. Scr. Aug. (74:217.)
- WELLS, CAROLYN. (Mrs. HADWIN HOUGHTON.) (*See* 1917.) (H.)
 Wheels Within Wheels. Am. Sept. (65.)
- WELLS, WILLIAM H.
 *Terry an' Me. Adv. March 30. (79.)
- WESTON, GEORGE T. (1880- .) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Girls Never Know. S. E. P. Sept. 8. (8.)
 Marble Elephant. S. E. P. Nov. 25, '22. (10.)
 Mysterious Woman. Cos. Sept. (60.)
 Never Too Old. Red Bk. July. (59.)
 Winning Horse. S. E. P. Oct. 28, '22. (8.)
- WHITAWAY, J. W.
 *Bas-Relief. Mod. R. Jan. (1:69.)
- WHITE, FREDERICK.
 J. Smith, Spicklefisherman. Scr. Aug. (74: 149.)
 Whirling Dervish. Scr. April. (73: 434.)
- WHITE, NELIA GARDNER. (*See* 1922.)
 Great Woman—Who Didn't Know It. Am. May. (56.)
 It Might Have Been Golf, or Bridge, or Pool. Am. Nov., '22. (10.)
 Stirring. Ev. Oct., '22. (47.)
- WHITLOCK, BRAND. (1869- .) (*See* 1915.) (H.)
 Portrait of Nadia. S. E. P. Dec. 23, '22. (3.)
- WHITMAN, WILLSON.
 Can You Act? W. H. C. May. (13.)
 Psyche, Inc. W. H. C. Oct., '22. (27.)
- WHITNEY, PARKHURST.
 Catechism. S. S. Feb. (89.)
 Dr. Puckett. S. S. Jan. (69.)
 Girdle of Virtue. S. S. July. (109.)
- WIDDEMER, MARGARET. (Mrs. ROBERT HAYEN SCHAUFFLER.) (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Heloise Has a Heart. S. S. June. (103.)
- WILDE, PERCIVAL. (1887- .) (*See* 1920.)
 *Haunted Ticker. Pop. May 20. (57.)
 Way to Freedom. Red Bk. Oct., '22. (69.)
- WILEY, GRACE H.
See WORTS, GEORGE F. and WILEY, GRACE H.
- WILEY, HUGH. (1894- .) (*See* 1922.)
 Comeback. Sun. Jan. (14.)
 Construction. S. E. P. March 31. (30.)
 Gold Filled. Sun. March. (5.)
 Jonah Fish. S. E. P. April 14. (20.)
 "Pay-Day Dice." Sun. Oct., '22. (12.)
 Rain Maker. S. E. P. March 10. (14.)
 Rebate. S. E. P. June 23. (26.)
 Romeo Junior. S. E. P. April 7. (30.)
 Salt Cured. S. E. P. Oct. 14, '22. (16.)
 Sin Vigilant. S. E. P. Nov. 4, '22. (33.)
 Turkey Talk. S. E. P. May 5. (24.)
 Young Farmers. Sun. June. (16.)
- WILKINS, MARY E.
See FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS.
- WILKINS, ZORA PUTNAM. (*See* 1922.)
 ***Clinging Vines. Pearson. Dec-Jan. (26.)
- WILLETS, ELIZA.
 *Swamp-wise. Pict. R. May. (14.)
- WILLIAMS, BEN AMES. (1889- .) (*See* 1922.)
 Ax. S. E. P. Oct. 14, '22. (8.)
 *Braggart. Col. Aug. 4. (3.)
 *Cigarette. Col. Sept. 8. (3.)
 *Fox Bog. S. E. P. Sept. 1. (8.)
 Hip and Thigh. S. E. P. March 31. (5.)
 *Piano. S. E. P. March 10. (8.)
 Threefold Cord. S. E. P. May 19. (10.)
 *Thrifty Stock. McCall. May. (12.)
 With Empty Hands. G. H. Aug. (49.)
- WILLIAMS, ELMER J.
 **First Born. Lib. May. (28.)
- WILLIAMS, FRANCES B.
 Wlad of the Beets. N. Rep. Aug. 8. (35:286.)
- WILLIAMS, MARY BRUSH. (*See* 1916.)
 Nancy Holmes—Man Eater. Chic. Trib. March 4.
- WILLIE, LINDA BUNTYN. (*See* 1920.)
 Mother Who Wouldn't Give Up. Am. June. (49.)

- WILLOUGHBY, BARRETT.
Half White. Ev. July. (23.)
- WILLSON, DIXIE. (See 1922.)
Dust In the Doorway. McC. Feb. (30.)
For Graham Brady. Del. March. (5.)
*Man In You. McC. Jan. (11.)
- WILSON, HARRY LEON. (1867- .)
(See 1922.) (H.)
**Art For Red Gap's Sake. S. E. P. Dec. 16, '22. (3.)
***Flora and Fauna. S. E. P. Dec. 30, '22. (3.)
**Ma Pettingill Arbitrates. S. E. P. Dec. 2, '22. (3.)
*Money, Money, Money! S. E. P. Feb. 10. (5.)
- WILSON, JOHN FLEMING. (1877- .)
(See 1922.) (H.)
**Ship That Died. Sea. July 20. (133.)
- WILSON, MARGARET ADELAIDE. (See 1922.) (H.)
Right of Possession. W. H. C. March. (9.)
- WINCHELL, HORACE V.
*Meteoritic Career. Atl. June. (131: 779.)
- WINSLOW, HORATIO. (See 1922.)
Four Long Sweet Hoots. S. E. P. April 21. (16.)
Ketch As Ketch Can. S. E. P. Aug. 11. (12.)
Old Beethead. S. E. P. Dec. 2, '22. (8.)
- WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER. (1889- .)
(See 1922.)
**Ambition. S. S. March. (75.)
***Boy's Best Friend. S. S. Oct., '22. (101.)
*Hattie. S. S. Nov., '22. (121.)
*Letter to Thrums. S. S. May. (89.)
**Outsider. S. S. Jan. (121.)
- WINSTON, ANNIE STEGER.
Mume and Tume. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (56:695.)
- WITWER, HARRY CHARLES. (1890- .)
(See 1922.)
Barber of Seville. Ill. Cos. Jan. (35.)
Christopher of Columbus. Col. Oct. 7, '22. (9.)
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. Col. Aug. 11. (8.)
Don Coyote. Col. July 21. (8.)
End of a Perfect Fray. Col. Dec. 2, '22. (7.)
Fighting Back. Col. June 9. (3.)
Crim Fairy Tale. Col. Nov. 4, '22. (7.)
Judy Punch. Col. Feb. 17. (9.)
Julius Sees Her. Cos. Feb. (69.)
Love and Learn. Cos. Sept. (69.)
- Money to Burns. Cos. Aug. (45.)
See America's Worst. Cos. Dec., '22. (69.)
Sherlock's Home. Cos. April. (80.)
Something for Nothing. Col. Sept. 8. (10.)
Wages of Cinema. Cos. Oct., '22. (69.)
When Gale and Hurricane Meet. Col. Jan. 27. (7.)
When Knighthood Was In Tower. Cos. June. (45.)
Widower's Mite. Col. June 30. (7.)
- WOLFF, WILLIAM ALMON. (1885- .)
(See 1922.) (H.)
Captain. Col. June 16. (3.)
Champion. Col. June 2. (7.)
House of Make Believe. L. H. J. April. (16.)
Miss Latimer Resigns. Chic. Trib. July 15.
- WONDERLEY, W. CAREY. (See 1921.) (H.)
Cake Eater. Ev. Sept. (139.)
- WOOD, CLEMENT. (1888- .) (See 1922.)
*Finished In Oak. Red Bk. Aug. (78.)
**It Can't Be Done. Red Bk. April. (72.)
*Message from Mahaley. Pict. R. April. (14.)
- WOOD, FRANCES GILCHRIST. (See 1921.)
**Courage of a Quitter. Del. Aug. (13.)
**Four-O'Clocks. Del. Feb. (10.)
**Pick-Up Job. Pict. R. May. (12.)
- WOOD, JULIA FRANCES. (See 1922.) (H.)
Button, Button. Chic. Trib. Jan. 14.
Charley's Marriage. Chic. Trib. May 27.
- WOOD, RUTH.
*Cruiskeen. Cath. W. June. (117: 305.)
- WOODROW, MRS. WILSON. (NANCY MANN WADDEL WOODROW.) (See 1922.) (H.)
Wrong Wright. Chic. Trib. Aug. 26.
- WOODSON, MARY BLAKE. (See 1921.)
Black Sheep and the Goat. W. W. Jan. (7.)
- WORTS, GEORGE FRANK (1892- .) (See 1922.) and WILEY, GRACE H.
Melody In F. Ev. Nov., '22. (75.)
- WRATH, CALES. (See 1922.)
*One of Those Damned Talkative Parrots. Met. June. (59.)
- WRIGHT, CUTHBERT. (See 1922.)
Children of the Night. Gargoyle. Nov.-Dec., '22.
**Russian. S. S. Oct., '22. (55.)

- WRIGHT, SALLY DIXON.
 ***Candle in the Sun. Pearson. (N. Y.) June. (24.)
 WYCKOFF, ELIZABETH PORTER.
 Doctor. W. H. C. Sept. (21.)

Y

- YATES, L. B. (See 1922.) (H.)
 Good Little God. Ev. May. (125.)
 YEZIERSKA, ANZIA. (1886-) (See 1921.)

- *Children of Loneliness. Cen. March. (105:700.)
 **Lord Giveth. Men. J. Feb. (33.)
 Love Cheat. Met. July. (54.)
 *Song Triumphant. Mun. Dec., '22. (77:404.)

Z

- ZIEGLER, JR., WILLIAM.
 Heart of a Lion. Am. Oct., '22. (29.)

II. ENGLISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

A

- ARLEN, MICHAEL. (See 1922.)
 *Cavalier of the Streets. Harp. B. June. 68.
 ASHTON, WINIFRED.
 See "DANE, CLEMENCE."
 ATKY, BERTRAM. (1880-) (See 1922.)
 Winnie and the Cat Lady. S. E. P. Feb. 24. (14.)
 Winnie and the Copperhead. S. E. P. Nov. 18, '22. (8.)
 Winnie and the Panther Man. S. E. P. Oct. 21, '22. (5.)
 Winnie and the Woolly Lamb. S. E. P. April 21. (12.)
 AUMONIER, STACY. (1887-) (See 1922.)
 ***Angel of Accomplishment. Pict. R. Feb. (22.)
 **Fall. S. E. P. April 28. (24.)
 ***Funny Man's Day. Pict. R. Dec., '22. (16.)
 ***Octave of Jealousy. Pict. R. Nov., '22. (12.)
 AUSTIN, FREDERICK BRITTEN. (1885-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 **Affair of Honor. S. E. P. Sept. 15. (34.)
 *Drum. Red Bk. Sept. (77.)
 **Milk of Paradise. Hear. June. (49.)
 ***On the Boulevard. Red Bk. May. (37.)
 One Beloved. Hear. Jan. (49.)
 Other Man's Soul. Met. Aug. (26.)
 AYRES, RUBY M.
 Story of Auntie Flo. McCall. July. (5.)
 Wall. McCall. Jan. (6.)

B

- BAILY, FRANCIS EVANS. (1887-) (See 1922.)
 Youth Dares the Stars. Hear. July. (53.)
 BANISTER, MAYELL.
 ***Man Afraid of Women. Pict. R. Feb. (24.)

- 35,000,000 Crowns for Love. W. W. Aug. (9.)
 BARRINGTON, EMILIE ISABEL WILSON. (Mrs. RUSSELL BARRINGTON.) (See 1922.)
 ***"Two and Nelson." Atl. April. (131:506.)
 BASHFORD, HENRY HOWARTH. (1880-) (See 1919.)
 *Human Factor. Des. June. (5.)
 BECK, L. ADAMS. (See 1922.)
 **Beloved of the Gods. Asia. Sept. (23:644.)
 ***Dead Clew. Pop. March 7. (88.)
 BEITH, JOHN HAY.
 See "HAY, IAN."
 BELL, JOHN JOY. (1871-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 Watched. Chic. Trib. June 10.
 BENNETT, ENOCH ARNOLD. (1867-) (See 1922.) (H.)
 ***Last Love. Hear. March. (70.)
 *Perfect Girl. Harp. B. Nov., '22. (74.)
 BENSON, EDWARD FREDERIC. (1867-) (See 1921.)
 *Adjustments. Mun. April. (78:407.)
 *Horror Horn. Mun. Nov., '22. (77:212.)
 *Mr. Tilly's Séance. Mun. Dec., '22. (77:413.)
 BLACAM, AODH DE.
 ***Joy of the Republic. W. F. Dec., '22. (49.)
 BLAND, J. O. P. (1863-)
 **Mighty Dead. Asia. June. (28:401.)

C

- CILENTO, A. W.
 Laurisa Returns to Her Village. Asia. Dec., '22. (22:963.)
 CLIFFORD, MRS. W. K. (LUCY LANE CLIFFORD.) (See 1922.) (H.)
 ***Lady Margrave. Pearson. (N. Y.) Oct., '22. (19.)
 ***Mr. Webster. Pearson. (N. Y.) Nov., '22. (28.)
 *Thief. Scr. Sept. (74:328.)

COPPARD, ALFRED EDGAR. (1878- .)
(See 1922.)
***Poor Man. Dial. Feb. (74:121.)
***Simple Simon. D. D. March-April. (5:91.)
***Tribute. Cen. Sept. (106:782.)

D

"DANE, CLEMENCE." (WINIFRED ASHTON.)
***Dearly Beloved of Benjamin Cobb. Pict. R. July. (5.)
DINGLE, CAPTAIN A. E. (See 1922 under American Authors.)
Big Sam. S. E. P. June 30. (16.)
Captain Jethro's Luck. Chic. Trib. Aug. 19.
Knife of Kalle. S. E. P. Nov. 18, '22. (14.)
Little Tolo. S. E. P. Dec. 30, '22. (9.)
Long Tavey. S. E. P. March 17. (12.)
Nick Pride. S. E. P. Dec. 9, '22. (16.)
Old Sharley. S. E. P. March 3. (16.)
Old Stormalong. S. E. P. Aug. 25. (12.)
One Fathom of Rope. S. E. P. June 16. (16.)
Salvage. S. E. P. April 14. (16.)
Sargasso. S. E. P. May 5. (14.)
Tippy Knute. S. E. P. Sept. 22. (12.)
DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. (1859- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
**Creeping Man. Hear. March. (8.)
*I Saw Him Crucified. Hear. Oct., '22. (5.)
DUDENY, MRS. HENRY E. (1866- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
***Finger Post. Harp. M. June. (147:51.)
**Tithe Barn. Harp. M. Feb. (146:307.)
DURAND, RALPH. (See 1922.)
Golden Gates. Ev. April. (133.)

E

EDGINTON, MAY. (See 1922.) (H.)
Miss Tanner. S. E. P. May 12. (14.)
Man Who Picked the Primroses. S. E. P. Aug. 4. (14.)
Shut the Door. S. E. P. May 5. (8.)

F

FRANKAU, GILBERT. (1884- .) (See 1921.)
Treasures. Ev. March. (111.)
*Way of Silence. MacL. April 1. (22.)

FREEMAN, JOHN. (1885- .)
**Gold Coast. Dial. Aug. (75:123.)
FRIEDLAENDER, V. H. (See 1922.)
*Lover in Waiting. Harp. M. Sept. (147:549.)
***Lovers' Meeting. Harp. M. May. (146:744.)

G

GALSWORTHY, JOHN. (1867- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
***Acme. Red Bk. July. (70.)
***Blackmail. Met. Jan. (28.) MacL. Dec. 15, '22. (26.)
***Conscience. Red Bk. Feb. (60.)
***Had a Horse. S. E. P. Aug. 11. (10.)
***Late-299. Scr. Aug. (74:131.)
**Life for Life. Col. April 21. (3.)
***Long-Ago Affair. Del. May. (11.)
**Salta Pro Nobis. MacL. May 1. (31.)
***Smile. Red Bk. Jan. (56.)
***Stroke of Lightning. Red Bk. Nov., '22. (31.)
***Virtue. Met. Feb.-March. (16.)
GEORGE, WALTER LIONEL. (1882- .) (See 1922.)
***Death of the Jester. Cen. Oct., '22. (104:865.)
**Legatee's Shoes. Red Bk. July. (80.)
*Negonko. O. W. June. (43.)
*One Kiss Is Always Dangerous. Met. June. (25.)
**Shot in the Night. Red Bk. June. (46.)
*Slipper of Red Brocade. Red Bk. Sept. (94.)
**Stolen Baby. Red Bk. Aug. (60.)
GIBBON, PERCEVAL. (1879- .) (See 1922.) (H.)
*Ashes of His Past. Met. Sept. (15.)
***Dark Ride. Cen. Oct., '22. (104:819.)
**English Tutor. S. E. P. April 14. (5.)
*Fear-Healer. Del. July. (5.)
*Gentleman Who Pays the Rent. Del. Sept. (5.)
*In Trust. S. E. P. March 17. (16.)
*Knife. Mun. June. (79:163.)
***Misadventure. Chic. Trib. April 15.
*Nursery Governess. S. E. P. March 31. (16.)
**Picoron. S. E. P. May 5. (17.)
**Proxy. S. E. P. Nov. 18, '22. (10.)
*Tidied Lives. Mun. Aug. (79:486.)
GIBBS, SIR PHILIP. (See 1921.)
**Beggars of Berlin. S. E. P. Dec. 9, '22. (14.)

GIBBS, SIR PHILIP. (*contd.*)

**Bargain In the Kremlin. S. E. P. June 23. (8.)

**Castle of Arnsberg. S. E. P. Oct. 21, '22. (8.)

House With the Spare Bedrooms. S. E. P. Nov. 25, '22. (12.)

Wells of Truth. S. E. P. May 12. (16.)

GOLDING, LOUIS. (1895-)

**Babylon and Home Again. Am. H. June 29. (45:135.)

*Epic of Tibbitt Street. Am. H. Sept. 28. (45:493.)

Feivel in the Prairies. Am. H. Sept. 7. (45:390.)

Little Old Poet. Am. H. Feb. 9. (44:438.)

*Shmul and Mephistopheles. Am. H. April 27. (44:769.)

GORDON, JANET L.

***"Poor Man." Cath. W. Sept. (117:736.)

"GREENE, LEWIS PATRICK." (LOUIS MONTAGUE GREENE.) (1891-) (See 1920.)

His Own People. Ev. April. (75.)

Mufti. Ev. June. (122.)

Out of Bondage. Ev. Aug. (113.)

GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE. (See 1922.) (H.) Behind the Ranges. Hear. Aug. (64.)

Forgotten Soul. Red Bk. Feb. (46.)

Lele the Princess. Red Bk. Aug. (64.)

Long, Long Day. Red Bk. March. (48.)

Peak of the Moon. Red Bk. Dec., '22. (56.)

H

HACKETT FLORENCE. (1884-) (See 1922.)

**To Her Advantage. O. W. Aug. (99.)

HARKER, LIZZIE ALLEN. (1863-) (See 1921.) (H.)

**Tarrier-Man. Atl. July. (132:65.)

"HAY, IAN." (JOHN HAY BRITH.) (1876-) (See 1922.)

***"Liberty." L. H. J. Oct., '22. (14.)

HEWLETT, MAURICE HENRY. (1861-1923.) (H.)

***Cuckoo. L. H. J. Nov., '22. (18.)

"HUDSON, STEPHEN." (See 1921.) Transmutation. Lit. R. Winter, '22. (35.)

HUTCHINSON, ARTHUR STUART MENTEITH. (1880-) (See 1921.) (H.)

*Eighth Wonder. Cos. July. (40.)

**In Evening Bells. McCall. April. (8.)

*Lost Denture. Red Book. May. (85.)

*Love Test. Hear. June. (19.)

*Marriage and Mister Mungo. Red Bk. March. (83.)

***Return of the Swordsman. Hear. Nov., '22. (16.)

***Rough Little Girl and the Smooth Little Girl. L. H. J. Dec., '22. (8.)

HUXLEY, ALDOUS LEONARD. (See 1921.)

**Over the Telephone. S. S. April. (41.)

**Portrait. Harp. M. Dec., '22. (146:91.)

HYNE, (CHARLES JOHN) CUTCLIFFE. (WRIGHT.) (See 1915.) (H.)

Schooner and the Scarlet Bees. Col. May 12. (7.)

J

JEPSON, EDGAR. (1864-) (See 1921.) (H.)

Easter Broker's Man. Chic. Trib. Jan. 7.

Tragedies of Mr. Pip. S. E. P. July 21. (12.) July 28. (14.)

Aug. 4. (18.)

Wild-Goose Chase. W. H. C. Sept. (9.)

Wrong Man's Daughter. Chic. Trib. April 29.

K

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA. (See 1922.)

***Day in a Woman's Life. Harp. M. Jan. (146:219.)

KENNARD, LADY DOROTHY. ***Romance. S. S. Jan. (57.)

KERNAHAN, COULSON.. (1858-) Cuckoo Who Went to Jail. Ev. Oct., '22. (125.)

L

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD. (1866-) (See 1919.) (H.)

Lipstick and Liberty. Met. July. (10.)

LESLIE, SHANE. (See 1921.)

*Loaded Dice. Scr. Dec., '22. (72:699.)

LYONS, ALBERT MICHAEL NEIL. (1880-) (See 1921.) (H.)

***Please, Sir, the Plumber. Cen. June. (106:279.)

M

McFEE, WILLIAM. (1881-) (See 1921.)

***Deckers on the Coast. Atl. July. (132:1.)

McKENNA, STEPHEN. (1888-) (See 1921.)

**Truce That Came Too Late. Cen. Jan. (105:323.)

McNEILE, MAJOR H. CYRIL. ("SAP-
PER.") (1888-) (See
1920.)
Colette Cries Help! McC. July.
(59.)
Game of Bluff. McC. June. (45.)
Jim Maitland's Adventure at Corn
Reef Light. McC. Sept. (72.)
Killing of Baron Stockmar. McC.
May. (33.)
Pete Cornish's Revenge. McC. Aug.
(60.)

*Raymond Blair—Drunkard. McC.
April. (11.)
"MANSFIELD, KATHERINE." (KATHLEEN
BEAUCHAMP.) (MRS. J. MIDDLE-
TON MURRY.) (1888-1923.) (See
1922.)

***Married Man's Story. Dial. May.
(74:451.)

***Six Years After. N. Rep. March
28. (34:129.)

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD. (1866-)
(See 1919.)

***Oakfield House. Red Bk. June.
(94.)

MAUCHAM, WILLIAM SOMERSET. (1874-
) (See 1922.)

***Before the Party. Hear. Jan.
(13.)

***Bewitched. Hear. Feb. (29.)

***Jane. Hear. April. (42.)

***Princess and the Nightingale. G.
H. Dec., '22. (33.)

MERRICK, LEONARD. (1864-) (See
1921.) (H.)

***Poet of the Heavenly Cook. Hear.
Jan. (20.)

MOSESBY, L.
**Letter of Instructions. Atl. March.
(131:371.)

N

NEWTON, WILFRID DOUGLAS. (1884-)
(See 1922.)

Long Distance. Ev. July. (71.)

Queen of the Cannibal Isle. Met.
June. (13.)

NOYES, ALFRED. (1880-) (See
1921.) (H.)

"Red Rat". Harp. B. Sept. (44.)

O

ONIONS, OLIVER. (1876-)
Wish Upon the Waters. O. W.
April. (45.)

ONIONS, MRS. OLIVER.
See "RUCK BERTA."

OPFENHEIM, EDWARD PHILLIPS. (1866-
) (See 1922.) (H.)

Great Elusion. Red Bk. Oct., '22.
(80.)

House on Salisbury Plain. Hear.
June. (66.)

Kiss of Youth. Hear. Sept. (80.)

Scarlet Patch. Hear. April. (8.)
Shaftsbury Avenue Murder. Hear.
July. (68.)
Tenant of the Lighthouse. Hear.
Aug. (73.)
Terror of Elton Lodge. Hear.
May. (64.)

P

PEMBERTON, MAX. (1863-) (H.)
Horizon of God. McCall. Aug.
(8.)

PERTWEE, ROLAND. (See 1922.)

**All Change. S. E. P. Aug. 18.
(18.)

Little Green Teapot. Hear. Oct.,
'22. (49.)

**Onward Years. S. E. P. March
10. (16.)

**Shadow and Substance. S. E. P.
April 14. (10.)

That Romantic Age. L. H. J.
June. (12.)

*With the World In Between. Hear.
March. (49.)

PHILLIPS, EDEN. (1862-) (See
.....1922.) (H.)

*Frozen Money Lender. Mun. March.
(78:344.)

*Honesty of Noah. Chic. Trib.
Oct. 15, '22.

*She Knew Mr. Pink Wouldn't Like
It. Met. Sept. (53.)

PORTERFIELD, ALEXANDER. (See 1922.)

Burnt Bokhara. Harp. M. Feb.
(146:401.)

Ourselves When Older. Harp. M.
Oct., '22. (145:615.)

PRYCE, RICHARD. (1864-) (See
1921.)

***Bell. Del. Jan. (6.)

PUNSHON, E. R. (1872-) (See
1922 under American Authors.)

*Dog Eat Dog. Ev. July. (107.)

R

RANSOME, ARTHUR. (1884-)

***Soldier and Death. Harp. M. Nov.,
'22. (145:734.)

"RUCK, BERTA." (MRS. OLIVER ONIONS.)
(See 1921.)

Princess' Kiss. Chic. Trib. Nov.
19, '22.

S

SABATINI, RAFAEL. (1875-) (See
1922.) (H.)

*Girl He Got at the Pawnshop. Met.
July. (17.)

**Night of Escape. Adv. March 30.
(32.)

ST. MARS, F. (1883-1921.) (See 1922.)

Call of the Flock. Ev. Dec., '22.
(140.)

"SAPPER."

See McNEILE, MAJOR H. CYRIL.

SAUNDERS, JOHN MONK.

*Maker of Gestures. Cos. April.
(97.)

SINCLAIR, MAY. (See 1922.) (H.)

***Token. Pict. R. Nov., '22. (24.)

SNELL, EDMUND. (See 1922.)

Bad Egg. Chic. Trib. Aug. 5.

SORABJI, CORNELIA.

Ganeshi Lal—"Non-Coöperator," Old

Style. Asia. March. (23:177.)

Worship of Hari's Feet. Asia.

April. (23:268.)

STACPOOLE, HENRY DE VERE. (1865-

.) (See 1922.) (H.)

Bombo. Chic. Trib. March 25.

*Brutus. Pop. Nov. 20, '22. (158.);

Pearson. (N. Y.) Nov., '22. (21.)

*Did Kressler Kill His Wife? Met.
July. (13.)

STOCK, RALPH. (1881- .) (See
1921.) (H.)

Choice of Weapons. Sun. Feb.
(12.)

Lonely Lady. Sun. Nov., '22. (5.)

T

TERRILL, G. APPLEBY. (See 1922.)

*Lonely Road. L. H. J. May. (6.)

TOWNEND, W.

**Angel. Adv. Feb. 23. (88.)

*Horse Thief. W. H. C. Feb. (18.)

V

VACHELL, HORACE ANNESLEY. (1861-

.) (See 1921.) (H.)

Greatest Gift. S. E. P. July 7.
(28.)

W

WALLACE, EDGAR. (1875- .) (See
1922.) (H.)

Buoy That Did Not Lift. S. E. P.
Jan. 13. (12.)

WALPOLE, HUGH SEYMOUR. (1884- .)
(See 1922.)

*Fine Day. Ev. July. (129.)

*Jeremy and the Ruffians. Cen.
Nov., '22. (105:116.)

**Little Cure for Bachelors. Chic.
Trib. Oct. 1, '22.

***Little Ghost. Red Bk. Oct., '22.
(48.)

*Picture-Book. Ev. May. (103.)

*Runaways. Ev. June. (125.)

***That Man Gets On My Nerves. Met.
May. (19.)

WELLS, CATHERINE. (Mrs. H. G.
WELLS.)

*Robe de Boudoir. Atl. Sept.
(132:324.)

WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.

*Able Seaman. Blue. July. (61.)

*All Hell Couldn't Stop Him. Met.

Feb.-March, '23. (19.)

Conquest. S. E. P. June 2. (8.)

*Iron Sea. Col. March 31. (5.)

Success. Col. July 7. (7.)

Value. Col. Sept. 15. (10.)

WILLIAMS, MARGERY. (Mrs. FRANCESCO
BIANCO.) (See 1922.)

Skin Horse. Harp. B. Dec., '22.
(54.)

WILLIAMSON, HENRY.

*Bloody Bill Brock. O. W. Sept.
(74.)

*Raskil the Wood-Rogue. O. W.
May. (77.)

*Saga of Chakchek the One-Eyed.
Pict. R. March. (12.)

WODEHOUSE, PELHAM GRENVILLE. (1881-
.) (See 1922.) (H.)

Aunt Agatha Makes a Bloomer. Cos.
Oct., '22. (93.)

Bingo and the Little Woman. Cos.
Dec., '22. (95.)

Chester Forgets Himself. S. E. P.
July 7. (10.)

Debut of Battling Billson. Cos.
June. (95.)

Delayed Exit of Claude & Eustace.
Cos. Nov., '22. (93.)

First Aid for Dora. Cos. July.
(105.)

Heart of a Goof. Red Bk. Sept.
(66.)

Plus Fours. Red Bk. Jan. (58.)

Return of Battling Billson. Cos.
Aug. (105.)

Rollo Podmarsh Comes To. Red
Bk. March. (53.)

Ukridge Sees Her Through. Cos.
Sept. (105.)

Ukridge's Accident Syndicate. Cos.
May. (95.)

Ukridge's Dog College. Cos. April.
(59.)

WOOLF, VIRGINIA.

***In the Orchard. Broom. Sept.
(5:70.)

***Mrs. Dalloway In Bond Street. Dial.
July. (75:20.)

WYLIE, IDA ALENA ROSS. (1885- .)
(See 1922.)

*Elfreda and the Mad Busman. G.
H. Dec., '22. (28.)

*Kiss. Ev. Aug. (127.)

*Perfect Marriage. G. H. Sept.
(30.)

***Rendezvous. Ev. Sept. (3.)

***To the Unknown. G. H. Jan.
(16.)

III. TRANSLATIONS

A

- AANRUD, HANS. (1863-) (Norwegian.)
 *How the Lord Got Asmund's Hay. O. W. Sept. (48.)
 "AHLGREN, ERNST." (VICTORIA BENEDICTSSON.) (Swedish.)
 **Mother Eve. Scan. May. (11: 301.)
 ***Mother Malena's Hen. Scan. Dec., '22. (10:765.)
 ANDREYEV, LEONID. (1871-1919.) (See 1922.) ("H" under ANDREIKEFF.) (Russian.)
 ***Donkeys. S. S. Dec., '22. (123.)
 ARAGON, LOUIS. (French.)
 ***When All Is Ended. Broom. Nov., '22. (3:241.)
 ARENE, PAUL. (1843-1896.) (French.)
 **Still Life Tragedy. W. F. Jan. (41.)
 ASCH, SHOLOM. (See 1918.) (Yiddish.)
 ***Wiles of Destiny. Nat. (N. Y.) July 18. (117:59.)
 AUERNHEIMER, RAUL. (Austrian.)
 *Silver Paper. O. W. Sept. (88.)
 AVERTCHENKO, ARKADIJ. (See 1922.) (Russian.)
 *Hebrew Anecdote. Am. H. April 13. (44:718.)
 *Little Boy Who Wished to Die. W. F. Dec., '22. (124.)
 **Ninotchka. D. D. Nov., '22. (4: 217.)
 AZEVEDO, ALUIZIO. (186?-1912.) (Brazilian.)
 **Last Throw. W. F. Nov., '22. (71.)
- B
- BACHELIN, HENRI. (French.)
 Miracle of Nazaret's Wine. N. Y. Trib. Feb. 4.
 BARBUSSE, HENRI. (See 1917.) (French.)
 ***Woman. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 12. (117:262.)
 BARJAC, CLAUDE. (French.)
 *Charmant and the Bored Princess. N. Y. Trib. Jan. 7.
 Death of Young Love. N. Y. Trib. Sept. 16.
 In the Garden of the Monastery. N. Y. Trib. May 20.
 BAROJA, PIO. (1872-) (Spanish.)
 **Love Story of a Vagabond. W. F. Jan. (50.)
 BENEDICTSSON, VICTORIA. (Swedish.)
 See "AHLGREN, ERNST."
 BENNEFOY, RENE. (French.)
 *Blue Shop In a Little Town. N. Y. Trib. July 22.
 *Monsieur Pluche In Search of a Friend. N. Y. Trib. Feb. 18.

- "BERTHEROY, JEAN." (BERTHE CARI-ANNE LE BARILLIER.) (1860-) (See 1922.) (French.)
 *Clémence's Homecoming. N. Y. Trib. Nov. 26, '22.
 *Man In His Pride and Egoism. N. Y. Trib. July 1.
 Reconciliation. N. Y. Trib. May 27.
 Stratagem of Love. N. Y. Trib. Oct. 22, '22.
 BINET-VALMER. (1875-) (See 1922.) (French.)
 *Aftermath of Verdun. N. Y. Trib. Oct. 15, '22.
 Dying Seagull. N. Y. Trib. June 8.
 Sudden Death of Love. N. Y. Trib. Jan. 14.
 BIZET, RENE. (1887-) (See 1922.) (French.)
 Intruder. N. Y. Trib. Aug. 19.
 Wind Which Reclaimed Its Own. N. Y. Trib. Dec. 17, '22.
 BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE. (1867-) (See 1922.) (Spanish.)
 ***Wedding Serenade. W. F. Nov., '22. (3.)
 BOJER, JOHAN. (1872-) (See 1922.) (Norwegian.)
 ***When a Man Is Bashful. W. F. Jan. (67.)
 BOURGET, PAUL. (1852-) (See 1918.) (H.) (French.)
 **False Confession. W. F. Nov., '22. (19.)
 **Guest. O. W. Aug. (65.)
 *Jean-Louis Coste, Mechanic. O. W. March. (41.)
 ***My House At Saint-Cloud. W. F. Feb. (28.)
 *Myth Maker. W. F. Dec., '22. (11.)
 *Woman's Revenge. W. F. Jan. (27.)
 BOUTET, FREDERIC. (See 1922.) (French.)
 Black Sheep of the Family. N. Y. Trib. Sept. 2.
 Business Is Business. N. Y. Trib. March 4.
 Christmas Gift That Failed. N. Y. Trib. Dec. 24, '22.
 Disinterested Love Affair. N. Y. Trib. April 8.
 **Emma's Grandmother. N. Y. Trib. Sept. 30.
 Hand of the Master. Shadow. Aug. (39.)
 **Man Who Wanted Nothing. N. Y. Trib. July 29.
 *Man Who Was Mad. Shadow. April. (35.)
 ***Matchmaker and the Mendicant. N. Y. Trib. Jan. 28.

BOUTER, FREDERIC. (*contd.*)
 Pierre's Fidelity. N. Y. Trib.
 June 17.

**Shadow of Celebrity. N. Y. Trib.
 Nov. 5, '22.

Test of a Woman's Worthiness. N.
 Y. Trib. May 13.

Two Letters. Shadow. July. (35.)

Young Lady of Character. Shadow.
 March. (47.)

BRUNO-RUBY, J. (*See* 1922.) (*French.*)
 Sage's Recantation. N. Y. Trib.
 Sept. 23.

BUCHINSKAYA, NADEZHDA ALEXANDROVNA.
 (*Russian.*)

See "TEFFI."

BUSSON, PAUL. (1873-) (*See*
 1916.) (*German.*)

***Shot On the Moor. W. F. Dec.,
 '22. (84.)

C

CECH, SVATOPLUK. (1856-1918.) (*Czech.*)
 **Apple Tree. W. F. Dec., '22.
 (63.)

CHRISTITCH, ANNIE. (*Serbian.*)
See "SAVETOVITCH, OBREN."

CIVININI, GUELFO. (1873-)
 (*Italian.*)

*. . . Love My Dog. W. F. Feb.
 (30.)

***Yanoulé's Broken Heart. W. F.
 Nov., '22. (40.)

CLEMENCEAU, GEORGES. (*See* 1921.)
 (*French.*)

**Cresus Goes A-Begging. Am. H.
 Dec. 1, '22. (44:68.)

*How I Became Farsighted. Am. H.
 Dec. 15, '22. (44:164.)

*Schlome the Fighter. Am. H. Dec.
 22, '22. (44:182.)

COMERT, MARGUERITE. (*French.*)
 Either Nothingness or the Truth.

N. Y. Trib. Oct. 1, '22.

D

DAMANSKAYA, AUGUSTA. (*Russian.*)

**Panna Teofilia. O. W. June. (63.)

**Soviet Priestlings. W. F. Nov., '22.
 (59.)

D'AMORA, FERDINANDO. (*Italian.*)

**Adventure of My Wife's. O. W.
 Aug. (85.)

DARIO, RUBEN. (1867-1916.) (*Nica-*
raguan.)

***Bourgeois King. Wave. Oct., '22.
 (41.)

***Deaf Satyr. Wave. Dec., '22. (43.)

**Veil of Queen Mab. Med. May
 12. (4.)

DELARUE-MARDRUS, LUCIE. (*French.*)
See MARDRUS, LUCIE DELARUE.

DORCELES, ROLAND. (1836-)
 (*French.*)

**Poet In Uniform. O. W. May.
 (58.)

*Wise Guy. W. F. Feb. (57.)

DORIN, RENE. (*French.*)

***Three Problems. N. Y. Trib. Oct.
 20, '22.

DUBOIS, MARCEL. (*French.*)

*Proof of Bouffard's Insanity. N. Y.
 Trib. June 24.

DUHAMEL, GEORGES. ("DENIS THE-
 VENIN.") (1884-) (*See* 1919.)
 (*French.*)

***Wreck. W. F. Oct., '22. (42.)

E

EFTIMIU, VICTOR. (1889-)

(*Rumanian.*)

***Boujor, the Highwayman. W. F.
 Oct., '22. (75.)

F

FALKBERGET, JOHAN. (1879-)

(*Norwegian.*)

***Nails of Iron from the North. O.
 W. April. (83.)

FONHUS, MIKKJEL. (*Norwegian.*)

Moose-Hunter. Scan. Dec., '22.
 (10:742.)

FRONDAIE, PIERRE. (*French.*)

**Greatest Actor in the World. Pear-
 son. Nov., '22. (34.)

G

GARCES, JOAQUIN DIAZ. ("ANGEL PINO.")
 (1878-) (*Chilian.*)

**Juan Neira. W. F. Dec., '22. (70.)

GARNIER, HUGUETTE. (*French.*)

Along the Road of Spinsterhood.
 N. Y. Trib. May 6.

GAULOT, PAUL. (*See* 1922.) (*French.*)
 Mlle. Cardonet's Melancholy Ad-
 mirer. N. Y. Trib. Dec. 31, '22.

GERTCHUNOFF, ALBERTO. (*Spanish.*)

***Owl. W. F. Feb. (116.)

"GORKY, MAXIM." (ALEXEI MAXIMO-
 VICH PYESHKOV.) (1868 or 1869-
) (*See* 1921.) (*H.*) (*Rus-*
sian.)

***Comrades. Pearson. Feb. (19.)

*Little Jewish Boy. Am. H. March
 30. (44:658.)

GUNNARSSON, GUNNAR. (1889-)
 (*See* 1922.) (*Danish.*)

***Never Too Late. W. F. Jan.
 (111.)

One Perfect Day. W. F. Dec., '22.
 (75.)

H

HAGEN-THURNAU, CARL. (1887-)
 (*German.*)

***Atlas. W. F. Feb. (36.)

- HALLSTROM, PER. (1866-)
(*Swedish.*)
***Out of the Dark. D. D. May.
(5:141.)
"HAMSUN, KNUT." (KNUT PEDERSEN.)
(See 1918.) (*Norwegian.*)
***On the Island. Dial. Sept. (75:
209.)
HAUKLAND, ANDREAS. (See 1919.)
(*Norwegian.*)
**Terror of the Forest. Scan. July.
(11:412.)
HEMON, LOUIS. (1880-1921.) (*French.*)
***He-Who-Sees-the-Gods. Cen. Aug.
(106:518.)
HUELSENBECK, RICHARD. (*German.*)
Transformations. Broom. Feb.
(4:147.); March. (4:267.)

I

- IBANEZ, VICENTE BLASCO.
See BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE.
IVANOV, VSEVOLOD. (*Russian.*)
**Kid. Broom. Feb. (4:188.)

K

- KOVALSKY, K. A. (*Russian.*)
*Pearls. W. F. Oct., '22. (80.)
KUPRIN, ALEXANDER. (1870-) (See
1916.) (*Russian.*)
***Piebald Horses. O. W. April.
(72.)

L

- LAFACE, LEON. (*French.*)
Chien-Perdu, the Shadow of Phœ-
bus. N. Y. Trib. March 18.
LACERBOS, SELMA OTTILIANA LOVISA.
(1855-) (See 1919.) (*H.*)
(*Swedish.*)
***Changeling. O. W. May. (15.)
***Eclipse. Scan. Dec., '22. (10:
726.)
***Hobgoblin of Törebys. W. F. Dec.,
'22. (3.)
LARGUIER, LEO. (*French.*)
*"All the Songs of My Childhood."
N. Y. Trib. April 15.
*Sabine, a Prisoner of Glory. N.
Y. Trib. March 11.
LINDAU, RUDOLF. (*German.*)
***Voice of Allah. O. W. July. (96.)
LOBATO, MONTEIRO. (1883-) (*Bra-
zilian.*)
***Farm Magnate. W. F. Jan. (73.)
***Patchwork Quilt. O. W. April.
(27.)

M

- MACORLAN, PIERRE. (1883-)
(*French.*)
**Soul Merchant of Saint Goar. N.
Y. Trib. Dec. 10, '22.
MANN, THOMAS. (1875-) (See
1921.) (*German.*)

- ***Hungry Souls. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept.
26. (117:318.)
***Tristan. Dial. Dec., '22. (73:
593); Jan. (74:57.)
MARDRUS, LUCIE DELARUE. (See 1922.)
(*French.*)
Joke That Mme. Dane Played. N.
Y. Trib. Jan. 21.
MILLE, PIERRE. (1864-) (See
1922.) (*French.*)
*Great Dane. Hear. June. (46.)
MOLNAR, FERENC. (1879-) (See
1922.) (*Hungarian.*)
***Man Who Couldn't Learn. O. W.
Aug. (35.)
*Princess Olga At the Funeral.
Shadow. Sept. (35.)
MORAND, PAUL. (See 1922.) (*French.*)
***Kneeling Woman. Dial. March.
(74:225.)
MOURA, JEAN.
*Black Dress. Shadow. Feb. (43.)

N

- NAZHIVIN, IVAN. (*Russian.*)
***Autumn Flowers. W. F. Dec., '22.
(36.)
NEREYS, ROGER DE. (*French.*)
*Cat That Howled Like a Dog. N.
Y. Trib. July 8.
NEXO, MARTIN ANDERSEN. (1869-)
(*Danish.*)
***Fate. W. F. Feb. (44.)
***Gold Watch. Scan. June. (11:
350.)

P

- PANZINI, ALFREDO. (*Italian.*)
***Library Mouse. W. F. Jan. (101.)
PAPINI, GIOVANNI. (1881-) (See
1919.) (*Italian.*)
***September the Third. D. D. March-
April. (5:99.)
PEDERSEN, KNUT. (*Norwegian.*)
See "HAMSUN, KNUT."
"PINO, ANGEL." (*Chilian.*)
See GARCES, JOAQUIN DIAZ.
PIRANDELLO, LUIGI. (*Italian.*)
***Bat In Search of an Author. O. W.
July. (30.)
***Other Son. W. F. Oct., '22. (58.)
PONTOPPIDAN, HENDRIK. (1857-)
(*Danish.*)
***Fishing Settlement. W. F. Nov.,
'22. (49.)
PUCELJ, MILAN. (1883-) (*Yugo-
Slav.*)
***Burden of Authority. W. F. Feb.
(87.)

R

- RAMEAU, JEAN. (See 1922.) (*French.*)
*Guardian Tree. N. Y. Trib. Nov.
19, '22.

RAMEAU, JEAN. (*contd.*)

- **Lantern Tower of Burgos. N. Y. Trib. Aug. 5.
Shrine For the Dead Who Live. N. Y. Trib. Feb. 11.
RECIS, ROGER. (*See* 1922.) (*H.*) (*French.*)
Confessions of Monsieur Lavaure. N. Y. Trib. Aug. 26.
His Coquetry and Hers. N. Y. Trib. June 10.
Monsieur Passes Through Town. N. Y. Trib. March 25.
Rivals for Simone. N. Y. Trib. Oct. 8, '22.
RENAUD, J. JOSEPH. (*French.*)
Brilliant Marriage. Shadow. May. (35.)
RICHE, DANIEL. (*See* 1922.) (*French.*)
Luxury of Grief. N. Y. Trib. Feb. 25.
RING, BARBRA. (*Norwegian.*)
Little Blind God. W. F. Jan. (19.)
ROSNY, J. H., aine. (1856-) (*See* 1922.) (*French.*)
*Fate and the Little Green Canary. N. Y. Trib. Dec. 3, '22.
Spanish Inquisitor. N. Y. Trib. Aug. 12.

S

- SANDY, ISABELLE. (*French.*)
Admiral Comes to Church. N. Y. Trib. April 1.
Inner Flame. N. Y. Trib. Nov. 12, '22.
Label of Honesty. N. Y. Trib. April 22.
SARACINI-BELFORT, LUISA. (*Austrian.*)
**Concert. O. W. July. (73.)
"SAVETOVITCH, OBREN." (*ANNIE CHRISTITCH.*) (*Serbian.*)
***Destiny. W. F. Jan. (83.)
SCHEERBART, PAUL. (*German.*)
*Cosmic Theatre. Broom. Dec., '22. (4:22.)
SINGDAHLSEN, OLE LIE. (1877-) (*Norwegian.*)
**Golden Sheaf. W. F. Dec., '22. (117.)
SIWERTZ, SIGFRID. (*See* 1922.) (*Swedish.*)
**Lady in White. Scan. July. (11:420.)
SKAPPEL, ARVID. (*Norwegian.*)
***Fresh Bread. W. F. Nov., '22. (86.)
SODERBERG, HJALMAR. (*See* 1922.) (*Swedish.*)

*Communion. Wave. Dec., '22. (53.)

T

- TALENEVSKY, JOCED. (*Russian.*)
***First Born. D. D. Oct., '22. (4:165.)
"TEFFL." (NADEZHDA ALEXANDROVNA BUCHINSKAYA.) (1876-) (*Russian.*)
*Fault of Another. W. F. Jan. (118.)

U

- UCARTE, MANUEL. (*Argentine.*)
***Indian Raid. W. F. Jan. (57.)

V

- VAL, ADRIO. (1897-) (*Rumanian.*)
***Jasmina, the Flower of Dobrodja. W. F. Nov., '22. (114.)
***Romany Pride. O. W. March. (77.)
VALDAGNE, PIERRE. (*See* 1922.) (*French.*)
Come-Back of Madame Soudain. N. Y. Trib. Sept. 9.
Genevieve Returns. N. Y. Trib. July 15.
Third Study of Chopin. N. Y. Trib. April 29.
VALLE-INCLAN, RAMON DEL. (1870-) (*See* 1922.) (*Spanish.*)
**Captain's Honor. O. W. June. (106.)
VAZOFF, IVAN. (1850-1921.) (*Bulgarian.*)
**Will He Come? W. F. Dec., '22. (31.)
VILLA, JOSE MORENO. (1887-) (*Spanish.*)
*Beast. W. F. Oct., '22. (121.)
VITEK, MIKLOS. (*Hungarian.*)
*Blue Marks. Am. H. March 16. (44:544.)
VIVANTI, ANNIE. (1873-) (*See* 1922.) (*Italian.*)
*Song of Songs. W. F. Dec., '22. (20.)

W

- WASSERMANN, JACOB. (1873-) (*German.*)
***Golovin. W. F. Oct., '22. (3.)
WIED, GUSTAV. (1858-1914.) (*Danish.*)
*Poet. W. F. Oct., '22. (69.)
WIT, AUGUSTA DE. (*Dutch.*)
See DE WIT, AUGUSTA.

